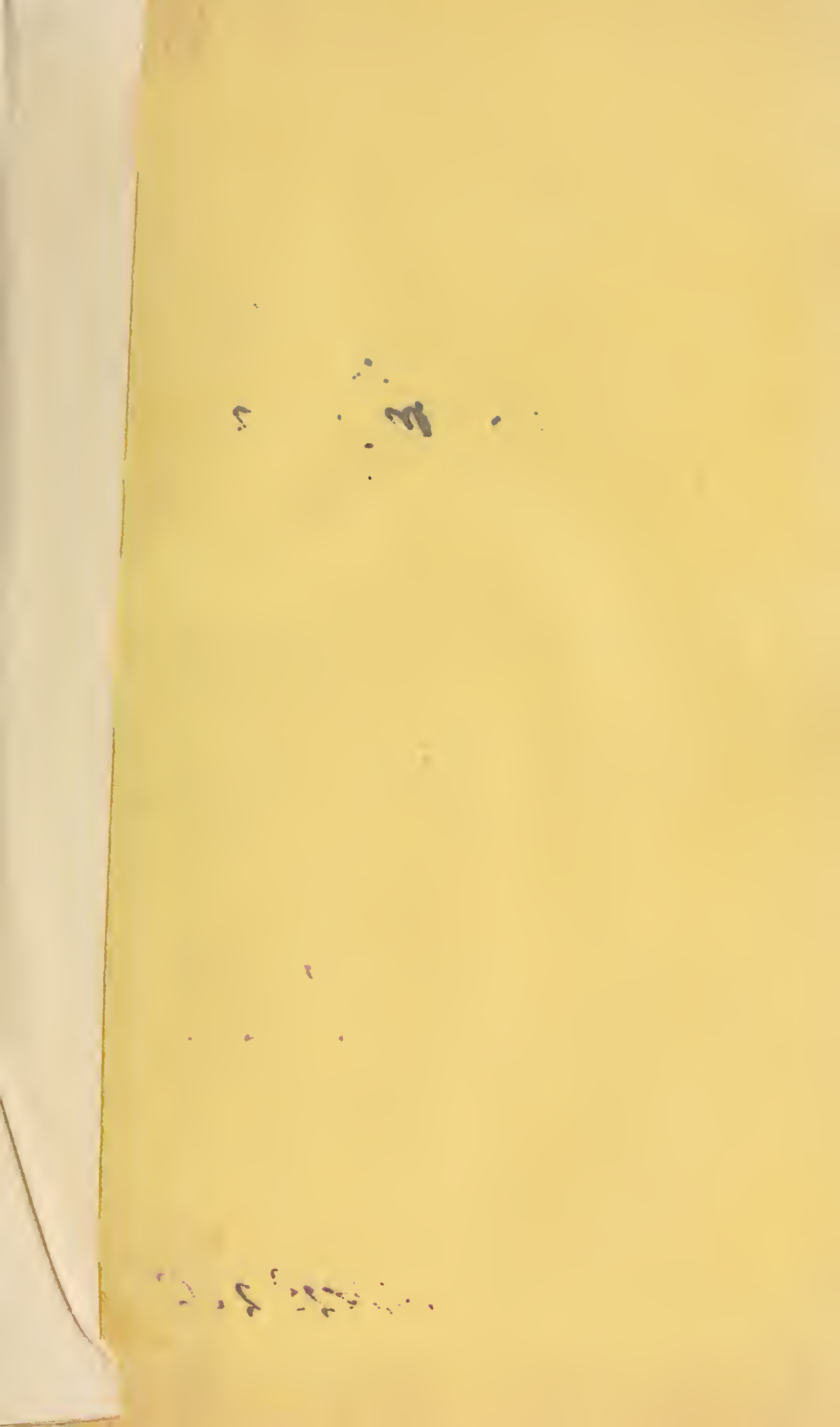
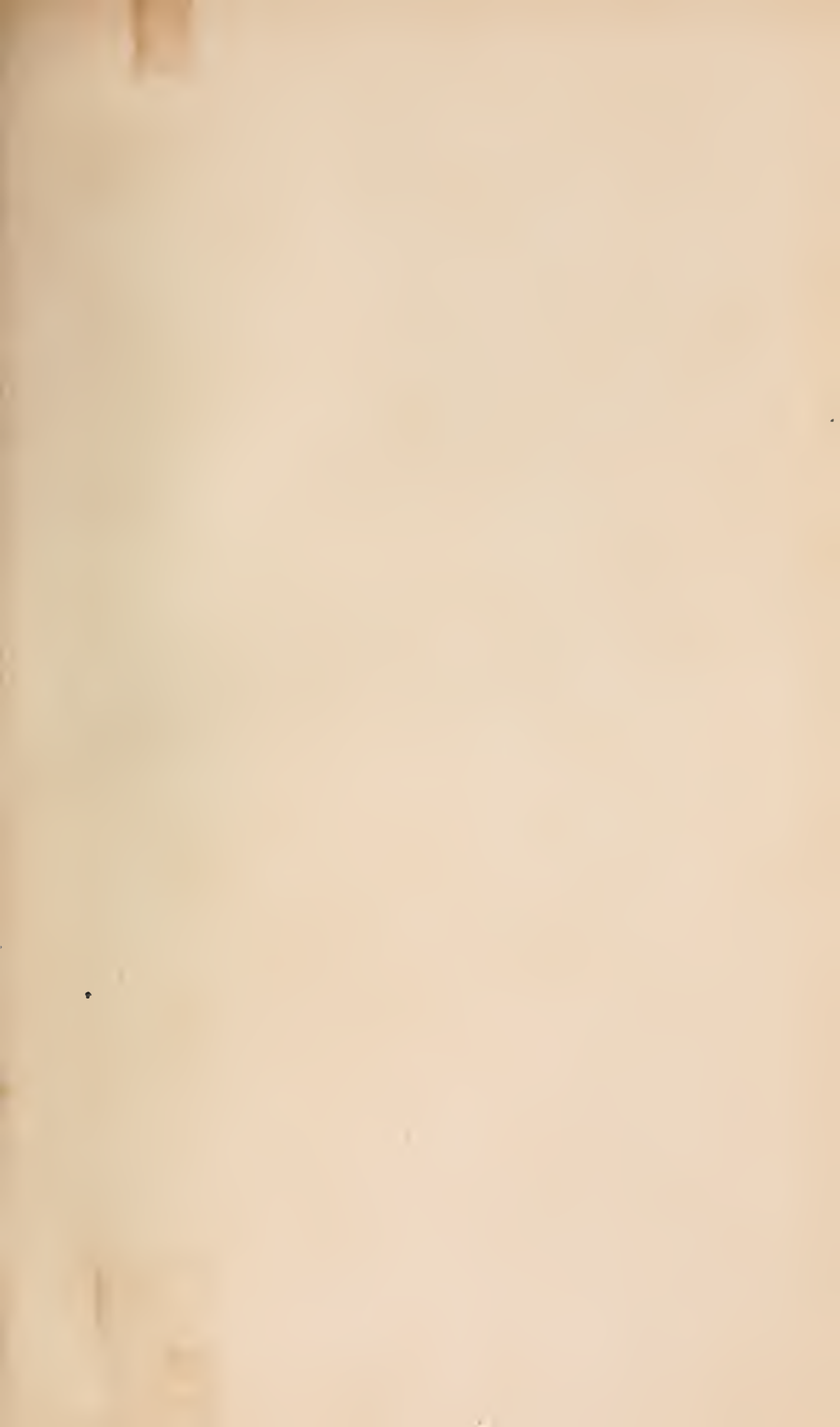



ISAAC FOOT







MEMOIRS

OF THE

LADY HESTER STANHOPE,

AS RELATED BY HERSELF

IN CONVERSATIONS WITH HER

PHYSICIAN;

COMPRISING

HER OPINIONS AND ANECDOTES OF

SOME OF THE MOST REMARKABLE PERSONS

OF HER TIME.

All such writings and discourses as touch no man will mend no man.—Tyers's *Rhapsody on Pope.*

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

CHAPTER VI.

CHAPTER VII.

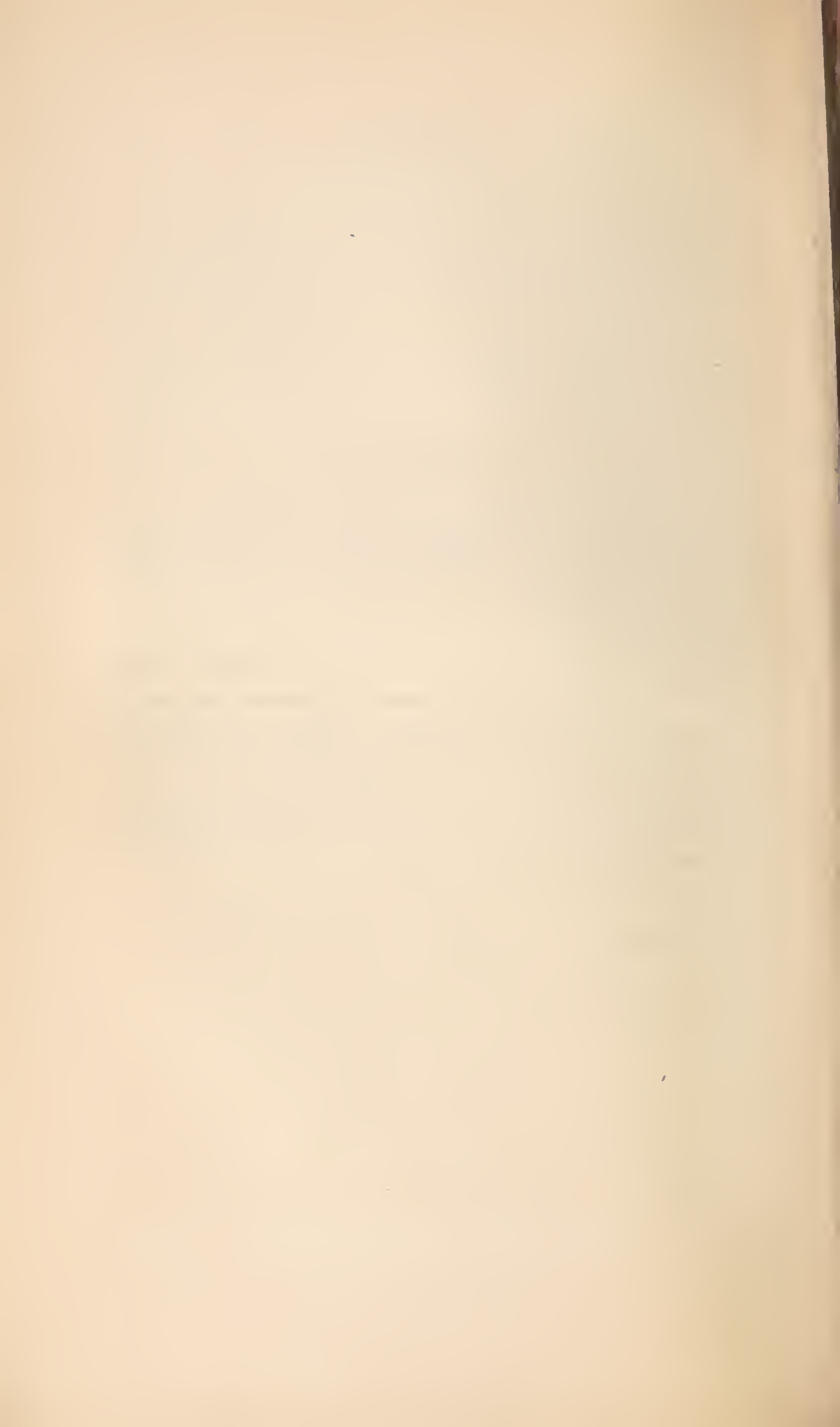
CHAPTER VIII.

CHAPTER IX.

CHAPTER X.

CHAPTER I.

Lady Hester Stanhope's descent—Dr. M.'s first introduction to her—Her reasons for quitting England—Anecdotes of her childhood and womanhood—Her motives for going to live with Mr. Pitt—Mr. Pitt's opinion of Tom Paine—Lady Hester noticed by George III.—Anecdote of Sir A. H.—Of Lord G.—Of Lord A.—Impertinent questioners—Anecdote of the Marquis * * *—Mr. Pitt's confidence in Lady Hester's discretion —and in her devotion to him—His opinion of her cleverness, and of her military and diplomatic abilities—Her tirade against doctors—Her reflections on prudery—Anecdote of General Moore—Of the Duc de Blacas, &c.



MEMOIRS

OF

LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

CHAPTER I.

It probably will be known to most readers that Lady Hester Stanhope was the daughter of Charles Earl of Stanhope by Hester, his first wife, sister to Mr. William Pitt, and daughter of the first Earl of Chatham. He had issue by this first wife three daughters—Hester, Griselda, and Lucy. The earl married a second wife, by whom he had three sons: the present earl; Charles, killed at Corunna; and James, who died at Caen Wood, the villa of his father-in-law, the Earl of Mansfield.

I became acquainted with Lady Hester Stanhope by accident. The chance that introduced me to her was as follows: — I was going to Oxford to take my degree; and, having missed the coach

at the inn, I was obliged to hurry after it on foot, for the want of a hackney-coach, as far as Oxford-road turnpike, where I overtook it, and mounted the box in a violent perspiration. The day was bitterly cold, and, before night, I found myself attacked with a very severe catarrh. The merriment of a college life left me little time to pay attention to it; and, after about fifteen days, I returned, with a troublesome cough, to London, where I took to my bed.

Mr. H. Cline, jun., (the son of the celebrated surgeon) being my friend, and hearing of my indisposition, came to inquire after my health very frequently. One day, sitting by my bedside, he asked me if I should like to go abroad. I told him it had been the earliest wish of my life. He said, Lady Hester Stanhope (the niece of Mr. Pitt) had applied to his father for a doctor, and that, if I liked, he would propose me, giving me to understand from his father that, although the salary would be small, I should, if my services proved agreeable to Lady Hester, be ultimately provided for. I thanked him, and said, that to travel with such a distinguished woman would please me exceedingly. The following day he intimated that his father had already spoken about me,

and that her ladyship would see me. About four days after, I was introduced to her, and she closed with me immediately, inviting me to dine with her that evening. Afterwards, I saw her several times, and subsequently joined her at Portsmouth, whence, after waiting a fortnight, we sailed in the Jason, the Hon. Captain King, for Gibraltar.

The reasons which Lady Hester assigned for leaving England were grounded chiefly on the narrowness of her income. Mr. Pitt's written request, on his death-bed, that she might have £1500 a year, had been complied with only in part, owing to the ill office of certain persons at that time in the privy-council, and she got clear, after deductions for the property-tax were made, no more than £1200. At first, after Mr. Pitt's death, she established herself in Montague Square, with her two brothers, and she there continued to see much company. "But," she would say, "a poor gentlewoman, doctor, is the worst thing in the world. Not being able to keep a carriage, how was I to go out? If I used a hackney-coach, some spiteful person would be sure to mention it:—'Who do you think I saw yesterday in a hackney-coach? I wonder where she could be driving alone, down those narrow streets?' If I walked with a footman

behind me, there are so many women of the town now who flaunt about with a smart footman, that I ran the hazard of being taken for one of them; and, if I went alone, either there would be some good-natured friend who would hint that Lady Hester did not walk out alone for nothing; or else I should be met in the street by some gentleman of my acquaintance, who would say, 'God bless me, Lady Hester! where are you going alone?—do let me accompany you:' and then it would be said, 'Did you see Lady Hester crossing Hanover Square with such a one? He looked monstrous foolish: I wonder where they had been.' So that, from one thing to another, I was obliged to stop at home entirely: and this it was that hurt my health so much, until Lord Temple, at last, remarked it. For he said to me one day, 'How comes it that a person like you, who used to be always on horseback, never rides out?'—'Because I have no horse.'—'Oh! if that is all, you shall have one to-morrow.'—'Thank you, my lord; but, if I have a horse, I must have two; and, if I have two, I must have a groom; and, as I do not choose to borrow, if you please, we will say no more about it.'—'Oh! but I will send my horses, and come and ride out with you every day.' However, I told him

no: for how could a man who goes to the House every day, and attends committees in a morning, be able to be riding every day with me? And I know what it is to lend and borrow horses and carriages. When I used to desire my carriage to go and fetch any friend, my coachman was sure to say, 'My lady, the horses want shoeing;' or the footman would come in with a long face, 'My lady, John would like to go and see his sister to-day, if you please:' there was always some excuse. All this considered, I made up my mind to remain at home."

For some time did Lady Hester remain in Montague Square; but her brother and General Moore, having fallen at the battle of Corunna, I believe she grew entirely disgusted with London; and, breaking up her little establishment, she went down into Wales, and resided in a small cottage at Builth, somewhere near Brecon, in a room not more than a dozen feet square. Here she amused herself in curing the poor, in herdairy, and in other rustic occupations: until, not finding herself so far removed from her English acquaintances but what they were always coming across her and breaking-in upon her solitude, she resolved on going abroad, up the Mediterranean.

Arrived at Gibraltar, she was lodged at the go-

vernor's, in the convent, where she remained some time; and then embarked for Malta in the Cerberus, Captain Whitby, who afterwards distinguished himself in Captain Hoste's victory up the Adriatic. At Malta, she lived, at first, in Mr. Fernandez's house: afterwards, General Oakes offered Lady Hester the palace of St. Antonio, where we resided during the remainder of her stay.

We departed for Zante in the month of June or July, 1810. From Zante, we passed over to Patrass, where she bade adieu to English comforts for the rest of our pilgrimage. Traversing Greece, we visited Constantinople, and, from Constantinople, sailed for Egypt. At Rhodes we were shipwrecked, and I there lost my journals, among which were many curious anecdotes that would have thrown much light on her ladyship's life. I shall relate what I have since gathered without observing any order, but always, as far as I could recollect, using her very expressions; and, in many instances, there will be found whole conversations, where her manner would be recognised by those who were acquainted with it. I shall sometimes preface them with observations of my own.

Speaking of her sisters, Lady Hester would say: "My sister Lucy was prettier than I was, and

Griselda more clever; but I had, from childhood, a cheerfulness and sense of feeling that always made me a favourite with my father." She exemplified this by an anecdote of the second Lady Stanhope, her step-mother, referring to the time when her father, in one of his republican fits, put down his carriages and horses.

"Poor Lady Stanhope," she said, "was quite unhappy about it: but, when the whole family was looking glum and sulky, I thought of a way to set all right again. I got myself a pair of stilts, and out I stumped down a dirty lane, where my father, who was always spying about through his glass, could see me. So, when I came home, he said to me, 'Why, little girl, what have you been about? Where was it I saw you going upon a pair of—the devil knows what?—eh, girl?'—'Oh! papa, I thought, as you had laid down your horses, I would take a walk through the mud on stilts; for you know, papa, I don't mind mud or anything—'tis poor Lady Stanhope who feels these things; for she has always been accustomed to her carriage, and her health is not very good.'—'What's that you say, little girl,' said my father, turning his eyes away from me; and, after a pause, 'Well, little girl, what would you say if I bought a carriage again for Lady Stan-

hope?'—'Why, papa, I would say it was very kind of you.'—'Well, well,' he observed, 'we will see; but, damn it! no armorial bearings.' So, some time afterwards, down came a new carriage and new horses from London; and thus, by a little innocent frolic, I made all parties happy again."[1]

Lady Hester continued. "Lucy's disposition was sweet, and her temper excellent: she was like a Madonna. Griselda was otherwise, and always for making her authority felt. But I, even when I was only a girl, obtained and exercised, I can't tell how, a sort of command over them. They never came to me, when I was in my room, without sending first to know whether I would see them.

"Mr. Pitt never liked Griselda; and, when he found she was jealous of me, he disliked her still more.

[1] In accordance with his republican principles, Lord Stanhope caused his armorial bearings to be defaced from his plate, carriages, &c. Nothing was spared but the iron gate before the entrance to the house. Even the tapestry given to the great Lord Stanhope by the king of Spain, with which one of the rooms in Chevening was ornamented, he caused to be taken down and put into a corner, calling it all damned aristocratical. He likewise sold all the Spanish plate, which Lady Hester said weighed (if I recollect rightly) six hundred weight.

She stood no better in the opinion of my father who bore with Lucy — ah! just in this way — he would say to her, to get rid of her, 'Now papa is going to study, so you may go to your room:' then, when the door was shut, he would turn to me, 'Now, we must talk a little philosophy;' and then, with his two legs stuck upon the sides of the grate, he would begin—'Well, well,' he would cry, after I had talked a little, 'that is not bad reasoning, but the basis is bad.'

"My father always checked any propensity to finery in dress. If any of us happened to look better than usual in a particular hat or frock, he was sure to have it put away the next day, and to have something coarse substituted in its place.

"When I was young, I was always the first to promote my sisters' enjoyments. Whether in dancing, or in riding on horseback, or at a feast, or in anything that was to make them happy, I always had something to do or propose that increased their pleasure. In like manner, afterwards, in guiding them in politics, in giving them advice for their conduct in private life, in forwarding them in the world, I was a means of much good to them. It was always Hester, and Hester, and Hester; in short, I appeared to be

the favourite of them all; and yet now, see how they treat me!

"I was always, as I am now, full of activity, from my infancy. At two years old, I made a little hat. You know there was a kind of straw hat with the crown taken out, and in its stead a piece of satin was put in, all puffed up. Well! I made myself a hat like that; and it was thought such a thing for a child of two years old to do, that my grandpapa had a little paper box made for it, and had it ticketed with the day of the month and my age.

"Just before the French revolution broke out, the ambassador from Paris to the English Court was the Comte d'Adhémar. That nobleman had some influence on my fate as far as regarded my wish to go abroad, which, however, I was not able to gratify until many years afterwards. I was but seven or eight years old when I saw him; and, when he came by invitation to pay a visit to my papa at Chevening, there was such a fuss with the fine footmen with feathers in their hats, and the count's bows and French manners, and I know not what, that, a short time afterwards, when I was sent to Hastings with the governess and my sisters, nothing would satisfy me but I must go and see what sort of a place France was. So I got into a boat one

day unobserved, that was floating close to the beach, let loose the rope myself, and off I went. Yes, doctor, I literally pushed a boat off, and meant to go, as I thought, to France. Did you ever hear of such a mad scheme?

"But I was tired of all those around me, who, to all my questions, invariably answered, 'My dear, that is not proper for you to know,—or, you must not talk about such things, until you get older; and the like. So I held my tongue, but I made up for it, by treasuring up everything I heard and saw. Isn't it extraordinary that I should have such a memory? I can recall every circumstance that ever occurred to me during my life—everything worth retaining, that I wished to remember. I could tell what people said, how they sat, the colour of their hair, of their eyes, and all about them, at any time for the last forty years and more. At Hastings, for example, I can tell the name of the two smugglers, Tate and Everett, who attended at the bathing-machine, and the name of the apothecary, Dr. Satterly, although I have never heard a word about those persons from that day to this.

How well I recollect what I was made to suffer when I was young! and that's the reason why I have sworn eternal warfare against Swiss and French gover-

nesses. Nature forms us in a certain manner, both inwardly and outwardly, and it is in vain to attempt to alter it. One governess at Chevening had our backs pinched in by boards, that were drawn tight with all the force the maid could use; and as for me, they would have squeezed me to the size of a puny miss—a thing impossible! My instep, by nature so high, that a little kitten could walk under the sole of my foot, they used to bend down in order to flatten it, although that is one of the things that shows my high breeding.

"Nature, doctor, makes us one way, and man is always trying to fashion us another. Why, there was Mahon, when he was eight or nine years old, that never could be taught to understand how two and two make four. If he was asked, he would say, four and four make three, or ten, or something: he was shown with money, and with beans, and in every possible way, but all to no purpose. The fact was, that that particular faculty was not yet developed: but now, there is no better calculator anywhere. The most difficult sums he will do on his fingers; and he is besides a very great mathematician. There was a son of Lord Darnley's, a little boy, who was only big enough to lie under the table, or play on the sofa,

and yet he could make calculations with I don't know how many figures—things that they have to do in the Treasury. Now, if that boy had gone on in the same way, he would by this time have been Chancellor of the Exchequer. But I hear nothing of him, and I don't know what has become of him ; so I suppose he has not turned out anything extraordinary.

"But nature was entirely out of the question with us: we were left to the governesses. Lady Stanhope got up at ten o'clock, went out, and then returned to be dressed, if in London, by the hair-dresser ; and there were only two in London, both of them Frenchmen, who could dress her. Then she went out to dinner, and from dinner to the Opera, and from the Opera to parties, seldom returning until just before daylight. Lord Stanhope was engaged in his philosophical pursuits : and thus we children saw neither the one nor the other. Lucy used to say, that if she had met her mother-in-law in the streets, she should not have known her. Why, my father once followed to our own door in London a woman who happened to drop her glove, which he picked up. It was our governess ; but, as he had never seen her in the house, he did not know her in the street.

"He slept with twelve blankets on his bed, with no

nightcap, and his window open: how you would have laughed had you seen him! He used to get out of bed, and put on a thin dressing-gown, with a pair of silk breeches that he had worn overnight, with slippers, and no stockings: and then he would sit in a part of the room which had no carpet, and take his tea with a bit of brown bread.

"He married two wives; the first a Pitt, the second a Grenville; so that I am in two ways related to the Grenvilles.

"Sir Sydney Smith said of me, after he had known me fifteen years, and when my looks were much changed by illness, 'When I see you now, I recall to my recollection what you were when you first *came out*. You entered the room in your pale shirt, exciting our admiration by your magnificent and majestic figure. The roses and lilies were blended in your face, and the ineffable smiles of your countenance diffused happiness around you.'"

When mentioning this, her ladyship added: "Doctor, at twenty my complexion was like alabaster; and, at five paces' distance, the sharpest eye could not discover my pearl necklace from my skin: my lips were of such a beautiful carnation, that, without vanity, I can assure you very few women had the like.

A dark blue shade under the eyes, and the blue veins that were observable through the transparent skin, heightened the brilliancy of my features. Nor were the roses wanting in my cheeks; and to all this was added a permanency in my looks that fatigue of no sort could impair."

I am now writing when disappointments and sickness have undermined her health, and when she has reached her 54th year. Her complexion had now assumed a yellow tint, but her hands were still exceedingly fair, and she had the very common though pardonable fault of often contriving to show them. There were moments when her countenance had still something very beautiful about it. Her mouth manifested an extraordinary degree of sweetness, and her eyes much mildness.

She never would have her likeness taken, when in the bloom of her beauty, and it is not probable it can be ever done now. There is a sort of resemblance between her and Mr. Pitt, (if I may judge from his portraits.) She has told me also, that she was like the late Duchess of Cumberland. Her head, seen in front, presented a perfect oval, of which the eyes would cover a line drawn through the centre. Her eyebrows were arched and fine, I mean slender; her

eyes blue, approaching to gray; her nose somewhat large, and the distance from her mouth to the chin rather too long. Her cheeks had a remarkably fine contour, as they rounded off towards the neck; so that Mr. Brummell, as has been related, once said to her in a party, "For God's sake, do take off those ear-rings, and let us see what is beneath them." Her figure was tall (I think not far from six feet), rather largely proportioned, and was once very plump, as I have heard her say. Her mien was majestic; her address eminently graceful; in her conversation, when she pleased, she was enchanting; when she meant it, dignified; at all times eloquent. She was excellent at mimickry, and upon all ranks of life. She had more wit and repartee, perhaps, than falls to the lot of most women. Her knowledge of human nature was most profound, and she could turn that knowledge to account to its utmost extent, and in the minutest trifles. She was courageous, morally and physically so; undaunted, and proud as Lucifer.

She never read in any book more than a few pages, and there were few works that she praised when she looked them over. History she despised, considering it all a farce: because, she said, she had seen so many histories of her time, which she found to be lies from

beginning to end, that she could not believe in one. She had a great facility of expression, and, on some occasions, introduced old proverbs with wonderful appositeness. Conversation never flagged in her company. But to return to Lady Hester's own account of herself.

"I can recollect, when I was ten or twelve years old, going to Hastings's trial. My garter somehow came off, and was picked up by Lord Grey, then a young man. At this hour, as if it were before me in a picture, I can see his handsome but very pale face, his broad forehead; his corbeau coat, with cut-steel buttons; his white satin waistcoat and breeches, and the buckles in his shoes. He saw from whom the garter fell, but, observing my confusion, did not wish to increase it, and, with infinite delicacy, gave the garter to the person who sat there to serve tea and coffee.

"The first person I ever danced with was Sir Gilbert Heathcote.

"When I was young, I was never what you call handsome, but brilliant. My teeth were brilliant, my complexion brilliant, my language—ah! there it was —something striking and original, that caught every body's attention. I remember, when I was living with Mr. Pitt, that, one morning after a party, he said to

me, 'Really, Hester, Lord Hertford,' (the father of the late lord, and a man of high pretensions for his courtly manners) 'paid you so many compliments about your looks last night, that you might well be proud of them.'—'Not at all,' answered I: 'he is deceived, if he thinks I am handsome, for I know I am not. If you were to take every feature in my face, and put them, one by one, on the table, there is not a single one would bear examination. The only thing is that, put together and lighted up, they look well enough. It is homogeneous ugliness, and nothing more.'

"Mr. Pitt used to say to me, 'Hester, what sort of a being are you? We shall see, some day, wings spring out of your shoulders; for there are moments when you hardly seem to walk the earth.' There was a man who had known me well for fifteen years, and he told me, one day, that he had tried a long time to make me out, but he did not know whether I was a devil or an angel. There have been men who have been intimate with me, and to whom, in point of passion, I was no more than that milk-jug" (pointing to one on the table); "and there have been others who would go through fire for me. But all this depends on the star of a person.

"Mr. Pitt declared that it was impossible for him

to say whether I was most happy in the vortex of pleasure, in absolute solitude, or in the midst of politics; for he had seen me in all three; and, with all his penetration, he did not know where I seemed most at home. Bouverie used to say to me, when I lived at Chevening, 'I know you like this kind of life; it seems to suit you.' And so it did: but why did I quit home? Because of my brothers and sisters, and for my father's sake. I foresaw that my sisters would be reduced to poverty if I did not assist them; and, though people said to me, 'Let their husbands get on by themselves; they are capable of making their own way,' I saw they could not, and I set about providing for them. As for my father, he thought that, in joining those democrats, he always kept aloof from treason. But he did not know how many desperate characters there were, who, like C——, for example, only waited for a revolution, and were always plotting mischief. I thought, therefore, it was better to be where I should have Mr. Pitt by my side to help me, should he get into great difficulty. Why, they almost took Joyce out of bed in my father's house; and when my father went to town, there were those who watched him; and the mob attacked his house, so that he was obliged to make his escape by the leads, and slip out the

back way. Joyce was getting up in the morning, and was just blowing his nose, as people do the moment before they come down to breakfast, when a single knock came to the door, and in bolted two officers with a warrant, and took him off without even my father's knowledge. Then, were not Lord Thanet, Ferguson, and some more of them thrown into gaol? and I said, 'If my father has not a prop somewhere, he will share the same fate;' and this was one of the reasons why I went to live with Mr. Pitt. Mr. Pitt used to say that Tom Paine was quite in the right; but then he would add, 'What am I to do? If the country is overrun with all these men, full of vice and folly, I cannot exterminate them. It would be very well, to be sure, if every body had sense enough to act as they ought; but, as things are, if I were to encourage Tom Paine's opinions, we should have a bloody revolution; and, after all, matters would return pretty much as they were.' But I always asked, 'What do these men want? They will destroy what we have got, without giving us any thing else in its place. Let them give us something good, before they rob us of what they have. As for systems of equality, every body is not a Tom Paine. Tom Paine was a clever man, and not one of your hugger-mugger

people, who have one day one set of ideas, and another set the next, and never know what they mean.'

"I am an aristocrat, and I make a boast of it. We shall see what will come of people's conundrums about equality. I hate a pack of dirty Jacobins, that only want to get people out of a good place to get into it themselves. Horne Tooke always liked me, with all my aristocratical principles, because he said he knew what I meant.

"No, doctor, Bouverie was right: I liked the country. At the back of the inn, on Sevenoaks common, stood a house, which, for a residence for myself, I should prefer to any one I have ever yet seen. It was a perfectly elegant, light, and commodious building, with an oval drawing-room, and two boudoirs in the corners, with a window to each on the conservatory. When I visited there, it was inhabited by three old maids, one of whom was my friend. What good ale and nice luncheons I have had there many a time! What good cheese, what excellent apples and pears, and what rounds of boiled beef!"

The next day these personal recollections were renewed.

"I remember, when Colonel Shadwell commanded the district, that, one day, in a pelting shower of rain,

he was riding up Madamscourt Hill, as I was crossing at the bottom, going home towards Chevening with my handsome groom, Tom, a boy who was the natural son of a baronet. I saw Colonel Shadwell's groom's horse about a couple of hundred yards from me, and, struck with its beauty, I turned up the hill, resolving to pass them, and get a look at it. I accordingly quickened my pace, and, in going by, gave a good look at the horse, then at the groom, then at the master, who was on a sorry nag. The colonel eyed me as I passed; and I, taking advantage of a low part in the hedge, put my horse to it, leaped over, and disappeared in an instant. The colonel found out who I was, and afterwards made such a fuss at the mess about my equestrian powers, that nothing could be like it. I was the toast there every day.

"Nobody ever saw much of me until Lord Romney's review. I was obliged to play a trick on my father to get there. I pretended, the day before, that I wanted to pay a visit to the Miss Crumps" (or some such name), "and then went from their house to Lord Romney's. Though all the gentry of Kent were there, my father never knew, or was supposed not to have known, that I had been there. The king took great notice of me. I dined with him—that is, what

was called dining with him, but at an adjoining table. Lord and Lady Romney served the king and queen, and gentlemen waited on us. Upton changed my plate, and he did it very well. Doctor, dining with royalty, as Lord Melbourne does now, was not so common formerly. I never dined with the king but twice—once at Lord Romney's at an adjoining table, and once afterwards at his own table. Oh! what wry faces there were among some of the courtiers! Mr. Pitt was very much pleased at the reception I met with. The king took great notice of me, and, I believe, always after liked me personally. Whenever I was talking to the dukes, he was sure to come towards us. 'Where is she?' he would cry; 'where is she? I hear them laugh, and where they are laughing I must go too.' Then, as he came nearer, he would observe, 'If you have anything to finish I won't come yet—I'll come in a quarter of an hour.' When he was going away from Lord Romney's, he wanted to put me bodkin between himself and the queen; and when the queen had got into the carriage, he said to her, 'My dear, Lady Hester is going to ride bodkin with us: I am going to take her away from Democracy Hall.' But the old queen observed, in rather a prim manner, that I 'had not got my maid with me,

and that it would be inconvenient for me to go at such a short notice:' so I remained.

"It was at that review that I was talking to some officers, and something led to my saying, 'I can't bear men who are governed by their wives, as Sir A. H*** is; a woman of sense, even if she did govern her husband, would not let it be seen: it is odious, in my opinion.' And I went on in this strain, whilst poor Sir A. himself, whom I did not know, but had only heard spoken of, was standing by all the time. I saw a dreadful consternation in the bystanders, but I went on. At last some one—taking commiseration on him, I suppose—said, 'Lady Hester, will you allow me to introduce Sir A. H*** to you, who is desirous of making your acquaintance.' Sir A. very politely thanked me for the advice I had given him; and I answered something about the regard my brother had for him, and there the matter ended.

"When first I went to live with Mr. Pitt, one day he and I were taking a walk in the park, when we were met by Lord G., having Lady —— and Lady ——, two old demireps, under his arm. Mr. Pitt and I passed them, and Mr. Pitt pulled off his hat. Lord G. turned his head away, without acknowledging his bow. The fact was, he thought Mr. Pitt was

escorting some mistress he had got. 'Well,' said I, 'there goes Falstaff with the merry wives of Windsor.' 'Yes,' rejoined Mr. Pitt, 'and I think, whatever he may take you to be, he need not be so prim, with those two painted and patched ladies under his arm.'

"The same thing happened with Lord A.; and, when Mr. Pitt soon after came into office, Lord A. called on Mr. Pitt, who, being busy, sent him to me. Lord A. began with a vast variety of compliments about ancient attachments, and his recollection, when a boy, of having played with me. So I cut him short, by telling him his memory then must have sadly failed him the other day, when he passed me and Mr. Pitt in his curricle with Lady ——. After many, 'Really, I supposed,' and 'Upon my honours'—'Sense of propriety on account of Lady ——, and not knowing who I was'—I laughed heartily at him, and he went away. When he was gone, Mr. Pitt came to me, and said, 'I don't often ask questions about your visitors, but I should really like to know what excuse Lord A. could offer for his primosity[1] to us, when he was riding with such a Jezebel as Lady ——.'

[1] A friend has suggested that *primosity* is not in Johnson's Dictionary. It was however a word of frequent recurrence in

"Yet it might have been very natural for Mr. Pitt to do so. How many people used to come and ask me impertinent questions, in order to get out his state secrets: but I very soon set them down. 'What, you are come to give me a lesson of impertinence,' I used to say, laughing in their faces. One day, one of them, of rather a first-rate class, began with—'Now, my dear Lady Hester, you know our long friendship, and the esteem I have for you—now do just tell me, who is to go out ambassador to Russia?' So I was resolved to try him; and, with a very serious air, I said, 'Why, if I had to choose, there are only three persons whom I think fit for the situation—Mr. Tom Grenville, Lord Malmesbury, and I forget who was the third: but you know,' I added, 'Lord Malmesbury's health will not allow him to go to so cold a climate, and Mr., the other, is something and something, so that he is out of the question.' Next morning, doctor, there appeared in 'The Oracle'—a paper, observe, that Mr. Pitt never read—'We un-

Lady Hester's vocabulary; and it scarcely, I think, need be said, that it means prudery:

> "What is prudery? 'Tis a beldam,
> Seen with wit and beauty seldom."
>
> Pope.

derstand that Lord M. and Mr. T. G. are selected as the two persons best qualified for the embassy to Russia; but, owing to his lordship's ill health, the choice will most likely fall on Mr. T. G.'

"I was highly amused the following days, to hear the congratulations that were paid to Mr. Grenville. But, when the real choice came to be known, which was neither one nor the other, oh! how black the inquisitive friend of mine looked; and what reproaches he made me for having, as he called it, deceived him. But I did not deceive him: I only told him what was true, that if I had the choice I would choose such and such persons.

"There are, necessarily, hundreds of reasons for ministers' actions, that people in general know nothing about. When the Marquis —— was sent to India, it was on condition that he did not take —— —— with him: for Mr. Pitt said, 'It is all very well if he chooses to go alone, but he shan't take —— —— with him. For—who knows?—she may be, all the time, carrying on intrigues with the French government, and that would not suit my purpose.'

"There might be some apparent levity in my manner, both as regarded affairs of the cabinet and my own; but I always knew what I was doing.

When Mr. Pitt was reproached for allowing me such unreserved liberty of action in state matters, and in affairs where his friends advised him to question me on the motives of my conduct, he always answered—'I let her do as she pleases; for if she were resolved to cheat the devil she could do it.' And so I could, doctor; and that is the reason why thick-headed people, who could never dive into the motives of what I did, have often misinterpreted my conduct, when it has proceeded from the purest intentions. And, in the same way, when some persons said to Lady Suffolk, 'Look at Lady Hester, talking and riding with Bouverie and the Prince's friends; she must mind what she is about'—Lady Suffolk remarked, 'There is nothing to fear in that quarter; she never will let any body do a bit more than she intends: what she does is with *connoissance de cause*.' And she was right: nobody could ever accuse me of folly. Even those actions which might seem folly to a common observer, were wisdom. Everything with me, through life, has been premeditatedly done.

"Mr. Pitt paid me the greatest compliment I ever received from any living being. He was speaking of C******, and lamenting he was so false, and so little to be trusted; and I said, 'But perhaps he is only

so in appearance, and is sacrificing ostensibly his own opinions, in order to support your reputation.'—'I have lived,' replied Mr. Pitt, 'twenty-five years in the midst of men of all sorts, and I never yet found but one human being capable of such a sacrifice.'—'Who can that be?' said I. 'Is it the Duke of Richmond? Is it such a one?' and I named two others, when he interrupted me—'No—it is *you*.'

"I was not insensible to praise from such a man; and when, before Horne Tooke and some other clever people, he told me I was fit to sit between Augustus and Mæcenas, I suppose I must believe it. And he did not think so lightly of my lectures as you do; for one day he said to me, 'We are going to establish a new hospital, and you, Hester, are to have the management of it. It is to be a hospital for the diseases of the mind; for nobody knows so well as you how to cure them.' I should never have done if I were to repeat the many attestations of his good opinion of me. But it was no merit of mine if I deserved it: I was born so. There was a man one day at table with Mr. Pitt, an old friend of his—Canning told me the story—who, speaking of me, observed that he supposed I should soon marry, and, after some conversation on the subject, concluded by saying, 'I suppose

she waits till she can get a man as clever as herself.' 'Then,' answered Mr. Pitt, 'she will never marry at all.'"

"In like manner, in the troublesome times of his political career, Mr. Pitt would say, 'I have plenty of good diplomatists, but they are none of them military men; and I have plenty of good officers, but not one of them is worth sixpence in the cabinet. If you were a man, Hester, I would send you on the Continent with 60,000 men, and give you *carte blanche*; and I am sure that not one of my plans would fail, and not one soldier would go with his shoes unblacked;' meaning, that my attention would embrace every duty that belongs to a general and a corporal—and so it would, doctor."

After musing a little while, Lady Hester Stanhope went on. "Did you ever read the life of General Moore that I have seen advertised, written by his brother? I wonder which brother it was. If it was the surgeon, he was hard-headed, with great knowledge of men, but dry, and with nothing pleasing about him. His wife was a charming woman, brought up by some great person, and with very good manners.

"As for tutors, and doctors, and such people, if, now-a-days, mylords and myladies walk arm-in-arm

with them, they did not do so in my time. I recollect an old dowager, to whom I used sometimes to be taken to spend the morning. She was left with a large jointure, and a fine house for the time being, and used to invite the boys and the girls of my age, I mean the age I was then, with their tutors and governesses, to come and see her. 'How do you do, Dr. Mackenzie? Lord John, I see, is all the better for his medicine. The duchess is happy in having found a man of such excellent talents, which are almost too great to be confined to the sphere of one family.'—'Such is the nature of our compact, my Lady, nor could I on any account violate the regulations which so good a family has imposed upon me.'—'It's very cold, Dr. Mackenzie: I think I increased my rheumatic pains at the Opera on Saturday night.'—'Did you ever try Dover's Powders, my lady?' He does not, you see, tell her to use Dover's Powders; he only says, did you ever try them? 'Lord John—Lord John, you must take care, and not eat too much of that strawberry preserve.'

"'How do you do, Mr. K.?—how do you do, Lord Henry? I hope the Marchioness is well? She looked divinely last night. Did you see her when she was dressed, Mr. K.?'—'You will pardon me, my lady,'

answers the tutor, 'I did indeed see her; but it would be presumptuous in me to speak of such matters. I happened to take her a map,' (mind, doctor, he does not say a map of what) 'and, certainly, I did cast my eyes on her dress, which was, no doubt, in the best taste, as everything the Marchioness does is.' Observe, here is no mention of her looks or person. Doctors and tutors never presumed formerly to talk about the complexion, and skin, and beauty, of those in whose families they lived or found practice. Why, haven't I told you, over and over again, how Dr. W— lost his practice from having said that a patient of his, who died, was one of the most beautiful corpses he had ever seen, and that he had stood contemplating her for a quarter of an hour. She was a person of rank, and it ruined him. Even his son, who was a doctor too, and had nothing to do with it, never could get on afterwards.

"Then would come in some young lady with her governess, and then another; and the old dowager would take us all off to some show, and make the person who exhibited it stare again with the number of young nobility she brought with her. From the exhibition, that was some monster, or some giant, or some something, she would take us to eat ices, and

then we were all sent home, with the tutors and governesses in a stew, lest we should be too late for a master, or for a God knows what.

" I have known many apothecaries cleverer than doctors themselves. There was Chilvers, and Hewson, and half-a-dozen names that I forget: and there was an apothecary at Bath that Mr. Pitt thought more of than of his physician. Why, I have seen Sir H—— obliged to give way to an apothecary in a very high family. 'We will just call him in, and see what he says:' and, the moment he had written his prescription and was gone out of the house, the family would consult the apothecary, who perhaps knew twice as much of the constitution of the patient. 'You know, my lord, it is not the liver that is affected, whatever Sir H—— pretends to think; it is the spleen. For did not we try the very same medicine that he has prescribed for above a week? and it did your lordship no good. You may just as well, and better, throw his draught away:' and sure enough it was done. Sir Richard Jebb the same.

" Do you think," continued she, " that the first physician in London is on terms of intimacy with the mylords he prescribes for? He prescribes, takes his guinea, and is off: or, if he is asked to sit down a

little, it is only to pick his brains about whether somebody is likely to live or not. But I am not, and never was, so mean: I always liked people should know their relative situations. Ah! Dr. Turton, or some such man as that, would be perhaps asked now and then' to dinner, or to take a walk round the grounds. A doctor's business is to examine the *grandes affaires*, talk to the nurse, and see that his blister has been well dressed, and not to talk politics, say such a woman is handsome, and chatter about what does not concern him."

Whilst Lady Hester was going on with her strictures on the poor doctors, a favourite theme with her, I produced from the back of a cupboard a miniature print of General Moore which had been lying at Abra, neglected for some years. She took it from my hand, and looking at it a little time, she observed that it was an excellent likeness of what he was when he became a weather-beaten soldier: "Before that," said she, "those cheeks were filled out and ruddy, like Mr. Close's at Malta."

After a pause, Lady Hester Stanhope continued: "Poor Charles! My brother Charles one day was disputing with James about his handsome Colonel, and James, on his side, was talking of somebody's

leg being handsome, saying he was right, for it had been modelled, and nobody's could be equal to it; when Charles turned to me, and asked with great earnestness if I did not think General Moore was the better made man of the two, I answered, 'He is certainly very handsome.'—'Oh! but,' said Charles, 'Hester, if you were only to see him when he is bathing, his body is as perfect as his face.' I never even smiled, although inwardly I could not help smiling at his naïveté.

"I consider it a mark of vulgarity and of the association of bad ideas in people's minds when they make a handle of such equivoques in an ill-natured way, as you recollect Mr. T. did when he was at Alexandria. People of good breeding do not even smile, when, perhaps, low persons would suppose they might show a great deal of affected primosity. Only imagine the Duc de Blacas to be announced;—what would my old servant, poor William Wiggins, have done? He would never have got out the word." Here Lady Hester set up laughing most heartily, and then she laughed, and laughed again. I think I never saw anything make her relax from her composure so much.

"As for what people in England say or have said about me, I don't care that for them," (snapping her

fingers) ; "and whatever vulgar-minded people say or think of me has no more effect than if they were to spit at the sun. It only falls on their own nose, and all the harm they do is to themselves. They may spit at a marble wall as they may at me, but it will not hang. They are like the flies upon an artillery-horse's tail—there they ride, and ride, and buz about, and then there comes a great explosion ; bom ! and off they fly. I hate affectation of all kinds. I never could bear those ridiculous women who cannot step over a straw without expecting the man who is walking with them to offer his hand. I always said to the men, when they offered me their hand, 'No, no ; I have got legs of my own, don't trouble yourselves.' Nobody pays so little attention to what are called punctilios as I do ; but if any one piques me on my rank, and what is due to me, that's another thing : I can then show them who I am."

October 16. — These conversations filled up the mornings and evenings until the 16th of October, when I went to Mar Elias for a day. Whilst there a peasant arrived with an ass-load of musk grapes and *mukseysy* grapes that Lady Hester had sent. An ass-load in those happy countries is but a proof of the abundance that reigns there. A bushel-

basket of oranges or lemons, a bunch of fifty or sixty bananas, ten or twelve melons, at a time, were presents of frequent occurrence.

October 18.—I returned to Jôon, and employed myself busily in fitting up the cottage intended for our dwelling. The nearer the time approached for bringing my family close to her premises, the more Lady Hester seemed to regret having consented to the arrangement. Petty jealousies, inconsistent with a great mind, were always tormenting her. Of this a remarkable and somewhat ludicrous instance occurred during the latter part of the month of September. Most persons are probably aware that Mahometans have a religious horror of bells, and, in countries under their domination, have never allowed of their introduction even into Christian churches. It is not uncommon, by way of contempt, to designate Europe as the land of bells. This pious abhorrence penetrates the arcana of private life; and, in a Turkish house, no such thing as a bell for calling the servants is ever to be seen. A clap of the hands, repeated three times, is the usual summons; and, as the doors are seldom shut, the sound can be easily heard throughout every part of the dwelling.

Lady Hester, however, retained her European

habits in this one particular; and perhaps there never existed a more vehement or constant bell-ringer. The bells hung for her use were of great size; so that the words *Gerass el Syt*, or my lady's bell, echoing from one mouth to another when she rang, made the most indolent start on their legs; until, at last, as nobody but herself in the whole territory possessed house-bells, the peasantry and menials imagined that the use of them was some special privilege granted to her by the sublime Porte on account of her exalted rank, and she probably found it to her advantage not to disturb this very convenient supposition.

On taking up our residence at Mar Elias, there were two bells put by in a closet, which were replaced for the use of my family, with bell-ropes to the saloon and dining-room, none of us ever suspecting that they could, by any human ingenuity, be considered otherwise than as most necessary appendages to a room: but we calculated without our host. This assumption of the dignity of bells was held to be an act of læsa majestas, and the report of our proceedings was carried from one person to another, until, at last, it reached Lady Hester's ears, endorsed with much wonder on the part of her maids how a doctor's wife could presume to set herself on an equality with a

meleky (queen). Lady Hester, however, saw the absurdity of affecting any claim to distinction in such a matter, and, therefore, vexed and mortified although it appears she was, she never said a word to me on the subject. But, one morning in September, when we were all assembled at breakfast, on pulling the bell-rope no sound responded, and, examining into the cause, we discovered that the strings had been cut by a knife, and the bells forcibly wrenched from their places. Much conjecture was formed as to who could have done all this mischief. The maids were questioned; the porter, the milkman, the errand-boy, the man-servant, every body, in short, in and about the place, but nobody knew anything of the matter. Understanding Arabic, I soon found there was some mystery in the business; and answers, more and more evasive, from the porter, the harder he was pressed, led to a presumption, amounting almost to a certainty, that her ladyship's grand emissary, Osman Chaôosh, had arrived late at night, armed with pincers, hammer, etcetera, and, before daylight, had carried off the bells to Lady Hester's residence. I concealed my conjecture from my family, wishing to cause no fresh source of irritation; and, having occasion to write that day to Lady Hester, I merely added, as a post-

script, "The two bells have been stolen during the night, and I can find no certain clue to the thief. For, although I have discovered that Osman el Chaôosh has been here secretly, I cannot think it likely that any one of your servants would presume to do such a thing without your orders; nor can I believe that your ladyship would instruct any one to do that clandestinely which a message from yourself to me would have effected so easily."

When I saw Lady Hester a day or two afterwards, she never alluded to the bells, nor did I; and nothing was ever mentioned about them for two or three months, until, one day, she, being in a good humour, said, "Doctor, it was I who ordered Osman to take away the bells. The people in this country must never suppose there is any one connected with my establishment who puts himself on an equality with me, no matter in what. The Turks know of only one Pasha in a district; the person next to him is a nobody in his presence, not daring even to sit down or to speak, unless told to do so. If I had let those bells hang much longer, the sound of my own would not have been attended to. As it is, half of my servants have become disobedient from seeing how my will is disputed by you and your family, who have

always a hundred reasons for not doing what I wish to be done; and, as I said in my letter to Eugenia, I can't submit to render an account of my actions; for, if I was not called upon to do so by Mr. Pitt, I am sure I shan't by other people; so let us say no more about it." Of course, I complied with her whims; or rather, I should say, admitted the good sense of her observations: for I knew very well she never did anything without a kind or substantial motive. So, after that, the exclamation of *Gerass el Syt* recovered its magical effect.

October 23. — I escorted my family to their new residence, which was called the Tamarisk Pavilion, from a tamarisk tree that grew from the terrace. They were all delighted with it, and happiness seemed restored to its inmates.

October 25. — The very day on which my family came up, Lady Hester took to her bed from illness, and never quitted it until March of the following year. She had now laboured under pulmonary catarrh for six or seven years, which, subsiding in the summer months, returned every winter, with increased violence, and at this time presented some very formidable symptoms.

November 9.—About six o'clock, just as I had

dined, a servant came to say that her ladyship wished to see me. On going into her bed-room, which, as usual, was but faintly lighted, I ran my head against a long packthread, which crossed from the wall, where it was tied, to her bed, and was held in her hand. "Take care, doctor," said she; "these stupid beasts can't understand what I want: but you must help me. I want to pull out a tooth. I have tied a string to it and to the wall: and you, with a stick or something, must give it a good blow, so as to jerk my tooth out."

Knowing her disposition, I said, "Very well, and that I would do as she wished. But, if you like," added I, "to have it extracted *secundum artem*, I fancy I can do it for you."—"Oh! doctor, have you nerve enough? and, besides, I don't like those crooked instruments: but, however, go and get them." I had seen in the medicine-chest a dentist's instrument, and, returning with it, I performed the operation; with the result of which she was so much pleased, that she insisted upon having another tooth out. The relief was so instantaneous, that the second tooth was no sooner gone than she commenced talking as usual.

The cough with which Lady Hester had been so long indisposed occasionally assumed symptoms of

water in the chest. Sudden starts from a lying posture, with a sense of suffocation, which, for a moment, as she described it, was like the gripe of a hand across her throat, made me very uneasy about her. Her strong propensity to bleeding, to which she had resorted four or five times a year for the last twenty years, had brought on a state of complete emaciation, and what little blood was left in her body seemed to have no circulation in the extremities, where her veins, on a deadly white skin, showed themselves tumefied and knotty.

It was difficult to reason with her on medical subjects, especially in her own case. She had peculiar systems, drawn from the doctrine of people's stars. She designated her own cough as an asthma, and had, for some time, doctored herself much in her own way. Such is the balmy state of the air in Syria, that, had she trusted to its efficacy alone, and lived with habits of life like other people, nothing serious was to be dreaded from her illness. But she never breathed the external air, except what she got by opening the windows, and took no exercise but for about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour daily, when, on quitting her bed-room to go to the saloon, she made two or three turns in the garden to see her flowers

and shrubs, which seemed to be the greatest enjoyment she had.

She prescribed almost entirely for herself, and only left me the duties of an apothecary; or, if she adopted any of my suggestions, it was never at the moment, but always some days afterwards, when it seemed to her that she was acting, not on my advice, but on the suggestions of her own judgment. She was accustomed to say, if any doubts were expressed of the propriety of what she was going to do, "I suppose I am grown a fool in my old age. When princes and statesmen have relied on my judgment, I am not going to give it up at this time of life."

But it was not for herself alone that she thus obstinately prescribed; she insisted also upon doing the same for everybody else, morally as well as medically. One of the prominent features in her character was the inclination she had to give advice to all persons indiscriminately about their conduct, their interests, and their complaints: and, in this latter respect, she prescribed for everybody. I was not exempt, and I dreaded her knowing anything about the most trifling indisposition that affected me. Greatly addicted to empiricism, she would propose the most strange remedies; and, fond of the use of medicine herself, she

would be out of humour if others showed an aversion to it. There was no surer way of securing her good graces than to put one's self under her management for some feigned complaint, and then to attribute the cure to her skill. Hundreds of knaves have got presents out of her in this way. For they had but to say that, during their illness, they had lost an employment, or spent their ready money, no matter what—they were sure to be remunerated tenfold above their pretended losses. Let it however be said to her honour, that, among the number she succoured in real sickness, many owned, with gratitude, the good she had done: and no surer proof of this can be given than the universal sorrow that pervaded half the population of Sayda, when, in the course of this her illness, she was reported to be past recovery.

It was in compliance with this foible of hers that, when I returned to Dar Jôon, after being laid up with a bad leg, she would insist on my wearing a laced cloth boot, which she ordered to be made, unknown to me; on my washing the œdematous leg in wine with laurel leaves steeped in it; and on sitting always, when with her, with my leg resting on a cushion placed on a stool. Her tyranny in such matters was very irksome; for it was clothed in terms of so much

feeling and regard, and of such commiseration for one's overrated sufferings, that, to escape the accusation of ingratitude and bad breeding, it was impossible to avoid entire acquiescence in every one of her kind commands.

She was ever complaining that she could get nothing to eat, nothing to support a great frame like hers: yet she seldom remained one half hour, from sunrise to sunset, or from sunset to sunrise (except during sleep), without taking nourishment of some kind. I never knew any human being who took food so frequently: but, from that very frequency, it might be doubted whether she had a relish for anything. And may not this, in some measure, account for her frequent ill-humour? for nothing sours people's temper more than an overloaded stomach, and nothing promotes cheerfulness more than a light one.

CHAPTER II.

Sir Nathaniel Wraxall's Memoirs — The three duchesses — Anecdote of Mr. Rice—How Prime Ministers are employed on first taking office — The Grenville make — P—— of W—— at Stowe — Mr. Pitt and Mr. Sheridan — Duke of H—— — Mr. Pitt's disinterestedness exemplified — His life wasted in the service of his country—Mr. Rose—Mr. Long—Mr. —— —Grounds at Walmer laid out by Lady Hester—Mr. Pitt's deportment in retirement—His physiognomy — How he got into debt — Lord Carrington; why made a peer — Extent of Mr. Dundas's influence over Mr. Pitt — Mr. Pitt averse to ceremony — Mr. Pitt and his sister Harriett — His dislike to the Bourbons — Lady Hester's activity at Walmer — Lord Chatham's indolence—Mr. Pitt's opinion of Sir Arthur Wellesley.



CHAPTER II.

On leaving Marseilles, in 1837, I ordered Sir Nathaniel Wraxall's Memoirs to be sent after me to Syria, thinking that, as relating to Mr. Pitt's times, and to people and politics with whom and in which both he and she had mixed so largely, these memoirs could not fail to amuse her. I received them soon after my arrival at Jôon, and many rainy days were passed in reading them. They served to beguile the melancholy hours of her sickness, and recalled the agreeable recollections of her more splendid, if not more happy hours. She would say on such occasions, "Doctor, read a little of your book to me." This was always her expression, when I had brought any publication to her: and, ordering a pipe, lying at her length in bed, and smoking whilst I read, she would make her comments as I went on.

"Let me hear about the duchesses," she would say. After a page or two she interrupted me. "See what the Duchess of Rutland and the Duchess of Gordon were: look at the difference. I acknowledge it proceeds all from temperament, just as your dull disposition does, which to me is as bad as a heavy weight or a nightmare. I never knew, among the whole of my acquaintance in England, any one like you but Mr. Polhill of Crofton" (or some such place): "he was always mopish, just as you are. I remember too what a heavy, dull business the Duchess of R.'s parties were—the rooms so stuffed with people that one could not move, and all so heavy—a great deal of high breeding and *bon ton;* but there was, somehow, nothing to enliven you. Now and then some incident would turn up to break the spell. One evening, I recollect very well, everybody was suffering with the heat: there we were, with nothing but heads to be seen like bottles in a basket. I got out of the room, upon the landing-place. There I found Lady Sefton, Lady Heathcote, and some of your high-flyers, and somebody was saying to me, 'Lady Hester something,' when, half way up the staircase, the Duke of Cumberland was trying to make his way. He cried out, 'Where's Lady Hester? where's my aide-de-camp?

Come and help me; for I am so blind I can't get on alone. Why, this is h—l and d——n!'—'Here I am, sir.'—'Give me your hand, there's a good little soul. Do help me into this h—l; for it's quite as hot.' Then came Bradford; and, whilst he was speaking to me, and complaining of the intolerable heat and crush, out roared the Duke of Cumberland, 'Where is she gone to?'—and up went his glass, peeping about to the right and left—'where is she gone to?' There was some life in him, doctor.

"Now, at the Duchess of Gordon's there were people of the same fashion, and the crowd was just as great; but then she was so lively, and everybody was so animated, and seemed to know so well what they were about—quite another thing.

"As for the Duchess of D.'s, there they were—all that set — all yawning, and wanting the evening to be spent, that they might be getting to the business they were after."

It may be mentioned that Lady Hester was always very severe on the Duchess of D. and her friends, whenever her name or theirs was mentioned. She said she was full of affected sensibility, but that there was always a great deal of wickedness about her eyes.

The mention of the Duchess of Rutland's name

also led to an amusing anecdote. Lady Hester was speaking of the grand *fête* given by the duchess when her son came of age. The arrangements were entrusted to a person named Rice, and to some great confectioner. Mr. Rice had been *maître d'hôtel*, or in some such capacity, in Mr. Pitt's family.

"Rice told me," said Lady Hester, "that when he and the other man were preparing for the *fête*, he never lay down for ten nights, but got what sleep he could in an arm-chair. The duchess gave him three hundred guineas. One day she looked at him over her shoulder; and when one of the beaux about her said, 'What are you looking after, duchess? You have forgotten something in the drawing-room?'—'No, no,' said she, pointing to Rice, 'I was only thinking that those eyes are too good for a kitchen.' And then one talked of the eyes and the eyes, and another of the eyes and the eyes, until poor Rice quite blushed. He had very pretty eyes, doctor."

But the anecdote I was going to relate was this. Most simple persons, like myself, imagine that prime ministers of such a country as England, when promoted to so elevated a station, are only moved by the noble ambition of their country's good, and, from the first moment to the last, are ever pondering on the

important measures that may best promote it. No such thing. Let us hear what Lady Hester Stanhope herself had to say on this subject.

"The very first thing Mr. Pitt did," said she, "after coming into office the second time, was to provide for Mr. Rice. We were just got to Downing Street, and everything was in disorder. I was in the drawing-room: Mr. Pitt, I believe, had dined out. When he came home, 'Hester,' said he, 'we must think of our dear, good friend Rice. I have desired the list to be brought to me to-morrow morning, and we will see what suits him.'—'I think we had better see now,' I replied. 'Oh, no! it is too late now.'—'Not at all,' I rejoined; and I rang the bell, and desired the servant to go to the Treasury, and bring me the list.

"On examining it, I found three places for which he was eligible. I then sent for Rice. 'Rice,' said I, 'here are three places to be filled up. One is a place in the Treasury, where you may fag on, and, by the time you are forty-five or fifty, you may be master of twenty or twenty-five thousand pounds. There is another will bring you into contact with poor younger sons of nobility: you will be invited out, get tickets for the Opera, and may make yourself a

fine gentleman. The third is in the Customs: there you must fag a great deal, but you will make a great deal of money. It is a searcher's place.'

"Rice, after considering awhile, said—'As for the Treasury, that will not suit me, my lady; for I must go on plodding to the end of my life. The second place your ladyship mentioned will throw me out of my sphere: I am not fit for fine folks; and, if you please, I had rather take the third.' So, the very next morning, I got all his papers signed by everybody except Mr. Long, and they made some excuses that he was not come, or was gone, or something; but I would hear of no delay, and desired them to find him.

"Rice went on swimmingly, doctor, for a long time, and made one morning a seizure that brought for his share £500. But I had given him some very long instructions, and he was not like you, for he listened to my advice. Sometimes, when I was teaching him how he was to act, he would say, 'My lady, I believe that is enough for this time: I don't think my poor head will contain more; but I'll come again.' I told him he was to learn the specific gravity of bodies, that when they told him (for example) it was pepper, he might know by the volume that it was not gunpowder or cochineal.

"When the Grenville administration wanted to introduce new regulations into the Customs, and diminish their profits, I wrote such a petition for them, that Lord Grenville read it over and over, and cried out—'There is only one person could write this, and we must give up the point.' He sent the Duke of Buckingham to me to find out if it was I, and the duke said, to smooth the matter—'Lady Hester, you know, if you want any favour, you have only to ask for it.'—'Indeed,' said I, 'I shall ask no favour of you *broad-bottomed* gentry; what I want I shall take by force.'—'Now, Hester,' cried the duke, 'you are too bad; you are almost indelicate.'

"Oh, I made a man laugh so once when speaking of an officer, who, I said, would not do for a hussar, as he wanted a little more of the Grenville make about him."

After a pause, as if reflecting, Lady Hester resumed—"Is there nothing in the book about the G********s getting the Prince down to Stowe? They received him with extraordinary magnificence, and the most noble treatment possible: they fancied they were going to do wonders. But I said to them—'Do you think all this makes the impression you wish in the Prince's breast? You suppose, no

doubt, that you gratify him highly with such a splendid reception: you are much mistaken. From this time forward, he will be jealous of you, and will hate you as long as he thinks you can rival him.' The event proved how justly I knew his character.

"There they were, shut up: and when they told me they had got their conditions in black and white, I told them how it would be. I said he would take them in; for what was a paper to a man like him? I wrote them such a letter, doctor, that they all thought it was Mr. Pitt's — Mr. Pitt's best style, too —until I swore he never knew a word about it. They fancied they had got all the loaves and fishes. One was to be prime minister, one first lord of the admiralty, and so on: but their ambition destroyed them. What have they been since Mr. Pitt's death? Nothing at all. Who ever hears now of the Duke of B********?"[1]

I turned over the pages, and next read Wraxall's account of Mr. Sheridan, which Lady Hester said was very much to the purpose. "Mr. Pitt," she added, "always thought well of him, and never disliked my talking with him. Oh! how Sheridan used to make

[1] This of course refers to the late duke.

me laugh, when he pretended to marry Mr. Pitt to different women!"

I came to the passage where Sir Nathaniel finds fault with Mr. Pitt's having refused Sheridan's generous offer of co-operating with him in suppressing the mutiny at the Nore. "Why," interrupted Lady Hester, "what could Mr. Pitt do? He was afraid, doctor; he did not know how sincere such people might be in their offers: they might be only coming over to his side to get the secrets of the cabinet, and then turn king's evidence. It required a great deal of caution to know how to deal with such clever men."

Where Sir Nathaniel relates the history of the Burrell family, she spoke highly of all the daughters, but especially of Mrs. Bennett, and considered that the author was wrong in saying that all but Mrs. Bennett were not handsome.

Of the D. of H. she observed, that he never lived with the duchess. He was in love with Lady ——, and used to disguise himself as a one-legged soldier — as a beggar — assuming a hundred masquerades, sleeping in outhouses, &c. He would have married her, but he could not, for he had got one wife already. That was the woman F. M**** married. Oh, doctor,

there was a man!" (meaning the Duke of H——) "perfect from top to toe, with not a single flaw in his person."

Lady Hester was so delighted with Sir Nathaniel's Memoirs that she said, more than once, "How I wish I had known that man! I would have made him a duke. What an excellent judgment he has, and how well he knew everybody. But how was I to find out all those people, when the stupid and interested set that surrounded Mr. Pitt kept them all in the background?"

November 11. — This evening I remained with Lady Hester about three hours. She was better, but complained of great pain in the left hypochondrium, and could not lie easy on either side, or on her back. Yet, notwithstanding her ailments, talking was necessary for her, and from the incidental mention of Mr. Pitt's name, she went on about him for some time.

"Nobody ever knew or estimated Mr. Pitt's character rightly. His views were abused and confounded with the narrow projects of men who never could comprehend them; his fidelity to his master was never understood. Never was there such a disinterested man; he invariably refused every bribe,

and declined every present that was offered to him. Those who came to him from abroad he left to rot in the Custom House; and some of his servants, after quitting his service, knowing he never inquired about them any more, went and claimed things of this sort: for Mr. Pitt would read the letter, and think no more about it. I could name those, who have pictures hanging in their rooms—pictures by Flemish masters of great value—procured in this way.

"Mr. Pitt used to say of Lord Carrington, when he saw him unable to eat his dinner in comfort, because he had a letter to write to his steward about some estate or another — '*voilà l'embarras de richesses:*' but when he heard of some generous action done by a wealthy man—'There's the pleasure of being rich,' he would cry. He did not pretend to despise wealth, but he was not a slave to it, as will be seen by the following anecdotes:—

"At one time a person was empowered by his city friends to settle on him £10,000 a year, in order to render him independent of the favour of the king, and of everybody, upon condition (as they expressed it) that he would stand forth to save his country. The offer was made through me, and I said I would deliver the message, but was afraid the answer would

not be such as they wished. Mr. Pitt in fact refused it, saying he was much flattered by their approval of his conduct, but that he could accept nothing of the sort.

" Yet these people," added Lady Hester, " were not, as you might at first suppose, disinterested in their offer: I judged them to be otherwise. For if it had been to the man, and not to some hopes of gain they had by him, would they not, after his death, have searched out those he esteemed as angels, and have honoured his memory by enriching those he loved so much? (alluding to herself and brothers.) But no—they thought, if Mr. Pitt retired from public affairs, the country and its commerce would go to ruin, and they, as great city men, would be the losers; whereas, by a few thousand pounds given away handsomely, if they got him to take an active part in the government, they would in turn put vast riches into their own purses, and make a handsome profit out of their patriotism." She added, " There are no public philanthropists in the city.

" I recollect once a hackney-coach drawing up to the door, out of which got four men: doctor, they had a gold box with them as big as that" (and she held her hands nearly a foot apart to show the size of it),

"containing £100,000 in bank-notes. They had found out the time when he was alone, and made him an offer of it. It was all interest that guided them, but they pretended it was patriotism:—rich merchants, who were to get a pretty penny by the job. He very politely thanked them, and returned the present.

"I was once in the city at an Irish linen warehouse—very rich people, but such a nasty place—so dark! You know those narrow streets. They offered to buy Hollwood for him, pay his debts, and make him independent of the king, if he would contrive to take office; for he was out at the time. I mentioned it to him, as I thought it my duty to do so; but he would not listen to any such proposal.

"When I think of the ingratitude of the English nation to Mr. Pitt, for all his personal sacrifices and disinterestedness, for his life wasted in the service of his country!" Here Lady Hester's emotions got the better of her, and she burst into tears: she sobbed as she spoke. "People little knew what he had to do. Up at eight in the morning, with people enough to see for a week, obliged to talk all the time he was at breakfast, and receiving first one, then another, until four o'clock; then eating a mutton-chop, hurrying off to the House, and there badgered and compelled to

speak and waste his lungs until two or three in the morning!—who could stand it? After this, heated as he was, and having eaten nothing, in a manner of speaking, all day, he would sup with Dundas, Huskisson, Rose, Mr. Long, and such persons, and then go to bed to get three or four hours' sleep, and to renew the same thing the next day, and the next, and the next.

"Poor old Rose! he had a good heart. I am afraid he took it ill that I did not write to him. Mr. Long used to slide in and slide out, and slide here and slide there—nobody knew when he went or when he came—so quiet."

I here interrupted Lady Hester. "It was a lamentable end, that of Mr. ——," said I. "So much the better," answered Lady Hester. I thought she had not heard me well. "It was a lamentable end, that of Mr. ——," I repeated with a louder tone. "So much the better," said she again; "it could not be too bad for him. He died in bodily torment, and C—— had the torment of a bad conscience for his falsehoods, and W—— lived in mental torment. They all three deserved it."

Lady Hester resumed. "When Mr. Pitt was at Walmer, he recovered his health prodigiously. He

used to go to a farm near Walmer, where hay and corn were kept for the horses. He had a room fitted up there with a table and two or three chairs, where he used to write sometimes, and a tidy woman to dress him something to eat. Oh! what slices of bread and butter I have seen him eat there, and hunches of bread and cheese big enough for a ploughman. He used to say that, whenever he could retire from public life, he would have a good English woman cook. Sometimes, after a grand dinner, he would say, 'I want something—I am hungry.' And when I remarked, 'Well, but you are just got up from dinner,' he would add, 'Yes; but I looked round the table, and there was nothing I could eat—all the dishes were so made up, and so unnatural.' Ah, doctor! in town, during the sitting of parliament, what a life was his! Roused from his sleep (for he was a good sleeper) with a despatch from Lord Melville;—then down to Windsor; then, if he had half an hour to spare, trying to swallow something:—Mr. Adams with a paper, Mr. Long with another; then Mr. Rose: then, with a little bottle of cordial confection in his pocket, off to the House until three or four in the morning; then home to a hot supper for two or three hours more, to talk over what was to be done

next day:—and wine, and wine!—Scarcely up next morning, when tat-tat-tat—twenty or thirty people one after another, and the horses walking before the door from two till sunset, waiting for him. It was enough to kill a man—it was murder!"

Lady Hester reverted to Walmer, and went on, after musing a little, thus—"I remember once what an improvement I made at Walmer, which arose from a conversation with some friends, in which Mr. Pitt agreed with them that Walmer was not certainly a beautiful residence, but that it only wanted trees to make it so. I was present, but did not seem to hear what was passing.

"Mr. Pitt soon after went to town. Mindful of what he had let drop, I immediately resolved to set about executing the improvements which he seemed to imply as wanting. I got (I know not how) all the regiments that were in quarters at Dover, and employed them in levelling, fetching turf, transplanting shrubs, flowers, &c. As I possess, in some degree, the art of ingratiating myself where I want to do it, I would go out of an evening among the workmen, and say to one, 'You are a Warwickshire man, I know by your face' (although I had known it by his brogue). 'How much I esteem Lord Warwick; he is my best

friend.—Were you in Holland, my good fellow?' to another. 'Yes, my lady, in the Blues.'—'A fine regiment; there is not a better soldier in the army than colonel so-and-so.'—'He was my colonel, my lady.' Thus a few civil words, and occasionally a present, made the work go on rapidly, and it was finished before Mr. Pitt's return.

"When Mr. Pitt came down, he dismounted from his horse, and, ascending the staircase, saw through a window, which commanded a view of the grounds, the improvements that had been made. 'Dear me, Hester, why this is a miracle! I know 'tis you, so do not deny it: well, I declare, it is quite admirable; I could not have done it half so well myself.' And, though it was just dinner-time, he would go out, and examine it all over, and then was so profuse in his praises!—which were the more delightful, because they applauded the correctness of my taste. Above all, he was charmed that I had not fallen into an error (which most persons would have done) of making what is called an English garden, but rather had kept to the old manner of avenues, alleys, and the like, as being more adapted to an ancient castle. Such was the amiable politeness of Mr. Pitt.

"When Mr. Pitt retired from office, and sold

Hollwood, his favourite child, he laid down his carriages and horses, diminished his equipage, and paid off as many debts as he could. Yet, notwithstanding this complete revolution, his noble manners, his agreeable condescending air, never forsook him for a moment. To see him at table with vulgar sea captains, and ignorant militia colonels, with two or three servants in attendance—he, who had been accustomed to a servant behind each chair, to all that was great and distinguished in Europe—one might have supposed disgust would have worked some change in him. But in either case it was the same—always the admiration of all around him. He was ever careful to cheer the modest and diffident ; but if some forward young fellow exhibited any pertness, by a short speech, or by asking some puzzling question, he would give him such a set down that he could not get over it all the evening."

In answer to a question I put, "By whom and how ministers effected their purposes in the city," she told me that they got hold of one of the great squads, as Lloyd's, the Angersteins, the Merchant Tailors, and so on ; and by means of one body set the rest to work.

Lady Hester was saying of herself that she was

very fit for a diplomatic character. " Nobody can ever observe in me any changes in my countenance; and when I am sitting still under a tree, nobody that passes and sees me, I will venture to say, would ever suppose what was in me, or say that's a person of talent. Mr. Pitt's face was somewhat the same. In regarding him, I should have said that he had a sort of slovenly or negligent look: and the same when he was in a passion. His passion did not show itself by knitting his brows or pouting his mouth, nor were his words very sharp: but his eyes lighted up in a manner quite surprising. It was something that seemed to dart from within his head, and you might see sparks coming from them. At another time, his eyes had no colour at all.

" That Mr. Pitt got into debt is no wonder. How could a man, so circumstanced, find time to look into his affairs? And of course there were many things I could not attend to, whatever disposition I might have had to do so. The bills that were given in by the cook, by the valet, and such people, I looked over. Merely the post-chaises and four were enough to run away with a moderate income. Every now and then I fixed on some glaring overcharge, and made some inquiry about it, just to put a check upon them; and

on such occasions I would say, 'Take care that does not happen again.' But, what with great dinners, and one thing and another, it was impossible to do any good. As for your talking about English servants being more honest than those of other countries, I don't know what to say about it.

"Where Wraxall, in his book, insinuates that Mr. Pitt gave Mr. Smith a title, and made him Lord Carrington, merely to discharge a debt for money supplied in his emergencies, he is wrong, doctor. Mr. Pitt once borrowed a sum of money of six persons, but Lord Carrington was not of the number, and the title bestowed on him was for quite another reason: it was to recompense the zeal he had shewn in raising a volunteer corps at his own expense at Nottingham, and in furnishing government with a sufficient sum to raise another. Mr. Pitt had also found Mr. Smith a useful man in affording him information about bankers' business, which he often stood in need of, and in making dinner-parties, to enable Mr. Pitt to get rid of troublesome people, whom he otherwise would have been obliged to entertain at his own table. But Mr. Pitt never knew what I heard after his death, by mere accident, that the principal part of the loan, which Mr. S. presented to government in his own

name, was in reality the gift of an old miser at Nottingham; who, being unable or unwilling to go to town to see the Chancellor of the Exchequer in person, and to be put to the trouble of addressing the crown, got Mr. S., who was an active man, to do it for him. It suited Mr. Pitt very well, in making Lord Carrington governor of Deal castle, to have somebody near at hand, who could take off the bore, and the expense too, of entertaining people from London."

"Sir Nathaniel Wraxall speaks of Mr. Pitt's supposed inclination for one of the Duke of Richmond's daughters, and goes on to say that he showed one of them great attention." Lady Hester Stanhope interrupted me at that passage, and said, "So he did to all."

She denied that Mr. Dundas had any direct influence over Mr. Pitt, as Wraxall avers. Her words were, "Because Mr. Dundas was a man of sense, and Mr. Pitt approved of his ideas on many subjects, it does not follow, therefore, that he was influenced by him." With the exception of Mr. Dundas, Lord ——— and another that she named, "all the rest," said Lady Hester, "were a rabble—a rabble. It was necessary to have some one at their head to lead them, or else they were always going out of

the right road, just as, you know, a mule with a good star must go before a caravan of mules, to show them the way. Look at a flight of geese in the air: there must always be one to head them, or else they would not know in what direction to fly.

"Mr. Pitt's consideration for age was very marked. He had, exclusive of Walmer, a house in the village, for the reception of those whom the castle could not hold. If a respectable commoner, advanced in years, and a young duke arrived at the same time, and there happened to be but one room vacant in the Castle, he would be sure to assign it to the senior; for it is better (he would say) that these young Lords should walk home on a rainy night, than old men: they can bear it more easily.

"Mr. Pitt was accustomed to say that he always conceived more favourably of that man's understanding who talked agreeable nonsense, than of his who talked sensibly only; for the latter might come from books and study, while the former could only be the natural fruit of imagination.

"Mr. Pitt was never inattentive to what was passing around him, though he often thought proper to appear so. On one occasion, Sir Ed. K. took him to the Ashford ball to show him off to the yeomen and

their wives. Though sitting in the room in all his senatorial seriousness, he contrived to observe everything; and nobody" (Lady Hester said) "could give a more lively account of a ball than he. He told who was rather fond of a certain captain; how Mrs. K. was dressed; how Miss Jones, Miss Johnson, or Miss Anybody, danced; and had all the minutiæ of the night as if he had been no more than an idle looker-on.

"He was not fond of the applause of a mob. One day, in going down to Weymouth, he was recognised in some town, and, whilst the carriage stopped to change horses, a vast number of people gathered round us: they insisted on dragging the carriage, and would do so for some time, all he could say. Oh, doctor! what a fright I was in!

"Mr. Pitt bore with ceremony as a thing necessary. On some occasions, I was obliged to pinch his arm to make him not appear uncivil to people: 'There's a baronet,' I would say; or, 'that's Mr. So-and-so.'

"I never saw Mr. Pitt shed tears but twice. I never heard him speak of his sister Har-yet" (so Lady Hester pronounced it) "but once. One day his niece, Harriet Elliott, dined with us, and, after she was gone, Mr. Pitt said, 'Well, I am glad Harriet fell to my brother's lot, and you to mine, for I never

should have agreed with her.'—'But,' observed I, 'she is a good girl, and handsome.'—'She ought to be so,' said Mr. Pitt, 'for her mother was so.'"

Lady Hester said, that those who asserted that Mr. Pitt wanted to put the Bourbons on the throne, and that they followed his principles, lied; and, if she had been in parliament, she would have told them so. "I once heard a great person," added she, "in conversation with him on the subject, and Mr. Pitt's reply was, 'Whenever I can make peace, whether with a consul, or with whosoever it is at the head of the French government, provided I can have any dependence on him, I will do it.' Mr. Pitt had a sovereign contempt for the Bourbons, and the only merit that he allowed to any one of them was to him who was afterwards Charles X., whose gentlemanly manners and mild demeanour he could not be otherwise than pleased with. Mr. Pitt never would consent to their going to court, because it would have been a recognition of Louis XVIII.

"Latterly, Mr. Pitt used to suffer a great deal from the cold in the House of Commons; for he complained that the wind cut through his silk stockings. I remember, one day, I had on a large tippet and muff of very fine fur: the tippet covered my shoulders, and

came down in a point behind. 'What is this, Hester?' said Mr. Pitt; 'something Siberian? Can't you command some of your slaves — for you must recollect, Griselda, Hester has slaves without number, who implicitly obey her orders' (this was addressed to Griselda and Mr. Tickell, who were present)—'can't you command some of your slaves to introduce the fashion of wearing muffs and tippets into the House of Commons? I could then put my feet on the muff, and throw the tippet over my knees and round my legs.'

"When we were at Walmer, it is incredible what a deal I got through in the day. Mr. Pitt was pleased to have somebody who would take trouble off his hands. Every week he had to review the volunteers, and would ride home in such showers of rain—I have been so drenched, that, as I stood, my boots made two spouting fountains above my knees. Then there was dinner; and, if I happened to be alone, when I went to the drawing-room, I had to give the secret word for spies, to see the sergeant of the guard, and then the gentlemen would come in from the dining-room. But, if they were late, oh, how sleepy I got, and would have given the world to go to bed!

"One day, Lord Chatham had to review the artillery, and he kept them under arms from daylight

until three o'clock. Bradford went to him several times to know if he was ready. 'I shall come in about half an hour,' was the constant reply; until, at last, seeing no chance of his appearance, I agreed with the aide-de-camps to go off together and settle matters as well as we could: so, getting Lord Chatham's leave, off we went. Colonel Ford, the commanding-officer, was a cross man; and that day he had enough to make him so. But I managed it all very well: I told him that pressing business detained Lord C.; that he had commissioned us to apologize; and that I should have pleasure in saying the men looked admirably: then I added that Mr. Pitt hoped to see him in the course of a few days at the Castle, and so on. The colonel looked dreadfully out of temper, however, and Bradford and I rode back at a furious rate. It was one of those dark, wet days that are so peculiar to England. A day or two after, the colonel and some of the officers were invited to Walmer, and I behaved very civilly to them; so that Lord Chatham's laziness was forgotten.

"Lord Chatham never travelled without a mistress. He was a man of no merit, but of great *sâad* (luck). He used to keep people waiting and waiting whilst he was talking and breakfasting with her. He would

keep his aide-de-camps till two or three in the morning. How often would the servant come in, and say supper was ready, and he would answer, 'Ah! well, in half an hour.' Then the servant would say, 'Supper is on the table;' and then it would be, 'Ah! well, in a quarter of an hour.' An aide-de-camp would come in with a paper to sign, and perhaps Lord Chatham would say—'Oh, dear! that's too long: I can't possibly look at it now: you must bring it to-morrow.' The aide-de-camp would present it next day, and he would cry, 'Good God! how can you think of bringing it now? don't you know there's a review to-day?' Then, the day after, he was going to Woolwich. 'Well, never mind,' he would say; 'have you got a short one?—well, bring that.'

"Doctor, I once changed the dress of a whole regiment—the Berkshire militia. Somebody asked me, before a great many officers, what I thought of them, and I said they looked like so many tinned harlequins. One day, soon after, I was riding through Walmer village, when who should pop out upon me but the colonel, dressed in entirely new regimentals, with different facings, and more like a regiment of the line. 'Pray, pardon me, Lady Hester'—so I stopped, as he addressed me—'pray, pardon me,' said the colonel,

'but I wish to know if you approve of our new uniform.' Of course I made him turn about, till I inspected him round and round—pointed with my whip, as I sat on horseback, first here and then there—told him the waist was too short, and wanted half a button more—the collar was a little too high—and so on; and, in a short time, the whole regiment turned out with new clothes. The Duke of York was very generous, and not at all stingy in useful things.

"I recollect once at Ramsgate, five of the Blues, half drunk, not knowing who I was, walked after me, and pursued me to my door. They had the impertinence to follow me up-stairs, and one of them took hold of my gown. The maid came out, frightened out of her senses; but, just at the moment, with my arm I gave the foremost of them such a push, that I sent him rolling over the others down stairs, with their swords rattling against the balusters. Next day, he appeared with a black patch as big as a saucer over his face; and, when I went out, there were the glasses looking at me, and the footmen pointing me out—quite a sensation!"

During these conversations respecting Mr. Pitt's times, Sir Nathaniel's Memoirs were generally in my hand, and when there was a pause I resumed my

reading. In giving Sir Walter Farquhar's private conversation respecting Mr. Pitt's death, the author says—" Mr. Pitt mounted the staircase with alacrity." Here Lady Hester stopped me, with the exclamation of—" What a falsehood, doctor! Just hear how it was. You know, when the carriage came to the door, he was announced, and I went out to the top of the stairs to receive him. The first thing I heard was a voice so changed, that I said to myself, 'It is all over with him.' He was supported by the arms of two people, and had a stick, or two sticks, in his hands, and as he came up, panting for breath—ugh! ugh!—I retreated little by little, not to put him to the pain of making a bow to me, or of speaking:—so much for his alacrity!

" After Mr. Pitt's death, I could not cry for a whole month and more. I never shed a tear, until one day Lord Melville came to see me; and the sight of his eyebrows turned grey, and his changed face, made me burst into tears. I felt much better for it after it was over.

" Mr. Pitt's bust was taken after his death by an Italian, named, I think, Tomino—an obscure artist, whom I had rummaged out. This man had offered me at one time a bust worth a hundred guineas, and

prayed me to accept it, in order, as he said, to make his name known: I refused it, but recollected him afterwards. The bust turned out a very indifferent resemblance: so, with my own hand, I corrected the defects, and it eventually proved a strong likeness. The D. of C. happening to call when the artist was at work in my room, was so pleased, that he ordered one of a hundred guineas for himself, and another to be sent to Windsor. There was one by this Tomino put into the Exhibition.

"A fine picture in Mr. Pitt's possession represented Diogenes with a lantern searching by day for an honest man. A person cut out a part of the blank canvas, and put in Mr. Pitt's portrait.

"When Mr. Pitt was going to Bath, previous to his last illness, I told him I insisted on his taking my eider-down quilt with him. 'You will go about,' said I, 'much more comfortably; and, instead of being too hot one day under a thick counterpane, and the next day shivering under a thin one, you will have an equable warmth, always leaving one blanket with this quilt.' Charles and James were present, and could not help ridiculing the idea of a man's carrying about with him such a bundling, effeminate thing. 'Why,' interrupted I, 'it is much more con-

venient than you all imagine: big as it looks, you may put it into a pocket-handkerchief.'—'I can't believe that,' cried Charles and James. 'Do you doubt my word?' said I, in a passion: 'nobody shall doubt it with impunity:' and my face assumed that picture of anger, which you can't deny, doctor, is in me pretty formidable; so I desired the quilt to be brought. 'Why, my dear Lady Hester,' said Mr. Pitt, 'I am sure the boys do not mean to say you tell falsehoods: they suppose you said it would go into a handkerchief merely as a *façon de parler*.'"

Lady Hester, when she told me this story, here interrupted herself—"And upon my word, doctor, if you had seen the footman bringing it over his shoulder, himself almost covered up by it, you would have thought indeed it was only a *façon de parler*."

She continued. "I turned myself to James. 'Now, sir, take and tie it up directly in this pocket-handkerchief. There! does it, or does it not go into it?'

"This," concluded Lady Hester, "was the only quarrel I ever had with Charles and James. James often used to look very black, but he never said anything.

"When Mr. Pitt was going to Bath, in his last illness, he told me he had just seen Arthur Wellesley.

He spoke of him with the greatest commendation, and said the more he saw of him the more he admired him. 'Yes,' he added, 'the more I hear of his exploits in India, the more I admire the modesty with which he receives the praises he merits from them. He is the only man I ever saw that was not vain of what he had done, and had so much reason to be so.'

"This eulogium," Lady Hester said, "Mr. Pitt pronounced in his fine mellow tone of voice, and this was the last speech I heard him make in that voice; for, on his return from Bath, it was cracked for ever." Then she observed, "My own opinion of the duke is, that he is a blunt soldier, who pleases women because he is gallant and has some remains of beauty: but," she added, "he has none of the dignity of courts about him."

CHAPTER III.

Duchess of Gontaut—Duc de Berry—Anecdotes of Lord H. —Sir Gore Ouseley—Prince of Wales—The other princes— The Queen's severity—Men and women of George the Third's time—The Herveys—Lady Liverpool's high breeding—Lady Hester's declining health.



CHAPTER III.

"One of Mr. Pitt's last conversations, whilst on his death-bed, was about Charles and James. Mr. Pitt had called me in, and told me, in a low, feeble voice—'You must not talk to me to-day on any business: when I get down to Lord Camden's, and am better, it will be time enough then.' He seemed to know he was dying, but only said this to console me. 'But now, my dear Hester,' he continued, 'I wish to say a few words about James and Charles. As for Charles, he is such an excellent young man that one cannot wish him to be otherwise than he is; and Moore is such a perfect officer, that he will give him every information in his profession that he can possibly require. The only apprehension I have is on the score of women, who will perhaps think differently of him from what he thinks of himself. But with James the

case is otherwise. He is a young man you must keep under; else you will always see him trying to be a *joli garçon*. For Charles's steadiness, I do not fear; but the little one will one day or other fall into the hands of men who will gain him over and unsettle his political principles. You can guide him, and, so long as he is under your care, he is safe:' and," added Lady Hester, "Mr. Pitt was right, doctor; for the moment I quitted England he fell into the snares of Lord B. and his party, and instead of being in Mr. Canning's place, which he might have been, he became nothing."

Lady Hester went on. "When Charles and James left Chevening,[1] Mr. Pitt said to Mahon (the present Earl Stanhope), 'You know that, when your father dies, you will be heir to a large property—whether £15,000 a-year or £25,000 it does not much signify.

[1] Lady Hester, soon after she went to live with Mr. Pitt, was anxious that her three half-brothers should be removed from their father's roof, to be under her own guidance: fearing that the line of politics which Earl Stanhope then followed might be injurious to their future welfare and prospects. To this end, Mr. Rice, a trusty person, of whom mention is incidentally made elsewhere, brought them furtively to town in a post-chaise, and they afterwards remained under Mr. Pitt's protection until his death.

Now, as far as a house goes and having a table where your brothers may dine, I have got that to offer. But young men in the army have a number of wants, for their equipment, regimentals, &c., and for all this I have not the means. You, therefore, Mahon, must do that for them; and, if you have not money, you can always let their bills be charged to you with interest, as is very common among noblemen until they come to their fortune. You ought to raise a sum of money for them, and see to their wants a little: your two brothers should not be left to starve.'

"Mahon said he would. Charles one day told me that, as a poor captain of the army, the baggage warehouse and his tailor were rather shy of trusting him; and if Mahon would only go and say to them—'Do you let my brothers have what they want, and I will be answerable for them;' then I could get on. Mahon did that too; and, in reliance on this arrangement, they had clothes and other things, considering him as responsible for them. After Mr. Pitt's death, several tradesmen applied for their bills.

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So, recollecting an old peer, who had been one of Mr. Pitt's particular friends, I sent off James to him to his country-seat with a letter, relating the whole

business: this person immediately gave James a draft for £2,000, with which he returned, and paid his own and Charles's debts.

"Well, it was agreed between Charles, James, and me, that whoever had the first windfall should pay the £2,000. Charles died: James was not rich enough at any time to do it; and it fell to my lot to pay it, since I have been in this country. And that was the reason of my selling the Burton Pynsent reversion, which, you know, I did in 1820 or thereabouts; and when Mr. Murray found fault with me for my extravagance, and said he would have no hand in the business, neither he nor anybody else knew then why I sold it.

"When Coutts wrote me word that my brother James had been very good to me in having given me £1,000, he did not know that the civility was not so disinterested as he imagined. James might think he did a great deal for me: but, let me ask you—did I not make a pretty great sacrifice for Lord Mahon and him? I sold a pretty round sum out of the American funds, and James took possession of about five hundred pounds' worth of plate of mine, and of my jewels, and of Tippoo Saib's gold powder-flask, worth £200, and of the cardinal of York's present, which,

to some persons who wanted a relic of the Stuarts, was invaluable. Then there was a portfolio, full of fine engravings of Morghen and others, that the Duke of Buckingham bought of him : so that there was at least as much as he sent me.

"If I had not been thwarted and opposed by them all, as I have been, and obliged to raise money from time to time to get on, I should have been a very rich woman. There was the money I sold out of the American funds ; then there was the Burton Pynsent money, £7,000 ; my father's legacy, £10,000 ; the (I did not distinctly hear what) legacy, £1,000 :" and thus her ladyship reckoned up on her fingers an amount of £40,000.

"Is it not very odd that General G. and Lord G. could not leave me a few thousand pounds out of their vast fortunes when they died? They knew that I was in debt, and that a few thousands would have set me up ; and yet in their wills, not to speak of their lifetime, they never gave me a single sixpence, but left their money to people already in the enjoyment of incomes far exceeding their wants, and very little more nearly related to them than I am. Well, all their injustice does not put me out of spirits. The time will soon come when I shall want none of their

assistance, if I get the other property that ought to come to me. Oh! how vexed Lady Chatham always was, when Lady Louisa V. used to point at me, and say—'There she is—that's my heir.' Lady L. was deformed, and never thought of marrying; but Lord G. did marry her nevertheless, and she had a child that died.

"Then there is the reversion of my grandfather's pension of £4,000 a-year, secured for four lives by the patent, the first Lord Chatham one, the late Lord Chatham the next, and I, of course, the third."[1]

[1] Whether Lady Hester Stanhope was justified in entertaining expectations of the G. property and title, I am unable to say; but having by me a copy of the grant to the first Lord Chatham, it is inserted here as conclusive against her ladyship, as far as regards the pension. The circumstances were these:—the day following his (then Mr. Pitt's) resignation of office, a pension of £3,000 a-year was settled on *himself* and *two* other lives, and at the same time a title was conferred on his lady and her issue. He resigned office Oct. 9th, 1761, and the next published Gazette announced all these transactions. The notification ran thus:—That a warrant be prepared for granting to the Lady Hester Pitt, his wife, a Barony of Great Britain, by the name, style, and title of Baroness Chatham, to her heirs male, and also to confer upon the said William Pitt an annuity of £3,000 sterling during his own life, that of

Nov. 14th.—I saw that Lady Hester grew weaker every day, and I felt alarmed about her. Still, whenever I had to write to the person she, about this time, most honoured with her confidence, Mons. Guys, the French consul at Beyrout, she would not allow me to make any further allusion to her illness than to state simply that she was confined to her bed-room with a cold. "I see you are afraid about me," she said, "but I have recovered from worse illnesses than this by God's help and the strength of my constitution."

My wife sent to her to say that she or my daughter would, with pleasure, come and keep her company, or

Lady Hester Pitt, and her son, John Pitt. Shortly after his death, May 11th, 1778, His Majesty sent a message to the Commons thus:—"George R.—His Majesty having considered the address of this house, that he will be graciously pleased to confer some signal and lasting mark of his royal favour on the family of the late William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, and being desirous to comply as speedily as possible with the request of his faithful Commons, has given directions for granting to the present Earl of Chatham, and to the heirs of the body of the late William Pitt, to whom the Earldom of Chatham may descend, an annuity of £4,000 per annum, payable out of the Civil List revenue; but his Majesty not having it in his power to extend the effects of the said grant beyond the term of his own life, recommends it to the house to consider of a proper method of extending, securing, and annexing the same to the

sit up with her: this she refused. I then offered Miss Longchamp's services: but Lady Hester's pride would not allow her to expose to a stranger the meagreness of her chamber, so utterly unlike a European apartment. It was indeed an afflicting sight to behold her wrapped up in old blankets, her room lighted by yellow beeswax candles in brass candlesticks, drinking her tea out of a broken-spouted blue teapot and a cracked white cup and saucer, taking her draughts out of an old cup, with a short wooden deal bench by her bedside for a table, and in a room not so well furnished as a servant's bed-room in England.

Earldom of Chatham in such a manner as shall be thought most effectual to the benefit of the family of the said William Pitt, Earl of Chatham.

Signed "G. R."

On May 20th, in the House of Commons, Mr. Townsend moved in a committee on the king's message—"That the sum of £4,000 be granted to his Majesty out of the Aggregate Fund, to commence from 5th July, 1778, and be settled in the most beneficial manner upon the present Earl of Chatham and the heirs of the body of the late William Pitt, to whom the Earldom of Chatham shall descend." The resolution was agreed to without opposition, and a bill was ordered to be brought in thereon, which passed the Commons without debate.

The general state of wretchedness in which she lived had even struck Mr. Dundas, a gentleman who, on returning overland from India, staid some days with her: and, as Lady Hester observed, when she told me the story, "He did not know all, as you do." I believe he almost shed tears. "When I see you, Lady Hester," said he, "with a set of fellows for servants who do nothing, and when I look at the room in which you pass your hours, I can hardly believe it is you. I was much affected at first, but now I am more reconciled. You are a being fluctuating between heaven and earth, and belonging to neither; and perhaps it is better things should be as they are." Lady Hester added, "He has visited me two or three times. He is a sensible Scotchman, and I like him as well as anybody I have seen for some years."

November 15.—It was night, when a messenger arrived from Beyrout, and brought a small parcel containing a superbly bound book presented to her ladyship by the Oriental Translation Fund Society. It was accompanied by a complimentary letter from the president, Sir Gore Ouseley. The book was "*The History of the Temple of Jerusalem, translated by the Rev. J. Reynolds.*" After admiring it, and

turning over the leaves, she said to me, "Look it over, and see what it is about," and then began to talk of Sir Gore. "I recollect, doctor," said she, "so well the night he was introduced to me: it was at Mr. Matooks's (?) supper.

"You may imagine the numbers and numbers of people I met in society, whilst I lived with Mr. Pitt, almost all of whom were dying to make my acquaintance, and of whom I necessarily could know little or nothing. Indeed, to the greater part of those who were introduced to me, if they saw me afterwards, when they bowed I might return the salutation, smile a little, and pass on, for I had not time to do more: —a person's life would not be long enough. Well, I recollect it was at a party where Charles X. was present—I think it was at Lord Harrington's—that somebody said to me, 'Mr. —— wants to know you so much! Why won't you let him be introduced to you?'—'Because I don't like people, whose face is all oily, like a soap-ball,' answered I. Now, doctor, upon my word, I no more knew he had made his fortune by oil, than I do what was the colour of the paper in your saloon at Nice; and when his friend said, 'You are too bad, Lady Hester,' I did not understand what he meant. However, they told me

there would be all the royalties there, and so I consented.

"I have had an instinct all my life that never deceived me, about people who were thorough-bred or not; I knew them at once. Why was it, when Mr. ********n came into a room, and took a long sweep with his hat, and made a stoop, and I said: 'One would think he was looking under the bed for the *great business*;' and all the people laughed, and when at last Mr. Pitt said, 'Hester, you are too bad, you should not be personal,' I declared 'I did not know what he meant?' Then he explained to me that the man was a broken-down doctor, a fact which, I honestly assured him, I never heard of before. But my quickness in detecting people's old habits is so great, that I hit upon a thing without having the least previous intimation.

"As I passed the card-table that evening where the Comte d'Artois was playing, he put down his cards to talk to me a little, so polite, so well-bred—poor man! And there were the other three old dowagers, who were playing with him, abusing him in English, which he understood very well, because he had stopped the game. After he resumed, I was leaning over the back of a chair facing him, reflecting in one of my thoughtful moments on the uncertainty

of human greatness in the picture I had then before me, when I gave one of those deep sighs, which you have heard me do sometimes, something between a sigh and a grunt, and so startled the French King, that he literally threw down his cards to stare at me. I remained perfectly motionless, pretending not to observe his action; and, as he still continued to gaze at me, some of the lookers-on construed it into a sort of admiration on his part. This enraged Lady P., and her rage was increased when, at every knock at the door, I turned my head to see who was coming, and he turned his head too. For I was expecting the royalties, and so was he; but she did not know this, and she took it into her head that the Prince and I had some understanding between us.

"I never thought any more of the matter; but, in the course of the evening, somebody brought Lady P. to me, and introduced her. 'I have longed,' said Lady P. 'for some time to make your acquaintance: I don't know how it is that we have never met. It would give me great pleasure if I sometimes saw you at my parties, and so on.' The next day I had a visit from Lady P., and the day after that came her card, and then an invitation; and, day after day, there was nothing but Lady P. So, at last, not

knowing what it meant, I said to an acquaintance, 'What is the reason that Lady P. is always coming after me?'—'What! don't you know?' she replied. 'The King of France is in love with you?' And this is the art, doctor, of all those mistresses. They watch and observe if their lovers are pleased with any young person, and then invite her home, as a lure to keep alive the old attraction."

Here Lady Hester paused, and, after a moment, added: "How many of those French people did I see at that time, especially at Lord H.'s! There was the Duchess of Gontaut, who was obliged to turn washerwoman; and even to the last, when she was best off, was obliged to go out to parties in a hackney-coach. Why, the Duc de Berry himself lodged over a greengrocer's in a little street leading out of Montague Square, and all the view he had was to lean out of his window, and look at the greengrocer's stall. I have seen him many a time there, when he used to kiss his hand to me as I passed. The Duchess of Gontaut afterwards brought up the Duke of Bordeaux. That was a woman quite admirable; so full of resources, so cheerful, she kept up the spirits of all the emigrants: and then she was so well dressed. She did not mind going in a hackney-coach to dine with the Duke of Portland.

"Lord H********** scraped up a reputation which he never deserved," continued Lady Hester, as her reflections led her from one person to another. "Insincere, greedy of place, and always pretending to be careless about it, he and my lady lived in a hugger-mugger sort of a way, half poverty half splendour, having soldiers for house servants, and my lady dining at two with the children (saying my lord dined out), and being waited on by a sergeant's daughter. How often have I seen a scraggy bit of mutton sent up for luncheon, with some potatoes in their skins, before royalty! The princes would say to me, 'Very bad, Lady Hester, very bad; but there! he has a large family—he is right to be saving.' And then Lady H**********, with her little eyes, and a sort of waddle in her gait (for she once had a paralytic stroke), with a wig all curls, and, at the top of it, a great bunch of peacock's feathers. Then her dress, all bugles, and badly put on—horrid, doctor, horrid! and why should they have lived in such a large house, half furnished, with the girls sleeping all together in large attics, with a broken looking-glass, and coming down into their mother's room to dress themselves?

"But to go back to Sir Gore Ouseley: it was at Mr. M.'s supper, when getting up from the card-table,

and advancing towards me, he made a diplomatic bow, accompanied with some complimentary speech. That was the old school, very different from the fizgig people now-a-days. Just before, the Prince had been standing in the middle of the room, talking to some one I did not know, first pulling up the flap of his coat to show his figure, then seizing the person he spoke to by the waistcoat, then laughing, then pretending to whisper; and this he continued for nearly an hour. 'What can the Prince be talking about?' said some one next to me. 'He does not know himself,' said I. Soon after, the person who had been talking to the Prince approached the sofa, when the mylord, who was sitting next to me, observed, 'We have been looking at the Prince and you; what in the world was he talking about?'—'He don't know himself,' answered his friend, 'and I'm sure I don't know.'—'That's just what Lady Hester said,' rejoined the first speaker. 'I have been wishing to make my bow to Lady Hester all the evening,' said the friend, who then sat down by me."

Lady Hester went on: "What a mean fellow the Prince was, doctor! I believe he never showed a spark of good feeling to any human being. How often has he put men of small incomes to great incon-

venience, by his telling them he would dine with them, and bring ten or a dozen of his friends with him to drink the poor devil's champagne, who hardly knew how to raise the wind, or to get trust for it! I recollect one who told me the Prince served him in this way, just at the time when he was in want of money, and that he did not know how to provide the dinner for him, when luckily a Sir Harry Featherstone, or a Sir Gilbert Heathcote, or some such rich man, bought his curricle and horses, and put a little ready money into his pocket. 'I entertained him as well as I could,' said he, 'and a few days after, when I was at Carlton House, and the Prince was dressing between four great mirrors, looking at himself in one and then in another, putting on a patch of hair and arranging his cravat, he began saying that he was desirous of showing me his thanks for my civility to him. So he pulled down a bandbox from a shelf, and seemed as if he was going to draw something of value out of it. I thought to myself it might be some point-lace, perhaps, of which, after using a little for my court-dress, I might sell the remainder for five or six hundred guineas: or perhaps, thought I, as there is no ceremony between us, he is going to give me some bank-notes. Conceive my astonishment, when he

opened the bandbox, and pulled out a wig, which I even believe he had worn. 'There,' said he, 'as you are getting bald, is a very superior wig, made by—I forget the man's name, but it was not Sugden.' The man could hardly contain himself, and was almost tempted to leave it in the hall as he went out. Did you ever hear of such meanness? Everybody who had to do with him was afraid of him. He was sure to get a horse, or a vis-à-vis, or a something, wherever he went, and never pay for them. He was a man without a heart, who had not one good quality about him. Doctor," cried Lady Hester, "I have been intimate with those who spent their time with him from morning to night, and they have told me that it was impossible for any person who knew him to think well of him.[1]

[1] *Audi alteram partem* is a maxim that holds good wherever accusations are levelled against individuals, illustrious or mean. Lady Hester may have maligned the Prince from personal pique or from some other cause; and, whilst she placed his foibles and failings in a conspicuous point of view, may have studiously concealed other good qualities which he possessed. Sir Walter Scott, who read men's characters if any body could, thought very differently of him; and, unless we suppose that Sir Walter had motives of his own for eulogizing him, we must place his testimony in the balance against Lady

"Look at his unfeeling conduct in deserting poor Sheridan! Why, they were going to take the bed from under him whilst he was dying; and there was Mrs. Sheridan pushing the bailiffs out of the room. That amiable woman, too, I believe, died of grief at the misery to which she was reduced. The Prince had not one good quality. How many fell victims to him! Not so much those who were most intimate with him—for they swallowed the poison and took the antidote—they knew him well: but those were the greatest sufferers who imitated his vices, who were poisoned by the contagion, without knowing what a detestable person he was. How many saw their prospects blasted by him for ever!"

Lady Hester continued: "Oh! when I think that I have heard a sultan" (meaning George IV.) "listen to a woman singing *Hie diddle diddle, the cat and the*

Hester's spite. In a letter, he describes George IV. as—"A sovereign whose gentle and generous disposition, and singular manners, and captivating conversation, rendered him as much the darling of private society, as his heart felt interest in the general welfare of the country: and the constant and steady course of wise measures, by which he raised his reign to such a state of triumphal prosperity, made him justly delighted in by his subjects."—*Letter from Sir W. Scott*, p. 65, vol. ii., *Mem. of Sir Wm. Knighton, Bart.*—Paris edit.

fiddle, the cow jumped over the moon, and cry, 'Brava! charming!'— Good God! doctor, what would the Turks say to such a thing, if they knew it?

"There was Lord D., an old debauchee, who had lost the use of his lower extremities by a paralytic stroke —the way, by the by, in which all such men seem to finish; nay, I believe that men much addicted to sensuality even impair their intellects too—one day met me on the esplanade, and, in his usual way, began talking some very insipid stuff about his dining with the Prince, and the like; when James, who overheard the conversation, made an impromptu, which exactly described one of the Prince's dinners; and, though I don't recollect it word for word, it was something to this effect:—

'With the Prince I dine to-day:
  We shall have prodigious fun.
I a beastly thing shall say,
  And he'll end it with a pun.'

"I remember the Prince's saying to Lord Petersham, 'What can be the reason that Lady Hester, who likes all my brothers, does not like me?' Lord P. told me this, and I replied—'If he asks me, I will have an answer ready for him, and that is, 'When he behaves like them I shall like him, and not be-

fore.' I loved all the princes but him. They were not philosophers, but they were so hearty in their talking, in their eating, in all they did. They would eat like ploughmen, and their handsome teeth would" (here she imitated the mastication of food, to show me how) " at a pretty rate.

" The Prince is a despicable character. He was anxious enough to know me whilst Mr. Pitt was alive; but the very first day of my going to court, after Mr. Pitt's death, he cut me, turning his back on me whilst I was talking to the Duke of Richmond.

" As for the princesses, there was some excuse for their conduct. I do not mean as regards myself—for they were always polite to me—but as to what people found fault with them for. The old queen treated them with such severity, shutting them up in a sort of a prison—at least, the Princess Sophia—that I rather pitied than blamed them.

" But look at the princes: what a family was there! never getting more than four hours' sleep, and always so healthy and well-looking. But men generally are not now-a-days as they were in my time. I do not mean a Jack M. and those of his description, handsome, but of no conversation: they are, however, pleasant to look at. But where will you see men like

Lord Rivers, like the Duke of Dorset? Where will you find such pure honour as was in the Duke of Richmond and Lord Winchelsea? The men of the present generation are good for nothing—they have no spirit in them.

"And as for women, show me such women of fashion as Lady Salisbury, the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Stafford, and" (three or four more were named, but they have slipped my memory). "However, doctor, I never knew more than four fashionable women, who could do the honours of their house, assign to everybody what was due to his rank, enter a room and speak to everybody, and preserve their dignity and self-possession at all times: it is a very difficult thing to acquire. One was the old Duchess of Rutland, the others the Marchioness of Stafford, Lady Liverpool, and the Dowager Countess of Mansfield:—all the rest of the *bon ton* were *bosh*" (in Turkish, good for nothing). "The Countess of Liverpool was a Hervey; and men used to say, the world was divided into men, women, and Herveys—for that they were unlike every other human being. I have seen Lady Liverpool come into a room full of people; and she would bow to this one, speak to that one, and, when you thought she must tread on the toes of a third, turn round like

a tetotum, and utter a few words so amiable, that everybody was charmed with her. As for the Duchess of D*********, it was all a 'fu, fu, fuh,' and 'What shall I do?—Oh, dear me! I am quite in a fright!' —and so much affectation, that it could not be called high breeding; although she knew very well how to lay her traps for some young man, whom she wanted to inveigle into her parties, and all that. Then there were some, with highly polished manners, who would pass along like oil over water, smooth and swimming about. But good breeding is very charming, doctor, isn't it?"

"The last time I saw Lady Liverpool was at Lord Mulgrave's. The dinner was waiting: Mr. Pitt and I had got there; but Lord Liverpool, being long in dressing, was still behind. Everybody was looking at the door or the window: at last his carriage was seen, and dinner was ordered. If you had been present when Lady Liverpool entered the room, and had marked the grace with which, whilst we were standing, she slipped in and out among the guests, like an eel, when she turned her back turning her head round, speaking to this person and to that, and all with such seasonable courtesies and compliments, it was really wonderful. But Lady Liverpool was a Hervey, and

the Herveys, as I told you before, were a third part of the creation.

"Oh, Lord! when I think of some people, who fancy that abruptness is the best way of approaching you—how horrid it is! I recollect one man, a sensible man, too, who came into the room with—'Lady Hester, I understand you are a very good judge of a leg; you shall look at mine: see, there are muscles! They say it is an Irish chairman's; but isn't it the true antique?' Another would enter, and begin—'What a horrid bonnet Lady So-and-so wears; I have just seen her, and I never shall get over it.' A third would cry, on seeing you—'Do you know Lord Such a one is given over? He has tumbled down from a terrible height, and is so hurt!'—'Good God! what's the matter?'—'Why, don't you know? He has tumbled from his government.' And then they fancy that wit.

"Such conversations as we hear in people's houses are, in my mind, no conversations at all. A man who says, 'Oh! it's Sunday; you have been to church, I suppose?'—or, 'You have not been to church, I see;' or another, who says, 'You are in mourning, are you not? What, is the poor Lord So-and-so dead at last?'—and is replied to by, 'No, I

am not in mourning; what makes you think so? Is it that you don't like black?'—all this is perfect nonsense, in my mind. I recollect once being at a party with the Duchess of Rutland, and a man of some note in the world stopped me just as we entered the room. 'Lady Hester,' said he, 'I am anxious to assure you of my entire devotion to Mr. Pitt.' So far he got on well. 'I had always—hem—if you—hem—I do assure you, Lady Hester, I have the sincerest regard——hem — G—d d—n me, Lady Hester, there is not a man for whom — hem — I esteem him beyond measure, and, G—d d—n me—hem—if I were asked—hem—I do assure you, Lady Hester—hem:' and here the poor man, who could not put two ideas together, coming to a stand-still, the Duchess of Rutland, to relieve his embarrassment, helped him out by saying, 'Lady Hester is perfectly convinced of your sincere attachment to Mr. Pitt's interests.' He had a beautiful amber-cane, doctor, worth a hundred guineas, that he had sent for from Russia."

November 16.—Lady Hester Stanhope's features had a very pallid and almost a ghastly look. The fits of oppression on her lungs grew more frequent, when, from a lying posture, she would start suddenly up in bed and gasp for breath. As she had not been be-

yond the precincts of her house for some years, I suggested the increased necessity of her getting a little fresh air, by going into her garden at least every day. She said, 'I will do as you desire, and if you will ride my ass a few times to break her in, and make her gentle, I will try and ride about in the garden: but, as for going outside my own gates, it is impossible. The people would beset me so — you have no idea. They conceal themselves behind hedges, in holes in the rocks, and, whichever way I turn, out comes some one with a complaint or a petition, begging, kissing my feet, and God knows what: I can't do it. I can ride about my garden and see to my plants and flowers. But you must break her in well for me; for, if she were to start at a bird or a serpent, I am so weak I should tumble off."

November 18.—I had taken some physic without consulting her, upon which she launched out into a tirade against English doctors. Impoverishment of the blood is a very favourite theme among people who are well off, and who shut their eyes to the robust health of many a labourer, whose whole sustenance amounts not to the offals of their table. So she began—"What folly you have been guilty of in impoverishing your blood! Look at a stupid Englishman, who takes a

dose of salts, rides a trotting horse to get an appetite, eats his dinner, takes a cordial draught to make him agreeable, goes to his party, and then goes to bed :—for worlds, I would not be such a man's wife! Where is he to get a constitution? But the fault is not all their own—part is you doctors: you give the same remedies for everybody. If I look at the mouth-piece of my pipe," (Lady Hester was smoking at the time) "I know it is amber; and, when I know it is amber, I know how to clean it. But, if I did not know that, I might attempt to clean it in some way that would spoil it: so it is with you doctors. Not half of you can distinguish between people's *nijems* [stars], and what you do often does more harm than good. The constitution you take in hand you do not well examine; and then how can you apply proper remedies for it?"

CHAPTER IV.

Conscription in Syria—Inviolability of consular houses—Panic and flight of the people of Sayda—Protection afforded by Lady Hester—Story of a boy—Mustafa the barber—Cruelty to mothers of Conscripts—Conscription in the villages—Lady Hester's dream—Inhabitants of Sayda mulcted—Lady Hester's opinion of negresses—Severity necessary in Turkey—Army of Monsieur Danna—Captain Y.—Mustafa Pasha's cruelty.



CHAPTER IV.

November 18, 1837. — The conscription for Ibrahim Pasha's army, called the *nizàm* or regular troops, was going on at this time, and created much distress in the towns and villages. Forced levies were unknown previous to the conquests of that ambitious prince; as it was customary for the pashas to keep in their pay mercenary troops, composed chiefly of Albanians, a nation that for some centuries had sent its hordes into different parts of the Turkish empire, under the guidance of enterprising chieftains, to seek military service. There were also Bosnians, Curds, and some Mograbyns or Moors. These, with the Janissaries or standing militia, had exempted the inhabitants in general from enlistment; and, although the martial and turbulent disposition of the

Mahometans had frequently manifested itself in their provincial insurrections, and in the petty contentions between neighbouring chieftains, yet a man always went to the camp from choice and from the hopes of booty, and quitted it when tired of the service. But Ibrahim Pasha, among the innovations which he found it necessary or politic to introduce for the furtherance of his father's views, saw that his whole dependence must be on the adoption of a conscription, after the manner of France and other European states. He had already drained Egypt, in this manner, of all her able-bodied youths; and, to supply the constant waste of men carried off by war and disease, he had, since his first taking possession of Syria, made an annual levy after harvest-time.

At first, the idle, vagabond, thievish, and ardent part of the population supplied the numbers he required; and, as fast as they could be collected, they were shipped off to Egypt; where, marched to the Hedjàz and to distant wars, the major portion of them left their bones, whilst some gained rank and lucrative situations, and a few returned to tell the story of their exploits. For with Ibrahim there was no defined term of service; once a soldier, every man continued so until death or desertion broke the chain.

In the same way the Egyptian conscripts were sent into Syria : so that no sympathy, in either case, existed between the troops and the people amongst whom they were quartered, which acted as a direct check upon the spirit of insurrection.

So far, everything had gone on peaceably, and the quiet portion of the inhabitants rejoiced in seeing their neighbourhood cleared of such troublesome rabble. But latterly the conscription had begun to fall on the families of shopkeepers, tradesmen, small farmers, and the like : and it will be seen that, of all the changes introduced by Ibrahim Pasha into the government of the country, the conscription became the most odious.

The first intimation people had of the levies this year was one evening, when, as the inhabitants of Sayda were coming out of their mosques, gangs of soldiers suddenly appeared at the doors, and laid hands on all the young men. At the same moment, similar measures had been taken at the coffee-houses, and nothing was to be seen but young fellows dragged through the streets, or running off in all directions to secrete themselves in some friend's house, stable, vault, or the like. The city gates were closed, and there was no outlet for the fugitives : but Sayda, although walled in, has many houses with windows look-

ing on the fields; and from these, during the night, some let themselves down and escaped to the gardens, or villages, or to Mount Lebanon. The next day the city wore the appearance of a deserted place: the shops were closed, and consternation reigned in every face. The panic became general.

It is customary in Turkish towns to consider consular residences as inviolable; a point on which, from apprehension of tumults and for personal safety, the consuls have ever been very tenacious. France possesses, from a long date, a khan or factory-house in Sayda, wherein the subjects of that nation reside. It is a square building with one gateway, containing a spacious quadrangle, surrounded by vaulted warehouses, and, over these, commodious habitations with a handsome corridor in front. It may be compared to a quadrangle of a college at the Universities. To this khan many of the young men fled, being admitted out of compassion, and in some cases for a consideration of a more tangible nature.

The number of conscripts for Sayda, as was made known afterwards, had been rated at one hundred and eighty. When the first press was over, the government found the quota had not yet been half supplied: but the secret of the deficiency was kept, and it was

given out that no more would be wanted. A smiling face was assumed by the commandant and his staff, and every expression of sympathy was in their mouths, to demonstrate the cessation of all farther oppressive measures. By calming the people's fears in this way, information was obtained as to those concealed in the French khan, and scouts were sent about the country to get tidings of the fugitives.

In the mean time, the caverns and excavations, once the beautiful sepulchres of the ancient Sidonians, in which the environs of Sayda abound, were converted into hiding-places, all well known to the peasantry and gardeners: but no soul was found capable of betraying the fugitives. Some were concealed by the Christian peasants in cellars, although the punishment of detection was a terrible bastinadoing. At the end of about a fortnight, when everything seemed calm again, all of a sudden the fathers of those who were known to be in the French khan were seized in their dwellings and shops, and brought before the motsellem or mayor. They were told that their sons' hiding-places were known, and that means would be resorted to for forcing them to come out, if they, the fathers, did not immediately use their paternal authority to compel them. Anxious to save their children, they

strenuously denied any knowledge of their places of concealment. Then it was that the terrible work of bastinadoing began. From the windows of the east side of the khan was visible the open court in the front of the motsellem's gate, where, according to the Eastern custom, he often sat to administer justice or injustice, as the case might be, and through those windows the sons might behold their aged fathers, writhing with agony under that cruel punishment, until pain and anguish extorted the appeal of, "Come forth, for mercy's sake! and save a father's life." Some yielded to the call, and some thought only of their own safety.

As happens always in all Turkish matters, much bribery arose from this state of tribulation. Nobody in these countries is inaccessible to a bribe. Many were the men in office who received douceurs of vast sums to favour the exemption or escape of individuals. Substitutes could hardly be got, even at the enormous premium of 10,000 piasters each, or £100 sterling; such a dread had the natives of being expatriated and subjected to military discipline; for in Ibrahim Pasha's army the drill is indeed a terrible ordeal. There, inadvertency, slowness of apprehension, or obstinacy, is not punished by a reprimand,

a day's imprisonment, or double drill; but the poor recruit is, at the moment, thrown on the ground, and lacerated without mercy by the corbàsh.

Among the fugitives, there were two young men, the sons of a respectable shopkeeper, who, during twenty years, had been employed, more or less, by Lady Hester: these two fled for refuge to Jôon. No notice was taken of the circumstance by the government, and, after remaining about six weeks under her protection, they returned to Sayda, where they remained unmolested. Her ladyship's servants also enjoyed an exemption from the press; and, had she chosen to avail herself of the dilemma in which these unfortunate young men were placed, she might easily have ensured their servitude without pay, by the mere threat of turning them adrift: in which case they would have been compelled to remain upon any conditions she might have thought proper to propose.

An old Turk presented himself, one day, at my gate with his son, a boy about fourteen years of age, and, with earnest entreaties, begged me to take the son as my servant, no matter in what capacity, and for nothing. I asked him how he could be apprehensive for a stripling, too young to carry a musket; but he told me that his age was no safeguard. "Alas!

said he, "these unprincipled Egyptians will lay hold of him; for there are other kinds of service besides carrying a gun: you do not know them as well as we do." I was very unwillingly obliged to refuse the man's request; for how could a stranger violate the laws of a country in which he resided, any more than he could harbour a deserter in France, for example, where he would be brought to justice for so doing? But some of the agents of European powers do not scruple, in these parts, to enrich themselves by affording protection to Turkish deserters, contrary to the edicts of a sovereign prince, and then set up, as an excuse, the want of civilization in Mahometan countries.

A woman, the widow of Shaykh Omar ed dyn, came also on a donkey to beg Lady Hester's intercession with the commandant for one of her sons, a lad, who had been pressed in the streets. Lady Hester sent out word to her that she could not mix herself up in the business, and desired me to give her 500 piasters—I suppose to help her to buy him off. This son, Lady Hester told me, was a beautiful boy, and that she once had him in her house, but could not keep him—he was too handsome! * * * A pretty picture this of the morals of the Syrian Turks, and yet a true one!

November 20.—After a succession of sunny days, finer and warmer than an English summer, the wind got up at the change of the moon, and it blew a gale. The effect of gloomy weather in climates naturally so genial as that of Syria is perhaps more impressive than in one like that of England, where clouds and fogs are so common. I was therefore in a fit humour to listen to the melancholy stories of her ladyship's secretary, Mr. Michael Abella, who had been absent a day or two to see his father and mother at Sayda. He told me that the press for recruits continued with unabated severity, and that the military commandant and motsellem were resorting to measures, which, I thank God, are unknown in England! From imprisoning and bastinadoing fathers, with a view to make them produce their children, a measure which had already induced several families to abandon their homes, they now proceeded to bastinado the neighbours and acquaintances of the fugitives, in order to wring from them the secret of their hiding-places.

The reader is already in some degree familiar with the name of Mustafa, the barber, well-known in Sayda for his skill in shaving, phlebotomizing, and curing sores and wounds. He had four or five sons, and he had taken his donkey and ridden up to Jôon to beg

of Lady Hester Stanhope to admit one or two of them into her household, in order to save them from the conscription. In the interim, two others had taken refuge in the French khan, and one had fled to Tyr; but the father said he expected hourly to be seized and put to the torture, if some means were not afforded him for protecting his children. "A letter from the Syt mylady to the commandant," added Mustafa, "would be sufficient to save my two boys who are in the French khan, and it is so easy for her to write it." Lady Hester, being ill, could not see Mustafa, and I went to her and stated his supplication. She considered the matter over, and, as Mustafa was rather a favourite, she said at first—"I think I will write to the commandant; for poor Mustafa will go crazy if his children are taken away from him. I have only to say that I wish the commandant to *baksheesh*" (make a present of) "these boys to me, and I know he will do it." Then, reflecting a little while, she altered her mind. "No, doctor," says she, "it will not do: I must not do anything in the face of the laws of the country; and, besides, I shall have all the fathers and mothers in Sayda up here. Go, tell him so." I did, and Mustafa returned very much dispirited to Sayda.

He had scarcely got back to his shop, when, as he had anticipated, he was summoned before the motsellem, and questioned about his children. With an assumed air of cheerfulness and submission, he answered that they were within call, and, if necessary, he would fetch them immediately. The motsellem, by way of precaution, was about to send a guard of a couple of soldiers, to see that no trick was played him; but Mustafa, laughing, exclaimed—"Oh! don't be afraid of me: I shan't run off. That man" (pointing to a small merchant of his acquaintance standing by)—"that man will be bail for my appearance." The man nodded his head, and said—"There is no fear of Mâalem Mustafa: I will be responsible for him."

Mustafa went towards his house, and, as soon as he was out of sight, looking round to make sure that he was not followed, he hurried to one of the outlets of the town, entered a lane between the gardens, and, mounting again on his own donkey, which he had left with a friend in case of such an emergency, rode off. Not appearing within the expected time, search was made for him, and, when he was not to be found, the man, who so incautiously vouched for his reappearance, was seized, bastinadoed, and thrown into

gaol. Musta a, in the mean time, had taken the road to Jôon, not to Lady Hester's residence, but to Dayr el Mkhallas, the monastery, where he had a good friend in the abbot, and was immediately sheltered in a comfortable cell. Nor did he, when he heard what cruelties had been inflicted on his bail, move one inch from his retreat, but there remained for about six weeks, until, by negociations with the commandant, and by the sacrifice of a good round sum, he was informed that his children were safe, and that he might return unmolested.

The secretary told me that, in some cases, mothers were suspended by the hair of their head, and whipped, to make them confess where their children were concealed. Surely such horrors are enough to make men hold these sanguinary tyrants in abhorrence, who, whatever their pretended advances towards civilization may be, never suffer it to soften the barbarity of their natures. Of civilization, they have borrowed conscription, custom-houses, quarantines, ardent spirit and wine-drinking, prostitution, shop licensing, high taxation, and some other of our doubtful marks of superiority; but whatever is really excellent in an advanced state of society they have forgotten to inquire about. The secretary added that,

when down at Sayda, he had seen a lad, nursed in the lap of luxury, the only child of respectable parents, at drill on the parade outside of the town, with two soldiers who never quitted him. The drilling was enforced by cuts of the korbàsh. So long as the recruits remain in Sayda, their parents are allowed to supply them with a meal and other little comforts; but, when transported to Egypt, and perhaps to the Hedjàz, they are exposed to hardships unknown to European troops. Their pay is fifteen piasters (3*s*. 2*d*. English) a month.

After the expiration of two or three weeks, the shaykhs or head-men of the villages in Mount Lebanon, received orders to levy their contingent of recruits, and pretty much the same scenes were acted over again. From the village of Jôon eight conscripts were required; for, although the population might be five hundred persons, there were but few Mahometan families. No sooner had the estafette, who brought the order, alighted at the Shaykh's door, than the mussulman peasants to a man seemed to guess what its contents were, and every one who thought himself liable to serve made off to the forests. Among the lads put down on the roll were two, the brothers of Fatôom and Sâada, Lady Hester's maids. The girls

fell on their knees, kissed her feet, the hem of her robe, and prayed her, for God's sake, to save them. Lady Hester returned the same answer she had done to Mustafa, the barber, and to the other applicants, that she could not act contrary to the laws of the country, and that they must take their chance.

Three or four days had elapsed, when, quitting my house in the morning to go to Lady Hester's, I found that all her people were full of an extraordinary dream she had had. She had seen in her vision a man with a white beard, who had conducted her among the ravines of Mount Lebanon to a place, where, in a cavern, lay two youths apparently in a trance, and had told her to lead them away to her residence. She attempted to raise them, and at the same moment the earth opened and she awoke. As soon as I saw Lady Hester she recounted to me her dream to the same effect, but with many more particulars. Being in the habit of hearing strange things of this kind from her, I thought nothing of it, although I well knew there was something intended by it, as she never spoke without a motive.

Next morning I saw, as I passed the porter's lodge, two peasant lads sitting in it, and, as soon as I got to Lady Hester's room, she asked me if I had observed

them.—"Isn't it wonderful, doctor," said Lady Hester, "that I should have had exactly the same dream two nights following, and the second time so strongly impressed on my mind, that I was sure some of it would turn out true: and so it has. For this very morning, long before daylight, I had Logmagi called, and, describing to him the way he was to go in the mountain until he should come to a wild spot which I painted to him, I sent him off; and, sure enough, he found those two lads you saw, concealed, not in a cavern, but in a tree, just where I had directed him to go.

"They are two runaway conscripts, and, although I know nothing of them, yet I seem to feel that God directed me to bring them here. Poor lads! did you observe whether they looked pale? They must be in want of nourishment; for the search that is going on everywhere after deserters is very hot. Logmagi himself had no very pleasant duty to perform; for, if they had mistaken him for a man in search of them, one against two in the heart of the mountain ran some risk of his life. You know, one deserter the other day wounded three soldiers who attempted to take him, and another killed two out of five, and, although taken, was not punished by the

Pasha, who exchanged willingly an athletic gladiator, who had proved his fighting propensities, for two cowards."

These lads, whom Lady Hester pretended not to know, were the two brothers of Fatôom and Sâada. They were put into a room in an inner enclosure, where they had comfortable quarters assigned them, and were kept for two months hid from observation ; by which means they escaped the conscription of that year. At the end of their term, they were one day turned out, told they might go home in safety, and warned that, if ever they made their appearance near the house, they would be flogged. Such were Lady Hester's eccentric ways : and just as they were wasting their breath in protestations of gratitude, they were frightened out of their senses. No doubt, the reason was that, as, from their long stay in the premises, they were more or less acquainted with every locality, it might be that they had formed plans to carry off stolen goods, which Lady Hester thus had the foresight to frustrate. She never told me that her dream was an invention, but I believe that it was.

In addition to the loss of a son, or a husband, or a brother, which the dozen families of Jôon (for there

were no more) had to complain of, these same families were taxed at the rate of one, two, or three hundred piasters each, in order to furnish the equipment of the soldiers draughted from among them. For, under the pretext of sending off each recruit with a good kit and with a little money in his pocket, a benevolence tax was invented, the greatest part of which, after the parings of the collectors, went to the Pasha's treasury, and the half-naked recruit was left to take his chance. Oh! that a European soldier could see what these men are compelled to live on—how they sleep—how they are flogged—and how they are left to die!—And yet suicide is unknown among them.

The bastinado in Sayda was succeeded by mulcts. An order was published by the Pasha, that those whose sons had concealed themselves, or did not appear by a certain day, should be taxed collectively 1,300 purses, a sum more than enough to pay for substitutes. An appeal was made to Ibrahim Pasha to lessen the fine, but the result never came to my knowledge.

November 19.—I had taken to my house to read the book that Sir Gore Ouseley had sent Lady Hester Stanhope, and I related to her the anecdote of the old

woman and the copper dish.[1] This threw a gleam of satisfaction over her countenance. "Ah!" said she, and she made a sigh of pleasurable feeling, "these are the people I like; that's my sort: but the people now-a-days, who call themselves gentlemen, and don't know how to blow their nose!—when the first peer of the realm will go about bragging what a trick he has played some poor woman whom he has seduced! Cursed be the hour that ever the name of gentleman came into the language! I have seen hedgers and ditchers at my father's, who talked twice as good sense as half the fine gentlemen now-a-days—a pack of fellows, that do little else than eat, drink, and sleep. Can one exist with such persons as these? or is it to be supposed that God can tolerate such brutalities?"

I sat by, as I was accustomed to do, on such occasions, mute; knowing that a word uttered at that moment would only increase the storm, instead of appeasing it. She went on: "And whilst you sit like a block of wood, with no more sensibility than that wall, here am I, a poor dying creature" (and then she wept

[1] See the History of the Temple of Jerusalem, translated from the Arabic by the Rev. Mr. Reynolds, p. 403.

so that it was piteous to hear her), half killed by these nasty black beasts. Last night, instead of coming refreshed out of my bath, soothed by a gentle perspiration, I was drier than ever, with my mouth parched, my skin parched, and feebler than I was yesterday. But they will all suffer for it ; not here, perhaps, but in the other world : for God will not see a poor miserable creature trampled under foot as I have been. Why do you not speak to them as Logmagi does ? Look, how they respect him, and call him so civil and so well behaved—and for what ? because he cries out to them in a voice of thunder, 'You *kelby*, you *kâahby*, you wretch, bring me a lighted coal for my pipe :' and you must speak to them so, or they will never mind you."

As she grew a little calm, I expressed my regret to see her so annoyed and tormented by her servants. The conversation then turned on blacks : and I asked—" Are they then never susceptible of feeling : can kind treatment never work on their sensibility ?" —" Doctor," answered Lady Hester, " they have neither one nor the other : it is a bit of black skin, which the people of the country say you must work on with the korbàsh, and with nothing else. I recollect an aga, who told me that he had a black slave, who,

when he first bought her, one day got hold of his poniard, and seemed as if she was going to stab him with it. He started up, seized his sabre, and gave her a cut or two; then, with a switch, beat her pretty handsomely. From that day she became fond of him, faithful, and so attached, that, when he wanted to sell her, she would not be sold, but always contrived that the contract should be broken by her swearing she would kill herself, throw herself over the terrace, or something, that made the buyer refuse to take her.

"I recollect another story. There were five European travellers coming down the banks of the Nile on horseback, when they saw an aga, who was sitting in the open air, lay hold of a black woman by the hair of her head, throw her down, and flog her most unmercifully with the korbàsh. One of the party was a German count, or something, who, being what you call a humane man, said he must interfere; but the others told him he had better not. However, he did; and what was the consequence? Why, the woman immediately jumped up, called him an impudent rascal, slapped his face with her slipper, hooted him, and followed the party until she fairly frightened them by her violence.

"No, doctor, they do not like mild people. They always say they want no old hens, but a *jigger*" (I believe her ladyship meant some ferocious animal) "for their master. As for what you say, that the common people of this country stand in respect of nobody, I can tell you that they do. You should have seen the Shaykh Beshýr, how they respected him. When I was at his palace, I recollect, one day, one of his secretaries brought in a bag of money. 'Is it all here?' said the Shaykh, with a terrible cross, frowning face. 'It is, your felicity,' said the man. 'Very well,' said the Shaykh, still with the same fierce countenance; and I asked him what he put on such a severe look for to a very pleasing-looking man. 'Why,' answered he, 'if I did not, I should be robbed past imagination. If I said to him, I am much obliged to you, sir; you have given yourself a great deal of trouble on my account, and the like compliments, he would go away and chuckle in his own mind to think his peculations were not suspected; but now he will go, and say to himself, I will bet an *adli* some one has told the Shaykh of the five hundred piasters that were left for me at my house: I must send directly, and desire they may be returned — or, He knows about the tobacco that was brought me by the peasant: I

had better get rid of it; and so on. Their peculations are past all bounds, and they must be kept under with a rod of iron.'

"There was Danna, the poor old Frenchman, who lost his trunk, with all his doubloons in it: do you think he would ever have found them, if the Emir Beshýr had not sent Hamâady to that village about a league off—what do you call it?—where the robbery was committed? He assembled all the peasants, men and women, and he told them—'Now, my friends, Monsieur Danna does not want anybody to be punished, if he can help it; therefore, you have only to produce the money, and nothing farther will be said: for the money was lost here, and some of you must know where it is.' To see what protestations of innocence there were, what asseverations! and the women more than the men. So Hamâady, finding that talking was of no use, heated his red-hot irons and his copper skull caps, and produced his instruments of torture; and, seeing the women were more vociferous than the men, he selected one on whom strong suspicions had fallen, and drove a spike under her finger-nails. At the first thrust, she screamed out—'Let me off! let me off! and I will acknowledge all.' She then immediately confessed—would you believe it,

doctor?—that the curate's son had robbed Danna, and she had shared the money with him.

"Now, tell me, was it best that the old Frenchman should die of starvation, or that the rascally thief of a woman, who had induced the curate's son to commit the robbery, should be punished, as a warning to others? If such severe punishments were not used among them, we should not sleep safe in our beds. How well is it known that they have with pickaxes opened a roof, and thrown in lighted straw, to suffocate people, that they might rob in security.

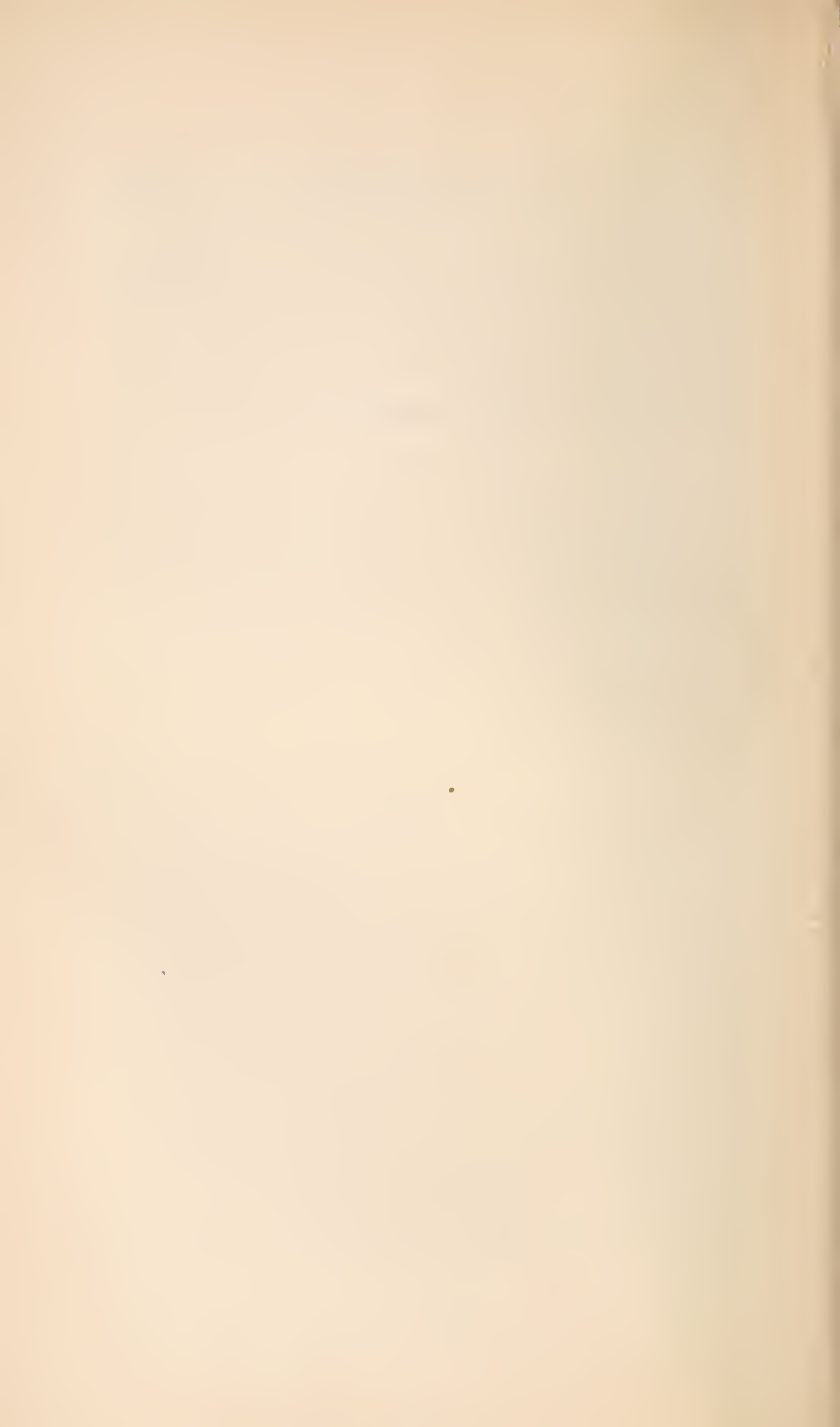
"I recollect once, when Captain Y. was here, I was showing him the garden; and, seeing some lettuces which were badly planted, he said to me, 'That's not the way to plant lettuces: they should be so and so.' —'Yes,' I replied, 'I have told the gardener so a hundred times, and he will never listen to me.'—'Oh! oh!' said he, 'won't he? Let me bring a boatswain's mate to him, and I'll soon see whether he will or not.' —'You are very good,' was my answer; 'but then I should lose your company for half a day, and I had rather have no lettuces than do that.'

"When I first came to this country, you know perfectly well that I never behaved otherwise than with the greatest kindness to servants. You ask me

why I don't now try gentle measures with them, rewarding the good, and merely dismissing the idle and vicious. My reply is, I did so for years, until I found they abused my forbearance in the grossest manner. Do you think it would frighten the rest, were I to turn away one or two? No such thing. Why, upon one occasion, four of them, after they had received their wages, and had each got a present of new shawls, new girdles, and new kombázes, all went off together, clothes, wages and all, in the night. It is by degrees I am become what I am; and, only after repeated trials and proofs of the inefficiency of everything but severity, that I am grown so indifferent, that I do nothing but scold and abuse them.

"But you talk of cruelty: it is such men as Mustafa Pasha, who was one of those who besieged Acre, when Abdallah Pasha was *firmanlee*" (proscribed), "that you should call cruel; he was indeed a sanguinary tyrant. Doctor, he made a noise sometimes like the low growl of a tiger, and his people knew then that blood must flow. It was his custom, when the fit was on him, to send for some poor wretch from prison, and kill him with his own hand. He would then grow calm, smoke his pipe, and seem for a time quieted. But he was a shrewd

man, and a clever pasha. He wrote with his own hands (which pashas never do, except on particular occasions) a letter to the Shaykh Beshýr, desiring him to pay marked attention to me. The Shaykh was highly flattered with the distinction shown him."



CHAPTER V.

Rainy season — Lady Hester's despondency—Her Turkish costume—Turkish servants — Terror inspired by Lady Hester in her servants — Visit of Messieurs Poujolat and Boutés—Lady Hester's inability to entertain strangers — Her dejected spirits and bad health.



CHAPTER V.

November 24. — Still rain, rain! The courtyards were deep in mud and puddles, and the men walking about in wooden clogs, such as are worn in breweries. The flat roofs, which cover the houses in most parts of Syria, are made of a cement of mortar and fine gravel, in appearance like an asphaltum causeway. In the hot months fissures show themselves, and it rarely happens, when winter comes on, that, during the first heavy rains, the wet does not filter through. Lady Hester, therefore, had to suffer, as well as all the house, from this annoyance, hardly bearable when a person is in health, but extremely distressing and even dangerous to a sick one. For some days past pans had been standing on the bed-room floor to catch the droppings, and it continued to rain on. The sloppy communications from door to door, where

every door opens into a courtyard, gave likewise a damp to the apartments only supportable in a climate as mild as that of Syria. Snow had covered the upper chain of Mount Lebanon in great abundance, and the wind blew furiously. Everybody was out of humour, and many of the servants were labouring under bad coughs and colds: but the women, notwithstanding, always went about the house barefoot. It was a wonder to see how, with coughs that might be heard from one courtyard to another, they constantly went so, and yet got well; and a servant, if sent to the village, was sure to leave his shoes at the porter's lodge, and, drawing his *sherwâls* or trousers up above his knees, to set off as light as a deer through the pelting storm, careless of wet, if he could but cover his head.

I saw Lady Hester about two in the day. She was in low spirits, lying in her bed with the window and door open from a sense of suffocation which had just before seized her.

"Would you believe it," said she, as I entered, "those beasts would leave me to die here before they came to my assistance! and, if I happen to fall asleep. there is not one would cover my shoulders to prevent my taking cold."

Poor lady! thought I, the contrast between your

early days and your present sufferings is almost enough to break your heart. So I abused the maids handsomely; and then, being satisfied with the warmth of my expressions, and having vented her own anger, she began to talk composedly.

I remained until near dinner-time, and, after dinner, went to her again. She observed that the nights were dreadfully long, and that she should be obliged to me if I would read to her. Her stock of books, and mine too, was very small, and, after naming a few, which did not please her, I recollected she had asked me once if I had by me a heathen mythology, and she immediately fixed on that. So, writing on a slip of paper to my daughter to send me hers, Lady Hester said, "First let me order a pipe for you:" for this was generally the preliminary to all business or conversation. Every sitting was opened with a pipe, and generally terminated with one, as her ladyship would say, "But, before you go, doctor, you must smoke one pipe more." When the book came, she desired me to turn to the part about Jupiter Ammon, and it will be seen farther on why she did so. After a page or two, she began to talk of the coming of the Mehedah, and the conversation was prolonged far into the night. She afterwards ordered tea — for I now drank tea with her

almost every evening—and I then returned to my house, covered in my thick capote, which, in the short distance of a few hundred yards, could hardly save me from being wet through.

November 25.—The annual fast of the Mahometans, called Ramazàn, had begun on the preceding day. It is customary for persons of rank to make presents of clothes and other things to their dependants, during the lunar month that the Ramazàn lasts, in order that they may appear dressed up in finery on the first day of the succeeding new moon, at the holyday of the Byràm, which succeeds it, as Easter-day does Lent among Christians. Lady Hester, who never was behindhand in beneficence, made it a rule to clothe all her Mahometan servants anew at this season, as she did all her Christian ones on New Year's Day or at Easter. New capotes, pelisses, sherwáls, shirts, shifts, turbans, gowns, &c., were always bought previous to the time; and, the best being given to the most deserving, the worst to the least so, with none at all to the lazy and worthless, some sort of activity was observable in their service previous to the expected time. But, the objects they coveted once in their possession, they soon relapsed into their customary sloth.

Some of these articles of dress were lying on the

floor, Lady Hester having had them brought for her to look at. She said to me, " You must take home one of those abahs to show to your family." An abah is either a long cloak or a woollen frock-coat, sometimes brocaded in a triangle of gold thread (the base going from shoulder to shoulder, and the apex pointing at the waist), on a marone-coloured ground, as this was, and presenting a very brilliant appearance. " You must tell them," continued she, " that once I had all my servants clothed in such abahs as that: but they played me such tricks, I have given it up. Some sold them; and, on one occasion, four of them marched off within twenty-four hours after I had dressed them from head to foot, and I never saw them again: isn't it abominable? At the time that I dressed them so well, and rode out myself with my bornôos, crimson and gold, the gold lace being everywhere where silk tape is generally put, I did not owe a shilling in the world.

" Once," she continued, " when riding my beautiful Arabian mare Asfoor, near a place called Gezýn, in that crimson bornôos, with a richly-embroidered dress under it, and on my crimson velvet saddle, I happened to approach an encampment of the Pasha's troops. Several *benát el hawa*" (street ladies), " who

were living with the soldiers, ran across a field to come up with me, thinking I was some young bey or bin-bashi. Every time, just as they got near, I quickened my horse's pace, that they might not see I was a woman: at last, two fairly came and seized my knees, to make me turn and look at them. But what was their confusion (for such women are not so hardened as in Europe) when they saw I had no beard or mustachios, and was one of their own sex!"

Lady Hester related this droll adventure to me more than once, to show, I believe, what a distinguished and real Turkish appearance she made on horseback, which was perfectly true: but to return to the servants.

A Turk for work is little better than a brute animal: he moves about nimbly, when roused by vociferation and threats, and squats down like a dog the moment he is left to himself. England produces no type of the Syrian serving-man. He sets about his work as a task that is given to him, and, when it is over, sits down immediately to smoke his pipe and to gossip, or seeks a snug place near at hand, and goes to sleep. You call him, and set him to do something else, and the same practice follows. The next day you expect he will, of his own accord, re-

commence what was shown him on the preceding one; but no such thing: you have to tell him over again, and so every day. He is a thief from habit, and a liar of the most brazen stamp, as no shame is ever attached to detection. In plausible language, protestations of honesty and fidelity, he has no superior; and, if beaten or reviled, he will smother his choler, nay, kiss the hand that has chastised him, but waits a fit opportunity for vengeance, and carefully weighs kicks against coppers. He is generally so servile as to make you bear with his worthlessness, even though you despise him; and, when your anger appears to threaten him with the loss of his place and is at the highest, he smooths it down with an extraordinary day's activity, making you hope that a reformation has taken place in him: but it is all delusion. And think not that you, a Christian, can raise your hand against the meanest servant, if a Mahometan: when you would have him beaten, you must employ another Mahometan to do it, who will, however, lay on to your heart's content.

What has been said above applies to the menials of towns and cities. Of another class of servants taken from the villages, Lady Hester used to say, "I have tried the Syrian *fellahs*" (peasants) "for twenty years

as servants, and I ought to know pretty well what they are fit for. It is my opinion that, for hard work, lifting heavy things, going with mules and asses, for foot messengers across the country, and for such business, you may make something of them, but for nothing else. The women are idle, and prone to thieving; and it is impossible to teach them any European usages."

One day, in walking through the back yard, I observed two stakes, about six feet high and sharply pointed, stuck deep and firmly into the ground, which had before escaped my notice. I inquired what they were for, but got no satisfactory answer, the dairyman, to whom I addressed myself, using the reply so common throughout the East, *Ma aref* (I don't know); for no people in the world have so quick a scent of the danger of being brought into trouble by professing to know what is inquired about as the Orientals. A Jew, in a street in Turkey, and a Christian likewise, is sure to answer the most simple question by an "I don't know"—"I have not heard"—"I have not seen;" for he fears what that question may lead to, and that, if he knows a little, a bastinadoing may be resorted to to make him know more: so I afterwards asked Lady Hester. "Oh!" replied she, "I'll tell you

how those stakes came there: I had forgotten all about them. One day, at the time they were robbing me right and left, I ordered the carpenter to make two stakes, such as people are impaled upon, and to erect them in the back yard. I spoke not to any one why or wherefore I had given the order; but if you had seen the fright that pervaded the house, and for weeks how well the maids behaved, you would then have known, as I do, that it is only by such terrible means that these abominable jades can be kept under. From that time to this it appears the stakes have remained; for, as I never go into that yard, I had forgotten them: but since they are there still, there let them be."

Thus Lady Hester was dying in a struggle to cure her men and maids of theft, lying, and carelessness, whilst they ended the month with the same indifference to honesty, truth, and cleanliness, as they began it.

Each one was a sycophant to those who had authority over him; each one distrusted his comrade. Lady Hester might say with truth, "If I did not act so, they would cut your throat and mine:" but why did she keep such wretches about her? Why not turn them away, and procure European servants? Or

why continue to live in such a wild mountain, and not make her dwelling-place in or near a city, where consular protection was at hand? The first three questions I have endeavoured to answer already; and, as for the last, respecting consular protection, he that had dared to suggest such an expedient of safety to her would have rued the observation. To name a consul in that sense to her was to name what was most odious; and the epithets that were generally coupled with their names were such as I have too much respect for that useful body of magistrates to put down in writing.

Saturday, November 25.—As I was returning from the village about four in the afternoon, on ascending the side of the hill on which Lady Hester's house stands, I met four persons mounted on mules, and conjectured them, by their boots, which were black, and reached up to the calf of the leg, not to be of the country; for in Syria either red or yellow boots are always worn. They had on Morea capotes, and their dress was that of the more northern provinces of Turkey. In passing them, I said, "Good evening!" in Arabic, but, on receiving no answer from the two nearest to me, I looked hard at them, and immediately saw they were Europeans.

On alighting at my own door, I asked the servant if he had seen anybody go by, and his reply was, that three or four Turkish soldiers had passed. I then inquired of one of Lady Hester's muleteers, who was unloading some provisions he had brought from Sayda, if he knew who the four men were whom I had seen; and he answered that, at the foot of the hill, they had inquired of him the road to Jôon, and that they were Milordi travelling; Milordi being the term applied to every European who travels in the Levant with a man-servant, and has money to spend.

I went in to Lady Hester a few minutes afterwards, and told her that some travellers, as I thought, to get a nearer view of her house than could be had from the high road, had made a round, and had just ridden past the door. About a quarter of an hour afterwards, the maid brought in a message from the porter to say that two Franks, just arrived at the village of Jôon, had sent their servant with a note, and the porter wished to know whether the note was to be taken in. For Lady Hester had been so tormented with begging letters, petitions, stories of distress, &c., that it was become a general rule for him never to receive any written paper, until he had first sent in to say who had brought it, and from whom it came; and

then she would decide whether it was to be refused or not. The note, accordingly, was fetched.

Lady Hester read it to herself, and then the following conversation took place, which will explain some of the reasons why she did not always receive strangers who presented themselves at her gate. "Yes, doctor," said she, "you were right: they are two travellers, who have been to Palmyra and about, and want to come and talk to me concerning the Arabs and the desert. Should you like to go to Jôon, and tell them I can't see them, because I have been confined to my room for several days from a bad cold?" I answered, "Certainly; I would go with the greatest pleasure." She then rang the bell, and desired the servant to order my horse. She continued, "One of the names, I think, is a man of a great family."—"What is it?" I asked. She took up the note again. "Boo, poo, bon—no—Boo—jo—lais—Beaujolais, I think it is. No, Pou—jo—lat; it is Poujolat."—"Then," interrupted I, "I guess who they are: there was a Monsieur Poujolat, who came into the Levant six or seven years ago, to make researches respecting the crusades: I saw him at Cyprus; he and Monsieur Michaud were together. They were considered men of talent, and I believe were

contributors to some Paris newspaper during Charles the Tenth's time. They had published already some volumes of their travels before I left Europe, and the greatest part of the ground was travelled over, as I surmise, in the saloons of their consuls, during the long evenings when they were shut in by the plague of 1831 and 1832; for they speak of many places where they could hardly have gone. But this is not unusual," I added, "with some writers; for Monsieur Chaboçeau, a French doctor at Damascus, told me, in 1813, when I was staying in his house, that Monsieur de Volney never went to Palmyra, although he leads one to suppose he had been there; for, owing to a great fall of snow just at the period when he projected that journey, he was compelled to relinquish the attempt. Monsieur Chaboçeau, an octogenarian, had known him, and entertained him as his guest in his house; and he answered me, when I reiterated the question, that Volney never saw Palmyra."

"Oh! if they have written about the crusades," said Lady Hester, paying no attention to what I said about Volney, "tell them that all the crusaders are not dead, but that some of them are asleep only; asleep in the same arms and the same dress they wore on the field of battle, and will awake at the first re-

surrection. Mind you say the first resurrection; for I suppose you know there are to be two, one a partial one, and the last a general one.[1]

"But there, doctor, I must not detain you. Now, just listen to what you have got to do. Mohammed shall take to them two bottles of red wine, and two bottles of *vino d'oro*" (ding, ding). "Zezefôon, tell Mohammed to get out four bottles of wine, two of each sort; of my wine—you understand—and he is to

[1] It was by such speeches as these that Lady Hester sometimes left an impression on her hearers that she was insane. The reader must judge for himself. There are, however, strong reasons for believing that there was a profound and deeply-planned method in all her actions, and those who said she was unsound in her intellects would have had great difficulty in proving it before a competent tribunal. The vast combinations of her mind, when it was possible to get a glimpse of them, filled one with surprise, and set at naught all previous conjecture or conception; whilst separate and particular conversations and reasonings wore the stamp of great oddity and sometimes of insanity. Let Mr. Dundas, Lord Hardwicke, Mr. Way, Lord St. Asaph, Count Delaborde, Count Yowiski, if still alive, Count de la Porte, Dr. Mills, M. Lamartine, Count Marcellus, and a hundred others who have conversed with her, say what was the impression she left on their minds; and not till then let persons who have never held intercourse with her of late years pronounce her mad.

put them in a basket, and be ready to go with the doctor to Jôon." Then, addressing herself again to me, "You must say to them that I am very sorry I can't see them, but that I am not very well, and that I beg their acceptance of a little wine, which, perhaps, they might not find where they sleep to-night. Say to them, I should be very much pleased to talk over their journey to Palmyra with them; and add that the respect I bear to all the French makes me always happy to meet with one of their nation. Say that the wine is not so good as I could wish it to be, but that, since Ibrahim Pasha and his soldiers have been in the country, they have drunk up all the good, and it is now very difficult to procure any. If they talk about Ibrahim Pasha, say that I admire his courage, but cannot respect him; that I am a faithful subject of the Sultan, and shall always be so, and that I do not like servants that rise against their masters; for whether Cromwells, or Buonapartes, or people in these countries, it never succeeds. If they allude to the horrors of the recruiting service, and to the nazàm troops, tell them that I never interfere in matters like that; but that, when heads were to be saved, and the wounded and houseless to be succoured, as after the siege of Acre, then I was not afraid of Ibrahim Pasha,

or any of them. Well, I think that's all." Then, musing a little while, she added, "I ought, perhaps, to ask them to pass the night here; but, if I did, it would be all confusion: no dinner ready for them—and, before it could be, it would be midnight, for I must have a sheep killed: besides, it would be setting a bad example. There would be others then coming just at nightfall to get a supper and be off in the morning, as has happened more than once already. So now go, doctor, and" (din, ding) "Fatôom! who is that woman that lodges strangers sometimes at Jôon?"—"Werdy, Sytty, the midwife."—"Ah! so; very well. Tell them, doctor, that they had better not think of going to Sayda to-night, as the gates will be shut; and that they will be nowhere better off for sleeping in all the village than at Werdy, the midwife's; for she has good beds and clean counterpanes: so now go."

I half rose to go, still hanging back, as knowing her ladyship would, as usual, have much more to say. "Oh! by the bye," she resumed, "if they inquire about me, and ask any questions, you may say that sometimes I am a great talker when subjects please me, and sometimes say very little if they do not. I am a character: what I do, or intend to do, nobody

knows beforehand; and, when done, people don't always know why, until the proper time, and then it comes out." Here she paused a little, and then resumed. "I dare say they came here to have something to put in their book, so mind you tell them about the crusaders; for it is true, doctor. You recollect I told you the story, and how these sleeping crusaders had been seen by several persons; and I don't suppose those persons would lie more than other people; why should they?"—"Why should they indeed?" I answered. "They were martyrs," resumed her ladyship, "and those who sleep are not only of the Christians who fought, but of the Saracens also; men, that is, who felt from their souls the justice of the cause they fought for. As for yourself, if you don't believe it, you may add you know nothing about it; for you are lately come into the country, and all these are things which are become known to me during my long residence here."

At last I went, mounted my horse, and rode out of the gate, Mohammed following with the basket of wine. But, instead of having to go to the village, I found the strangers waiting on their mules about two or three hundred yards from the porter's lodge. My horse, taken from his feed, for it was near sunset,

and seeing the mules, jumped and pranced so that I was obliged to dismount before I could approach them. I delivered Lady Hester's message to them, and in answer they expressed, in polite terms, their regret at not seeing her, and their still greater regret that the reason was from her ill state of health. Unlike what some Englishmen have done on similar occasions, they uttered not the slightest murmur about her want of hospitality, nor the least doubt of the veracity of the excuse; but as soon as they found that they should not be admitted, they cut short all further conversation; lamenting, as night was fast approaching, that they could not stop, and that they were under the necessity of bending their way somewhere as fast as possible to get a night's lodging. I pointed to the village, recommended them to go there, and repeated Werdy, the midwife's name, two or three times, as a cottage where they would be comfortably lodged. But, yielding to the advice of their servant, who, as is the case with all travellers ignorant of the language in a strange country, seemed to lead his masters pretty much where he liked, they were induced to set off for Sayda, where they could not arrive in less than three hours, instead of passing the night at Jôon, where they would have been housed in

ten minutes. So, presenting them with the wine, and having informed them of the name of the French consular agent at Sayda, where they would do well to demand a lodging, I wished them good night, and took my leave. They mounted their mules, and descended the bank by the narrow path that led under the hill to the Sayda road; when, as I was going back to the house, I heard one of the gentlemen calling out to me, "But the empty bottles?" Now the interview had been conducted, on my part, with all the etiquette I was master of, and on theirs, up to the moment of saying good night, with the politeness so natural to the French nation. But the exclamation, "What's to be done with the empty bottles? You gave us the wine, but did you give us the bottles too?" sounded so comic, and in the vicinity of that residence too, where it was customary to give in a princely way, that the speaker fell a degree in the scale of my estimation on the score of breeding, how much soever he might be commended for his exactitude and probity.

I returned to Lady Hester. During my short absence, one of her maids had informed her that the Franks, although they had made a show of going to Jôon when first they passed the gate, had in fact only

retired into the valley between the two hills, where they had unpacked their saddle-bags and shifted themselves, in order to make a decent appearance before her. This increased her regret at the trouble they had so uselessly put themselves to. The rain came on soon after, and their unpleasant situation was the subject of conversation for a good half hour. The name of the other gentleman who accompanied Monsieur Poujolat was Boutés.

Much has been said of Lady Hester Stanhope's rudeness to her countrymen and others in refusing them admittance when at her door, and probably Messrs. Poujolat and Boutés might have complained at Sayda of her inhospitable conduct. But it is scarcely necessary for me to say that her real motives for acting as she did were not from a dislike to see people, since nobody enjoyed half-a-day's conversation with a stranger more than she did. A few days after,

December 2.—I had taken a long ride in the morning, and had seen a frigate under her studding sails, running towards Sayda. The arrival of a ship of war was always an event to set the house in commotion; for it was very well known that, if her colours were English or French, the chances were ten to one that either the captain, or some of the officers, would

come up to Jôon. Accordingly, on returning home at about 4 o'clock, I told Lady Hester Stanhope of it: but she was not well, had passed the night badly, and all she said was,—"Well, if they come, I shall not see any of them." Now, it is not improbable, if any of the officers had presented themselves, and had been told that her ladyship was unable to receive them, owing to the state of her health, that they would have gone away discontented, and disposed to attribute her refusal to any other cause than the real one: but let any one, who reads what follows, say if she was in a fit state to hold conversation with strangers.

Her health was still very far from good, and this day was a day of sorrow. Her maids had been sulky and impertinent, and her forlorn and deserted situation came so forcibly across her mind, that she raised up her hands to heaven, and wept. "Oh!" said she, "if these horrid servants would but do as they are told, I could get on by myself, and should not want anybody to help me: but they are like jibbing horses, and the only good horse in the team is worked to death. Were I well, I would not care for a thousand of them; I should know how to manage them: but, sick as I am, hardly able to raise my hand to ring the bell, if anything were to happen to

me, I might die, and nobody would come to my assistance."

I offered, as I had done almost daily, to have my bed removed to the room next to hers, and to sleep there, in order to be at hand if she should want my assistance: but she would not admit of it; and I could only use my best efforts to soothe her, which was no easy matter. I remained six hours with her, sitting the whole time in a constrained posture, that I might catch her words, so low was her voice. And I could not move without sensibly annoying her, as she was sure to construe it into a wish to be gone, or a disregard of her situation, and to say she was neglected by everybody.

It is incredible how Lady Hester Stanhope used to torment herself about trifles. People, who never happened to meet with a person of her peculiar character, would be amazed at the precision with which she set about everything she undertook. The most trivial and fugitive affairs were transacted with quite as much pains and exactitude as she brought to bear upon the most important plans. This was, in fact, the character of her mind, exhibiting itself throughout her entire conduct. I have known her lose nearly a whole day in scolding about a nosegay of roses which

she wished to send to the Pasha's wife. For the purpose of sending nosegays safely to distant places, she had invented a sort of canister. In the bottom part was placed a tumbler full of water, in which the flower-stalks were kept moist; and the nosegay was thus carried to any distance, suspended to the mules' saddle, or in a man's hand. The servants, who could not understand why such importance was attached to a few flowers, were remiss in keeping the canisters clean, nor would the gardener arrange the flowers as Lady Hester wished. For a matter like this she would storm and cry, and appeal to me if it was not a shame she should be so treated.

December 3.—To-day, a servant, who was ill, had become the object of her immediate anxiety. "As for myself," cried she, "I care not how ragged, how neglected I am; but I am in a fever if I think a poor creature is in want of such comforts as his illness may require. Such is my disposition; and I dread every moment of the day lest his necessities should not be attended to. Who is to see his room warmed, to take care he has proper drinks, to give him his medicine? I know nobody will do it, unless I see to it myself." I assured her he should have every attention possible.

It was in vain to expect any sentiment or feeling

from servants and slaves, who had no prospect before them but one constant round of forced work, against their habits and inclinations. Although Lady Hester Stanhope had adopted almost all the customs of the East, she still retained many of her own: and to condemn the slaves to learn the usages of Franks was like obliging an English housemaid to fall into those of the Turks. Thus, the airing of linen, ironing, baking loaves of bread instead of flat cakes, cleaning knives, brightening pots, pans, and kettles, mending holes in clothes, and other domestic cleanly usages, were points of contention which were constantly fought over and over again for twenty years, with no better success at the last than at the first.

Her conversation turned one day on Sir G. H. "What can be the reason?" said she, "I am now always thinking of Sir G. H. Seven years ago, when you were here, you spoke about him, and I thought no more of him than merely to make some remarks at the moment; but now I have dreamed of him two or three times, and I am sure something is going to happen to him, either very good or very bad. I have been thinking how well he would do for master of the horse to the Queen, and I have a good way of giving a hint of it through the Buckleys: for I always said

that, next to Lord Chatham, nobody ever had such handsome equipages as Sir G.: nobody's horses and carriages were so neatly picked out as theirs. Sir G. is a man, doctor, from what you tell me, that would have just suited Mr. Pitt. That polished and quiet manner which Sir G. has was what Mr. Pitt found so agreeable in Mr. Long. It is very odd—Mr. Pitt always would dress for dinner, even if we were alone. One day, I said to him, 'You are tired, and there is no one but ourselves; why need you dress?' He replied, 'Why, I don't know, Hester; but if one omits to do it to-day, we neglect it to-morrow, and so on, until one grows a pig.'"

December 7, 1837.—Poor Lady Hester's appearance to-day would have been a piteous sight for her friends in England. I saw her about noon: she was pale, very ill, and her natural good spirits quite gone. "Doctor," said she, in a faint voice, "I am very poorly to-day, and I was still worse in the night. I was within that" (holding up her finger) "of death's door, and I find nothing now will relieve me. A little while ago, I could depend on something or other, when seized with these spasmodic attacks; but now everything fails. How am I to get better, when I can't have a moment's repose from morning till night?

When I was ill on former occasions, I could amuse myself with my thoughts, with cutting out in paper —why, I have a closet full of models, in paper, of rooms, and arches, and vaults, and pavilions, and buildings, with so many plans of alterations, you can't think. But now, if I want a pair of scissors, they can't be found; if I want a needle and thread, there is none forthcoming; and I am wearied to death about the smallest trifles."

She here began to cry and wring her hands, presenting a most melancholy picture of despair. When she had recovered a little, she went on: "To look upon me now, what a lesson against vanity! Look at this arm, all skin and bone, so thin, so thin, that you may see through it; and once, without exaggeration, so rounded, that you could not pinch the skin up. My neck was once so fair that a pearl necklace scarcely shewed on it; and men — no fools, but sensible men — would say to me, 'God has given you a neck you really may be proud of: you are one of nature's favourites, and one may be excused for admiring that beautiful skin.' If they could behold me now, with my teeth all gone, and with long lines in my face— not wrinkles, for I have no wrinkles when I am left quiet, and not made angry: but my face is drawn out

of its composure by these wretches. I thank God that old age has come upon me unperceived. When I used to see the painted Lady H. dressed in pink and silver, with her head shaking, and jumped by her footman into her sociable, attempting to appear young, I felt a kind of horror and disgust I can't describe. I wonder how Lady Stafford dresses, now she is no longer young: but I can't fancy her grown old."

She paused, and then resumed. "I have," she said, "been under the saw" (drawing the little finger of her right hand backward and forward across the forefinger of her left) "for many years, and not a tooth but what has told; but it is God's will, and I do not repine: it is man's ingratitude that wounds me most. How many harsh answers have even you given me, when I have been telling you things for your good: it is that which hurts me."

I confessed my fault, and expressed my deep regret that I had ever caused her any pain.

She went on. "When I see people of understanding moidering away their time, losing their memory, and doing nothing that is useful to mankind, I must be frank, and tell them of it. You are in darkness, and I have done my best to enlighten you: if I have not succeeded, it is not my fault. As for pleasing or

displeasing me, put that out of your head: there is no more in that than in pleasing or displeasing that door. I am but a worm — a poor, miserable being — an humble instrument in the hands of God. But, if a man is benighted, and sees a light in a castle, does he go to it, or does he not? Perhaps it may be a good genius that guides him there, perhaps it may be a den of thieves: but there he goes."

In this mournful strain Lady Hester went on for some time. Everything around me presented so afflicting a picture, that, unable to restrain my emotions, I burst into tears. She let me recover myself, and then, making me drink a finjàn of coffee, with a little orange-flower water in it, to restore my spirits, she advised me to go and take a walk.

An hour or two afterwards I saw her again. She was much better, and was sitting up in her bed, cutting out articles of clothing, and fixing on patterns for new gowns for her maids. "I hate money," she said, "and could wish to have nothing to do with it but saying, 'Take this, and lay it out so and so.'" Ever sanguine, she was forming plans of what she should do in the spring, when she purposed remodelling her household, and replacing her present servants by a fresh set. The world was to be convulsed by revolu-

tions, nations were to be punished by sickness and calamities; and her object was to secure, for those in whose welfare she felt interested, an asylum in the coming days of trouble.



CHAPTER VI.

The Delphic priestess — Abdallah Pasha's ingratitude — His cowardice — Lady Hester's spies — Her emaciation — History of General Loustaunau.



CHAPTER VI.

December 8.—A most violent storm of rain, thunder, and lightning, kept me prisoner. The courtyards were flooded. When all the house was in confusion from the wet, and clogs were heard clattering on all sides, I entered Lady Hester's room, and remained for about an hour, talking on indifferent subjects, without hearing from her one word in allusion to the state of the weather. At last she said, "Doctor, I find myself better from the thunder!" And when I replied that there were many persons who felt oppressed from an electric condition of the atmosphere and were relieved by its explosion, she observed, with some sharpness, "that I must be a great booby to make such a remark to her, as there was not a servant in the house who did not know that she could always tell, three days beforehand, when a thunder-storm was coming on."

In the evening I sat with her about four hours.

She was up, and had placed herself in a corner of her bed-room on a low ottoman (as it is called in England), which the Syrians name *terâahah.* The candle was put far back in the window recess, the light being thrown on my features, whilst it left hers in obscurity. This was her custom on almost all occasions, even when she had strangers visiting her, under pretence that she could not bear the light in her eyes, but in fact, as I have reason to believe, to watch the play of people's countenances.

She resumed the subject of the preceding evening. I was too weary when I left her, and too busy next morning, to be able to write down her conversation: but, could I have done it, it must have left a profound impression on the reader's mind, an idea of sublimity, whether he held her visionary opinions to be the mere rhapsodies of a disordered intellect, or the deductions of great reasoning powers, aided by remarkable foresight. Her language was so forcible and sublime, that I sometimes suspended my breath, and from time to time tried to assure myself that I was not hearkening to a superhuman voice. The smoke from our pipes by degrees filled the room, closely shut up as it was, and cast a deep gloom around us. The wind howled without, with now and then occasional

echoes of the thunder among the mountains; and it required no great stretch of imagination to believe one's self listening to the inspired oracles of the Delphic priestess, as she poured forth the warnings of what seemed a preternatural insight into futurity.

December 9.—The morning was employed in writing letters, and in the evening I remained until half-past one with Lady Hester. She spoke of the alarm created in Mahomet Ali's cabinet, by her affording protection to Abdallah Pasha's people after the surrender of St. Jean d'Acre. "That impudent fellow C********," said she, "sent me a packet of letters from Colonel Campbell, and told me I was to prepare a list of all the people in my house, giving their names, nation, a description of their persons, &c. I returned him the packet, and desired him to forward it whence it came, adding, 'These are all the commands that Lady Hester Stanhope has at present to give to Mr. C********.' To Colonel C. I wrote 'that it was not customary for consuls to give orders to their superiors; that, as for the English name, about which he talked so much, I made over to him all the advantage he might derive from it.' And my letter to Boghoz was to the effect that, 'in confessing, as he did, that I rendered the state of this country unsettled

by my measures, he acknowledged the weakness of his master's cause; that I disdained all partnership in it; and that the column on which Mahomet Ali's exaltation rested, would, before long, sink beneath him, and his greatness melt like snow before the fire. 'I added,' there could be little honour for Mahomet Ali to make himself a gladiator before a woman;' and here I meant that, as a gladiator was some criminal who descended into the arena to fight, so he was a malefactor too.

"As for Abdallah Pasha, he was not worth the pains I took about him; but I did it for my master, the Sultan. I kept and maintained for two years two hundred of his people, wounded, sick, and proscribed; and when I wrote to him to know what I should do with them, as the expense was too great for me, the answer of this ungrateful wretch was to ask me for a loan of twenty-five purses, and not even to send his remembrance to one of those who had bled and suffered in his cause. His ingratitude, however, has partly met with its reward: for the Sultan himself has heard of his cold-hearted conduct, and has taken away half what he allowed him. This is the man whose head I saved by my intercession with a person in power.

"He was a coward, after all. The last day of the

siege of Acre he lost his senses quite. As Ibrahim Pasha had effected a breach, some of Abdallah Pasha's officers forced him to come upon the ramparts to encourage the soldiers; for he had remained during the whole time shut up in a vault under-ground with his women and boys, and had never once appeared. Well, the first thing he did was to sit down amidst the fire, quite bewildered. He then asked for an umbrella. Then he called for some water; and, when they presented to him an *ibryk*,[1] as being the only thing they had near at hand, not supposing that at such a moment he would mind what it was he drank from, he would not drink out of it."

They fetched him a goblet, and he made them take it back, because it was a glass he drank sherbet out of, and not water. The very man who handed it to him told me the story. At last they placed him in one corner of a battery, and covered him with a cloak. All this time the bullets were flying about.[2]

[1] An *ibryk* is a common earthenware jug with a spout to it, the usual drinking-vessel of the lower classes.

[2] This Pasha was so afraid, in the midst of all his power, of being poisoned, that he had the dishes brought to his table under padlock. When he travelled, a horseman in his suite had the office assigned him of carrying the implement that makes such a distinguished figure in the farce of Pourcignac. When

Lady Hester continued:—"Of all those to whom I gave an asylum and bread, after the siege, I can't say there were many who shewed the least gratitude—four perhaps: the rest robbed me, and abused my goodness in every possible manner. One family alone consisted of seventeen persons. Will it be believed, that when I had new clothes made for the women for the Byràm holyday, they had the baseness to grumble at the stuff, the make, and everything, complaining they were not good enough for them? But this did not hurt me half so much as the little credit I get for everything I do among my relations, and the English in general. My motives are misconstrued, or not appreciated; and, whilst a mighty fuss is made about some public subscription for people in Jamaica, Newfoundland, or God knows where, I, who, by my own individual exertions, have done the like for hundreds of wretched beings, driven out of their homes by the sabre and bayonet, am reviled and abused for every act of kindness or benevolence.

he was shaved, he always had some of his guards standing round the barber with their pistols cocked, and he himself had a drawn sabre lying across his lap. Fancy the situation of a man who, in the midst of these formidable preparations, is obliged to keep his hand steady.

"I knew a pretty deal of what was going forward during the siege of Acre by my own spies. Hanah, your old servant—Giovanni, as he used to be called—was one of them. He carried on his trade of a barber, and was married in Acre; and, when the bombarding began, he got out somehow, and came to me. So I furnished him with a beggar's dress. But first I made him take leave of the other servants, and set off from the door. Then hiding himself under a rock, when he was at a distance, he dressed himself as a *fakýr*, and so perfect was his disguise, that when he came back to me I did not know him. He was a poor timid fellow, and that was the reason why I chose him as fit for my purpose. In such a nice business as that, I wanted a man that would follow my instructions exactly, and do nothing out of his own head: and Giovanni was in such a fright, that I was sure of him in that respect. Well, he succeeded perfectly well. There was a poor devil of a *sacca*, or water-carrier, in the camp, who used to take water to Derwish Pasha's tents. Meanly dressed, and with his head held down, like one in misery, nobody paid any attention to him; at night he would frequently creep between the ropes of the Pasha's tent, and seem to sleep there like an unhappy being who had

no hole to put his head in. Through a slit in the tent, he could see and hear much that passed, communicating whatever information he obtained to Giovanni, who brought it at convenient opportunities to me. But when I wanted a stout-hearted fellow to carry a letter through the entrenchments to the foot of the walls to be drawn up, then I chose a different sort of a messenger; for I had them all ready."

December 16. — The last three days Lady Hester had suffered greatly. To-day she was in very low spirits, and sobbed aloud and wrung her hands, while she bitterly deplored her deserted state. "I believe it will do me good to cry," she said, and she gave way freely to her emotions. But her weeping was not woman-like. It had a wild howl about it, that was painful to me to hear; she seemed not to be made of stuff for tears: and, if Bellona could have ever wept, she must have wept in this way. After she had given vent to her feelings, she gradually recovered, and her natural facundity returned.

December 17. — Christmas day was approaching, but the weather was of extraordinary mildness. Some idea may be formed of the climate of Syria from the circumstance that my house had no glass to the windows, and that the family sat always with the doors

open. It was only during the heavy rains that the rooms felt chilly, and then a brazier, with lighted coals, was agreeable and quite sufficient to obviate the cold.

Lady Hester made me observe how thin she had become. Her bones almost protruded through her skin, and she could not lie comfortably in any posture; so that it was difficult for her to get rest. Her fretfulness had increased to such a degree as to be equally distressing to herself and to those about her: yet the vigour of her mind never forsook her for a moment when anything called for its exertion.

December 20—was a rainy day, and, when I entered her ladyship's chamber, I saw it would be a melancholy one. She was seated in the corner of the room, her features indicating great suffering. She burst into tears the moment I approached her. She had not slept the whole night, and had passed the hours, from the time I left her, in getting up and walking about supported by her women, and then lying down again, seeking relief from the feeling of suffocation and oppression which so much distressed her. The floor of the bed-room was covered with plates, pots, and pans, turnips, carrots, cabbages, knives and forks, spoons, and all other appurtenances of the table and kitchen.

I must observe that, on the preceding day, at Lady Hester's request, I had ridden over to Mar Elias to see General Loustaunau, the decayed French officer, who had now lived on her bounty for a period of more than twenty years. And although, from being of a choleric and violent temper, he had, on more than one occasion, embroiled himself with her, yet the only difference it made in her treatment towards him was merely to keep him at a distance from herself: but she had never, for one day, ceased to occupy herself with his wants and to provide for his comforts. He was now, as I was told, eighty years old, and his mind was possessed with hallucinations, which he fell into from a belief that he could interpret the prophecies in the Bible. He was constantly poring over that book, and he went very generally by the name of the Prophet: Lady Hester herself always called him so. He had a maid-servant to take care of him, a barber, on fixed days, to shave him. Lamb, mutton, or beef, flour for his bread, and wine, were sent as his consumption required, money being liberally furnished him for purchasing everything else from Sayda.

Finding that he was very much neglected by the woman who was appointed to attend him, I mentioned the fact on my return to Lady Hester, and to

this communication was to be attributed the extraordinary display on the floor of her bed-room; for, from her accustomed sensibility to the sufferings of others, she had fancied that the poor man was in want of everything. "See," she said, "what I am reduced to: ever since daylight this morning" (and it was then nearly noon) "have I been handling pots and pans to make the Prophet comfortable. For on whom can I depend?—on these cold people—a pack of stocks and stones, who rest immoveable amidst their fellow-creatures' sufferings? Why did not you give that woman a dressing? I'll have her turned out of the village—an impudent hussy!"

Here, from having raised her voice, she was seized with a spasm in the throat and chest, and, making a sudden start, "Some water, some water! make haste!" she cried, and gasped for breath as if almost suffocated. I handed her some immediately, which she greedily drank: I then threw the window open, and she became better. "Don't leave me, doctor: ring the bell;—I can't bear to be left alone a moment; for, if one of these attacks were to come on, and I could not ring the bell, what could I do? You must forgive me if I fall into these violent passions; but such is my nature: I can't help it. I am like

the horse that Mr. Pitt had. Mr. Pitt used to say, ‘You must guide him with a hair; if I only move my leg, he goes on; and his pace is so easy, it's quite charming: but, if you thwart him or contradict him, he is unmanageable;'—that's me."

But, to return to General Loustaunau, or the Prophet. As his name has already appeared several times, it may not be amiss to give a short outline of his life, the particulars of which he communicated to me himself. From a village in the Pyrenees, near to Tarbes, one day a young man, about twenty-four years of age, sallied forth, he knew not whither, to seek his fortune. Sprung from a family of peasants, he had received little or no education, and had nothing to depend on but his well-knitted frame, an intelligent and handsome countenance, robust health, and his activity. He directed his steps towards one of the great sea-ports of France, resolved to work his passage to America. But, when walking the quays and inquiring for a vessel bound across the Atlantic, he was told there was none; there was, however, a large merchant-ship freighting for the East Indies. Learning that the country she was chartered for was still more distant than the western colonies, he concluded, in his ardent and youthful mind, that it would open

to him a still greater chance of meeting with adventures and of enriching himself. He accordingly got himself rated to work his passage as a seaman, and arrived in safety at the ship's destination.

It would be useless to occupy the reader's time with the struggles which every man, unknown and without recommendations, has to make on a foreign shore, before he gets a footing in some shape congenial to his talents or his inclination. Natural talents Loustaunau had ; for, in the space of a few months after his arrival on the Indian coast, he was spoken of as an intelligent young man to the French ambassador, Monsieur de Marigny, residing at Poonah, the Mahratta court, as far as I could understand: since it is to be borne in mind that Mr. Loustaunau, when he related all this, was eighty years old, had almost lost his memory, and was relapsing into second childhood. He soon after became an inmate of the embassy, on terms of some familiarity with Monsieur de Marigny, who discovered, in the young adventurer's conversation, so much good sense and such elevation of mind, that he used to say to him, "It strikes me that you are no common man."

It so happened that the war between the English and the Rajah of Mahratta brought the hostile armies

into the field at no great distance from Poonah ; and Mr. L. one day told the ambassador, that, as he had never seen what war was, and had not far to go to do so, he should be much obliged if he would permit him to absent himself for a short time to be spectator of the action, which, report said, must soon take place between the two armies. Monsieur de M. tried to dissuade him from it, asking him of what use it would be to risk his life for the satisfaction of an empty curiosity. Mr. L.'s reply was, "If I am killed, why then *bon jour*, and there will be an end of me." M. de Marigny, therefore, complied with his wishes, and sent him with some of his own people, and an introductory letter, to General Norolli, a Portuguese, who commanded the Rajah Scindeah's artillery.

He had not to wait long for the gratification of his curiosity. An action took place : the forces were warmly engaged, and Mr. L. walked about within musket-shot distance to observe the manœuvres of the two armies. The English had planted a battery on a rocky elevation, which made much havoc among the Mahratta forces. Between this battery on its flank and an opposite cliff there was a deep ravine which rendered all access from one height to the other impracticable : but a sloping ground, by making a

circuit in the rear of the Mahratta forces, afforded a practicability of bringing field-pieces to the summit of the cliff to bear on the English battery from the Mahratta side.

Mr. L. took an opportunity of addressing himself to General N., and pointed out to him the probability of silencing, or, at least, of annoying the English battery from the cliff in question; but the general treated his remark in a slighting manner, and, riding to another part of the field, took no farther notice of him. Mr. L. had seated himself on a hillock, still making his reflections, when an old Mahratta officer, who had heard the conversation between Mr. L. and the general of the artillery, and had partly understood what Mr. L. proposed should be done, approached him. "Well, sir," said he, "what do you think of our artillery?"—"If I were a flatterer," replied Mr. L., "I should say that it was well served; but, as I am not, you will pardon me if I think it bad." The officer went on—"You see the day is likely to go against us—what would you do if you had the command?"—"Oh! as for the command, I don't know," rejoined Mr. L., "but this one thing I do know, that, if I had but two pieces of cannon, I would turn the day in your master's favour."—"How

would you do that?" asked the officer: "perhaps I could put two field-pieces at your disposal."—"If you could," said Mr. L., "I would plant them on yonder height" (pointing at the same time to it), "and let my head answer for my presumption if I do not effect what I promise."

The bearing of the Frenchman, and his energetic manner of speaking, together with his evident coolness and self-possession on a field of battle, made a great impression on the Mahratta officer. "Come with me, young man," said he, "I will conduct you to the rajah."—"With all my heart," replied Mr. L. When brought into his presence, Scindeah asked the officer what the stranger wanted, and the officer repeated the conversation that had just passed. "Well," says Scindeah, "he does not ask for money, he only asks for guns: give them to him, and let them be served by some of my best gunners. The idea may be good: only be expeditious, or we may soon be where that infernal battery of the English can annoy us no longer."

Accordingly, without a moment's delay, two field-pieces were dragged up by the back of the cliff to the spot pointed out, Mr. L. entrusting the command of one of them to another Frenchman whose curiosity

had brought him on the field also. The very second shot that was fired at the English battery blew up an artillery waggon (caisson) full of powder. The explosion dismounted some of the cannon, killed several men, and created so much confusion, that the English, in consequence of it, eventually lost the battle and were forced to retreat. Mr. L. had two or three of his men killed. "There! you may take your cannon back," said he, as soon as the explosion took place; "I have nothing farther to do;" and he and his brother Frenchman walked away to watch the result of the mischief they had done.

When the day was over, an officer of the rajah's conveyed to Mr. Loustaunau his master's request that he would attend on him at his tent. Mr. L. presented himself, and Scindeah received him with marks of great consideration. Addressing himself to Mr. L., "You have done me, sir," said he, "a most essential service to-day; and, as a small recompense for your gallantry and the military talent you have shewn, I beg your acceptance of a few presents, together with the assurance that, if you like to enter my service, you shall have the command of a company immediately." Mr. L. thanked him in proper language, and, declining the presents offered, said, "Your

highness will excuse me if I refuse your gifts: I will, however, with pleasure accept the sword which I see among them, but nothing else. The offer of a commission in your army I must equally decline, as I am bound to return to our ambassador, to whom I owe too many obligations to take any step without his permission." Scindeah could not but approve of this reply; and Mr. L., making his bow, returned towards the place where he was lodged.

When night came, and General Norolli, having made his dispositions, had also returned to his quarters, whilst yet on horseback and as if moved by jealousy to repress the exultation which he imagined Mr. L. might have indulged in, he called out in a loud and angry tone, "Where is Mr. Loustaunau, where is that gentleman?" Mr. L., who was standing not far off, approached, and, as the general dismounted, said, "Here I am, general, at your command."—"I saw," observed Mr. L. (interrupting himself whilst relating this part of his story to me) "that the general was in a rage, which appeared more plainly as he continued." —"Who, sir, authorized you to present yourself to the rajah without my leave? Don't you know that all Europeans must be introduced by me?"—"General," replied Mr. L., "I was summoned by his highness,

and I went: if you are angry because I have done some little service to your master, I cannot help it. You are not ignorant that I pointed out to you first of all the commanding position which struck me as fitted for planting a battery: you refused to listen to my suggestion; and, if it was afterwards adopted by others, that is your fault, not mine."—"Sir," cried the general, irritated more and more by this remark, "you deserve to have this whip across your shoulders."—"General," retorted Mr. L., "you suffer your anger to get the better of your reason. If you have any whippings to bestow, you must keep them for your Portuguese—Frenchmen are not accustomed to take them." The general's fury now knew no bounds: he put his hand on one of the pistols in his girdle, intending to shoot Mr. L. "But I," said Mr. L., "was ready; and, with my eyes fixed on him, would have seized the other, had he drawn it out, and I would have shot him; for, you know, in self-defence, one will not stand still to have a bullet through one's body, without preventing it, if possible. However, some officers held the general's arm, and shortly after I retired, and, remaining a day or two more in the camp, returned to the place where I had left our ambassador.

"When I told him what had happened—'Stay with me, Loustaunau,' said he; 'it is my intention to raise a few troops here, and, since you seem to like fighting, you shall be employed.' But in a few weeks the ambassador was recalled to France, and he offered to take me with him, promising to get me employment at home. However, I considered that I had better chances in remaining where I was than in going to my native country, where birth, patronage, and the usages of good society, are necessary for a man's advancement, all which I wanted."

Mr. Loustaunau, left to his own exertions, recollected the rajah's offer; and, on applying to him, received a commission in the Mahratta army. Eminently qualified by nature for military command, his advancement was rapid; and, after distinguishing himself in several actions, and showing likewise a very superior judgment in political affairs, he finally became general of Scindeah's troops, although I could not ascertain in how short a time. His reputation spread rapidly through the territory, and his noble conduct and intrepidity must have been very generally known, since, on one occasion, after having been severely wounded in his left hand, two fingers of which he had lost, the commander of the English

forces sent a flag of truce and his own surgeon with an offer of his professional assistance, fearing that Mr. L. might not have a European surgeon to attend him. Scindeah, in his despatches to him, styled him a lion in battle and a lynx in council. He consulted him in difficult negociations with the East India Company's servants; and, in acknowledgment of his services, he gave him a village as an appanage to his rank. Mr. L. married the daughter of a French officer, by whom he had four or five children, one of whom is now living at Givet, in the department of the Ardennes.

Mr. L. was fearless at all times, and inimical to despotism even in the centre of its worshippers. Scindeah had unjustly imprisoned an Armenian merchant, whose wealth he intended to confiscate for his own benefit. As the oppressive act was founded on no just grounds, and application had been made to General Loustaunau for his interposition, when he found that entreaties were of no avail, "one day," said he, "I took fifty of my men, fellows *de bonne volonté*, and, marching strait to the rajah's palace at a time when I knew he was in his divan, I entered, walked up to him, and in a mild, but pretty determined tone, said, 'Highness, be not

alarmed, I am come to ask a favour of you: you must release the Armenian merchant, as I have sworn to set him free.' Scindeah saw that I meant not to trifle, and, assuming a friendly air, he complied with my request. The guards were astounded at my audacity, but they dared not stir, for I and my men would have sabred them instantly."

After having covered himself with glory, as the French express it, he obtained his congé; and, being resolved to return to France, he visited some of the English settlements in his way to the place of his embarkation, where he was most honourably and hospitably treated. He always spoke of this period as the happiest of his life, and mentioned the names of some English gentlemen with the highest encomiums and most pleasing reminiscences.

Having converted what property he could into money, he obtained bills on France, and set out for his native country. The revolution had broken out; and, on his arrival, his bills were all paid, but in assignats; so that in a few weeks he found himself almost penniless. Of this calamitous part of his history I could gather but few details. I have heard him say that some branch of the Orleans family assisted him. Certain it is that he had either money

or friends yet left; for, with the wreck of his property, or by some other means, he established an iron-foundery near the place of his nativity. He was so close, however, to the frontiers of Spain, that, during the war with that country and France, in an incursion of the enemy, all his property was destroyed.

How he got to Mahon, or for what purpose, I am equally ignorant: but, embarking from that port, he found his way to Syria, probably intending to make his way overland to India, there to reclaim his property. But his intellects must have been already somewhat disordered: for, when we heard him first spoken of in Palestine, in 1812 or 1813, he was described as a man living almost on the alms of the Europeans, and generally to be seen with a bible under his arm, negligent of his person, housed in a hovel, and going even then by the sobriquet of the Prophet.

At the time I am now speaking of, the bare mention of politics or catastrophes was sure to set him wandering on the prophetic writings, and then common sense was at an end. But I had known him for twenty years, when his lucid intervals were only occasionally interrupted by these hallucinations; and I had seldom met with a man who had such an independent character, such naturally noble sentiments

couched in such appropriate language, and such an intuitive discernment of what was suitable in unlooked-for emergencies. He was bold as a lion; and, when in anger, had the physiognomy and expression of that noble animal. He had never served in diplomatic situations before his elevation, had never studied political economy, moral philosophy, literature, or anything else, that I could find; and yet, in all these, the innate dictates of his mind responded at once to the call, and he could see the right and wrong, the *utile et decorum*, the expediency and evil, the loveliness and ugliness of every subject presented to him. He had a strong memory, and retained many of the passages of the best French authors by heart. He was handsome in his person, rather tall, and his demeanour was suitable to his station in life. In a word, he was born to "achieve greatness."

General L. had now lived five and twenty years on Lady Hester's bounty. His family, consisting of two or three sons and some daughters, were left with not very bright prospects in France. Lady Hester Stanhope had at different times employed persons to assist them, and, to my knowledge, had sent 1000 francs through a merchant's hands at Marseilles, besides other sums, of which I have heard her speak. She

also paid for the education of one daughter some years. In 1825, one of the sons, who had by his military services obtained the rank of captain in Napoleon's Imperial Guard, being left, by the fall of that Emperor, in inactivity, resolved to visit Syria, to see his father.

General L.'s intellects were so far weakened, that nothing which happened to him personally seemed to affect him, only as it verified some of his favourite predictions, drawn from texts in the Bible. He therefore beheld his son's arrival with indifference, as far as paternal affection went, but discovered in it other bearings, of immense importance in the political changes that were at hand. Not so Lady Hester Stanhope: she knew that the general held as an appanage the revenue of a whole village in the Mahratta country, which had been given to him by Scindeah; and she resolved to furnish Captain L. with money to enable him to go and recover his father's possessions.

The captain remained at Dar Jôon for some months. He had his horse, was lodged in a pavilion in the garden, and treated with every mark of respect. Restless, hasty in his temper, overbearing, and accustomed to the blustering manners of a camp, he occasionally got into difficulties with the natives, both

Mahometans and Christians. Not aware of the necessity of much precaution in shunning checks of perspiration in hot climates, he one day caught a fever, which almost brought him to his grave. He recovered, however, and was convalescent, when his imprudence caused a relapse, and he died. He was buried in Lady Hester's garden, where his tomb, ornamented with flowering shrubs, and entirely shaded by a beautiful arbour, still remains.[1] The poor father never would believe in his death. "He is not interred," he used to say, "but is still alive, and on the earth: do not be grieved about him; in the year 1847 he will join me here. I and my lady shall then be made young again, and your little daughter is destined to be my future wife." The poor old general, it was observed by us, seemed to have no greater pleasure than watching our daughter whilst she watered her flowers or fed her *bulbuls*.

The way in which Lady Hester herself sometimes sought to lighten the weight of the obligations she conferred on the general will serve to shew the delicacy of her feelings. At different periods, several places had been chosen for his residence, according as he grew tired of one or the other: for he was a testy

[1] In this same tomb Lady Hester herself was afterwards interred.

old man in some respects, and seemed to forget how much it was his duty not to put her ladyship to more trouble and expense than he could help. Once, when she had had a comfortable cottage fitted up for him in a village called Aynâaty (from taking in dudgeon something that happened to him), he suddenly quitted it, and went off to Beyrout. "He went off," said Lady Hester, "with no less than five trunks full of clothes and other things, with two watches bought with the money I had given him, and with a good bag full of piasters: for he had little occasion to spend, as I sent him every two days fresh meat of my own killing, flour for his bread when it was wanting, sugar, tea, coffee—and everything, I may say, except milk and vegetables. He went to Beyrout, and there lived and talked away largely and foolishly, and gave out that he would sooner live with the devil than with such a woman as I was. After a time, his resources failed him, his friends grew cool, and he returned to Sayda, where he fastened himself on Monsieur Reynaud, who soon grew tired of keeping him, and little by little I heard he was reduced to great straits." The fact is, he found no friend, except for an occasional invitation to dinner, and Lady Hester knew he must be in want; but she knew also, in the state of mind he was in, he

would refuse assistance from her. She therefore made use of an expedient to furnish him with money.

Sending for one of the Pasha's Tartars, and putting a bag of gold into his hand, she told him he was to ride into Sayda, and proceed strait to the gate of the French khan (where Mr. Loustaunau was), dusty and sweating, as if from a long journey. There he was to inquire if they knew anything of a Frenchman, once a general in India; and, after apparently well ascertaining it was the man he was in search of, the Tartar was to desire to speak with him, and to say—" Sir, when on my road from Damascus, a Hindu mussulman on his pilgrimage to Mecca, who once served under you in India, but is now rich and advanced in years, learning that you were in these countries, and anxious to testify the respect which the natives of Scindeah's territories still retain for you, has commissioned me to put this into your hands."—" Having done so," added Lady Hester Stanhope, " you are not to give him time to see what it is, but to ride away." The vile fellow promised faithfully to execute his commission, received in advance a recompense for his trouble, and then—will it be believed?—rode off with the money, and kept it. But Lady Hester, who was careful to ascertain, by indirect

means, whether a Tartar had made his appearance at the khan, on learning his perfidy, got it spread among the Pasha's and the government Tartars; and they were so indignant at his little trustworthiness, a quality on which, from the nature of their employ, they are obliged to value themselves, that they turned him out of their corps, and he never dared to show his face again.

To finish what remains to be said of this once shining character, but now the pensioner of an Englishwoman, he had resided for these last ten years at a distance from Lady Hester Stanhope's residence, and they had not even seen each other for five or six years. "I have been obliged to keep him at a distance," said her ladyship, "for the last ten years, in order that people might not think I had taken care of him to make him trumpet my greatness: for you don't know what harm that man has done me. He used to go about preaching that all the queens in Christendom were a pack of women of the town, and that I was the only real queen. He told everybody he would not change situations with the first prince in Europe; for the day would come when, through me, he should be greater than any of them."



CHAPTER VII.

Lady Hester like the first Lord Chatham—Her recollections of Chevening—Her definition of insults—Her deliberate affronts—Her war-like propensities—Earl C——Marquis of Abercorn—Logmagi—Osman Chaoosh—Letter from Colonel Campbell—George the Third's flattering compliment to Lady Hester—Her Majesty Queen Victoria—Lord M.—Prophecy of a *welly*—Lady Hester's poignant affliction—Her intractability—Her noble and disinterested benevolence.



CHAPTER VII.

December 21, 1837.—I had sat up until two in the morning despatching letters to Europe, which I had written by Lady Hester's dictation, through the channel of M. Guys, the French consul at Beyrout, who, alone, among the Europeans there, had contrived to remain on friendly terms with her. In my letter to him, Lady Hester required that I should tell him she was in a state of convalescence. Alas! she was far from being so; for, on going to her, I found her labouring under many bad symptoms, against which she contended with a spirit that seemed to brook no control—not even from nature herself. As she could not talk, I read to her, out of the Speaker, a character of the first Lord Chatham. She recognised, and so did I, so many points of resemblance between herself and her grandfather, that she said, more than once,

"That's me." At the words, "He reigned with unbounded control over the wilderness of free minds," I observed that there was something contradictory in control and freedom. "No, there is not," said she. "If you are walking on the road, and you inquire the way of some person you meet, he tells you the best road is in such a direction, and then takes his leave; you turn round, every now and then, as long as the person is in sight, to look at him to see if he points to you that you are going right; but you are free to go which way you will."

December 31.—I saw Lady Hester in the morning, after which I took a walk with my family: on my return, I went again to inquire how she was. One of her maids told me that, soon after I had left her, she suddenly burst into tears, and cried a great deal, they could not tell why; that she had called for Zezefôon to dress her, had, in a manner, rushed out of her bed-room, and had gone to the saloon, where, in consequence of her long confinement, she found all the sofa cushions piled up, and the sofa mattresses removed, so that she had not a place to sit down on; that then she had left the saloon abruptly, on seeing the state it was in, and returned to her bed-room, where she gave loose to her sorrow.

My presence being announced, I was admitted. "Doctor," said she, "to-night in my father's house there used to be a hundred tenants and servants sitting down to a good dinner, and dancing and making merry. I see their happy faces now before my eyes: and, when I think of that and how I am surrounded here, it is too much for me. When you left me this morning, things of former times came over my mind, and I could not bear to sit here, so I went out to break the chain of my thoughts. I would have gone into the garden, if it had not rained."

I endeavoured to say something consolatory to her. "Everybody," she continued, "is unkind to me. I have sought to do good to everybody, either by relieving their distresses or purifying their morals, and I get no thanks for my pains. I sometimes make reproaches to myself for having spent my money on worthless beings, and think it might have been better otherwise; but God knows best. I had hoped to find some persons whose minds might have been enlightened, and who would have felt the importance of what I tell them. But you even, of whom I had some hope, are as bad as the rest; and, if you assent to the truth of what I say, you make so many hums and hahs that I don't believe you care a farthing about it. I want nobody that has no conviction."

"I should think it a sin, if I saw people acting foolishly, not to tell them of it. It does not signify who it is, you or the stable-boy; if I can make them aware of their folly, I have done my duty. Why do I scold you so much, but because I wish you to prepare yourself for the convulsions that will shortly take place. I always acknowledge your spotless integrity, and thank you for the care you bestow on my affairs, and in keeping things a little in order; but, in these times, something more is wanting: a man must be active, and prepared for great events. People are teaching their children to read and write, when they should be teaching them to drive a mule. For of what use are your reading-men, who sit poring for hours over books, without an object? I have a thorough contempt for them, and for all your merchants, and your merchants' clerks, who spend their time between the counting-house and the brothel."

Lady Hester reverted again to Chevening, and spoke at great length of her grandmother Stanhope's excellent management of the house, when she (Lady Hester) was a child. At all the accustomed festivals, plum puddings, that required two men to carry them, with large barons of beef, were dressed, &c., &c. All the footmen were like gentlemen ushers, all the masters and mistresses like so many ambassadors and

ambassadresses, such form and etiquette were preserved in all the routine of visits and parties. Every person kept his station, and precise rules were laid down for each inmate of the family. Thus, the lady's-maid was not allowed to wear white, nor curls, nor heels to her shoes, beyond a certain height; and Lady Stanhope had in her room a set of instruments and implements of punishment to enforce her orders on all occasions. There were scissors to cut off fine curls, a rod to whip with, &c., &c.

No poor woman lay-in in the neighbourhood, but two guineas in money, baby linen, a blanket, some posset, two bottles of wine, and other necessaries, were sent to her. If any one among the servants was sick, the housekeeper, with the still-room maid behind her, was seen carrying the barley-water, the gruel, the medicine, &c., to administer to the patient, according to the doctor's orders. In the hopping time, all the vagrants and Irish hoppers were locked up every night in a barn by themselves, and suffered to have no communication with the household. A thousand pieces of dirty linen were washed every week, and the wash-house had four different stone troughs, from which the linen was handed, piece by piece, by the washer-women from the scalder down to the rinser. In the

laundry a false ceiling, let down and raised by pulleys, served to air the linen after it was ironed. There was a mangle to get up the table-linen, towels, &c., and three stoves for drying on wet days. The table-cloths were of the finest damask, covered with patterns of exquisite workmanship. At set periods of the year, pedlars and merchants from Glasgow, from Dunstable, and other places, passed with their goods. The housekeeper's room was surrounded with presses and closets, where were arranged stores and linen in the nicest order. An ox was killed every week, and a sheep every day, &c., &c. In the relation of these details, which I spare the reader, as being, probably, what he has observed in many other families, Lady Hester by degrees recovered her self-possession, whilst they only served to impress more forcibly on my mind the sad contrast which reigned in everything about her between her former and her present condition.

January 10—15, 1838.—The cough continued, attended by spasms in the limbs. Yet, although she was thus exhausted and harassed by continued suffering, the elasticity of mind she exhibited in the few intervals of ease she enjoyed was astonishing. The moment she had a respite from actual pain, she immediately set about some labour for the benefit of others; and the

room was again strewed over with bundles and boxes. But, in spite of these delusive appearances, I could not conceal from myself that a hectic spot occasionally marked the inroads which disease was now making on her lungs.

January 17, 1838.—What a day of anxiety and sorrow for me, and of anguish for Lady Hester! From morning until midnight to see a melancholy picture of a never-dying spirit, in an exhausted frame, wrestling with its enemy, and daring even to set the heaviest infirmities of nature at defiance. Yet, who does not bend under the power of disease? Lady Hester held out as long as a human being could do; but at last her anguish showed that, like Prometheus bound, she was compelled to acknowledge the weight of a superior hand, and that resistance was vain.

The reflections she made on her abandoned situation, neglected by her friends and left to die without one relation near her, were full of the bitterness of grief. In these moments, as if the excess of her indignation must have some object to waste itself upon, she would launch out into the most fierce invectives against me, and tell me I was a cannibal and a vulture that tore her heart by my insensibility.

A day or two before, in defending myself against

the accusation of coldness and want of feeling. I had inadvertently said that it was an insult to a person, whose intentions she could not but know were well meaning, to heap so much abuse on him. To this her ladyship said nothing at the time; but to-day, being in a state of excitement, the word *insult* recurred to her recollection. "Do you not know," she asked, "that people of my rank and spirit are incapable of insults towards their friends: it is only the vulgar who are always fancying themselves insulted. If a man treads on another's toe in good society, do you think it is taken as an insult? It is only people like —— and —— who take such things into their heads. I never have hurt a person's feelings in my life intentionally, except, perhaps, by my wit. But if people expect that I should not tell them the truth to their face, they are much mistaken; and if you or anybody else acts like a fool, I must say so. Such people as Lord Melville and Mr. Pitt would stop, perhaps, until a person was gone out of the room to say 'That man is the most egregious ass I ever saw;' but I, were he a king, must say it to his face. I might, if I chose, flatter and deceive you and a hundred others. There is no one whom I could not lead by the nose, if I chose to do it; I know every man's price, and how to buy

him: but I will not stoop to the baseness of making you run your head through a wall, even though I saw some advantage for myself on the other side. As for your saying, that's your character, and that you can't bear to be spoken to as I speak to you, what do you talk to me of character for? Everybody has a character, and so they have a behind: but they don't go about showing the one any more than the other. Fools are always crying out, 'That's my disposition;' but what's their disposition to other people more than their anything else?

"Let us have no more of that stuff; for, though not a man, I shall no more put up with it than if I were; and I warn you that, if you repeat that word, you stand a chance of having something at your head."

Let not the reader imagine this was all, or even one half of what her ladyship said on this occasion: it is only a tissue of the most striking sentences. Never had I seen her so irritated as that one expression of mine had made her. She went on in this merciless way for four hours; and, although I frequently attempted to soothe her by the most earnest assurances and explanations, she continued in the same strain until evening, when she subsided into a gentler

tone. Being now restored to a calmer temper, she seemed desirous to atone by kindness for the wound she had inflicted on my feelings, and wanted, amongst other things, to get ponies for my children to ride. The generosity of her nature was obvious in all this, and I resolved, whatever language she might make use of in future, never to take the slightest notice of it.

This haughty assumption of superiority over others on almost all occasions was a salient feature in her character. It must have created her a host of enemies during the period when she exercised so much power in Mr. Pitt's time; and probably those persons were not sorry afterwards to witness her humiliation and her downfall.

Once, at Walmer Castle, the colonel of the regiment stationed there thought himself privileged to take his wife occasionally to walk on the ramparts of the castle. I do not know the localities, and am ignorant how far, in so doing, these two persons might infringe on the privacy of Mr. Pitt and Lady Hester Stanhope: but, without intimating by a note or a message that such a thing was disagreeable, she gave orders to the sentry to stop them when they came, and tell them they were not to walk there. Let any

one put himself in the place of Colonel W., and fancy how such an affront must have wounded his pride.

Mr. B., a Frenchman, who for many years had been her secretary, and who afterwards held the post of French vice-consul at Damascus, paid her a visit at Jôon, and, in the leisure of the morning, took his gun and went out partridge-shooting. On his return to the house, he gave the birds he had shot to the cook, desiring they might be dressed for Lady Hester's dinner; but, when they were served up, to his astonishment, she ordered them to be thrown out of the window; observing that it was strange he should presume to do that in Syria which he would not dare to do in his native country; for she thought that, at the restoration of the Bourbons, all the ancient game-laws were revived. She had a secretary afterwards who was an Englishman, who also went out shooting, and to whom she expressed her notions in much the same way, and wondered where he got his licence to carry a gun. Yet in Syria, every person, from the European stranger to the lowest slave, is at liberty to go after the game wherever he likes.

If any one expected from her the common courtesies of life, as they are generally understood, he would be greatly disappointed. In her own way she would

show them, that is, mixed up with so many humiliations, and with such an assumption of personal and mental superiority in herself, that much was to be borne from her, if one wished to live amicably with her. Her delight was to tutor others until she could bring them to think that nobody was worthy of any favour but by her sufferance. Where she had the means, she would assume the authority of controlling even thought. Her daily question to her dependants was—"What business have you to suppose? What right have you to think? I pay people for their hands, and not their stupid ideas." She would say—"What business have people to introduce their surmises, and their 'probably this,' and 'probably that,' and 'Lady Hester Stanhope, no doubt in so doing,' and 'the Pasha, as I conjecture, had this in view?' How do they know what I intended, or what the Pasha thought? I know that newspapers every day take such liberties, and give their opinions on what ministers and kings intend to do; but nobody shall take such a liberty with me without my calling them out. My name is everything to me, and nobody shall say he presumes this was what I had in my mind, or that was what I intended to do. At least, if people must pick pockets, let them pick it of a clean pocket-handkerchief, and not of a dirty

one. Others are not to be made responsible for their dirty opinions."

From her manner towards people, it would have seemed that she was the only person in creation privileged to abuse and to command: others had nothing else to do but to obey, and not to think. She was haughty and overbearing, impatient of control, born to rule, and more at her ease when she had a hundred persons to govern than when she had only ten. She would often mention Mr. Pitt's opinion of her fitness for military command. Had she been a man and a soldier, she would have been what the French call a *sabreur;* for never was any one so fond of wielding weapons, and of boasting of her capability of using them upon a fit occasion, as she was. In her bed-room, or on her *divàn*, she always had a mace, which was spiked round the head, a steel battle-axe, and a dagger; but her favourite weapon was the mace. When she took it up, which sometimes was the case if vociferating to the men-servants, I have seen them flinch and draw back to be out of the reach of her arm; and, on one occasion, a powerful Turk, a man about forty, of great muscular strength, and with a remarkable black beard, on her making a gesture as if to strike him, flew back so suddenly that

he knocked down another who was behind him, and fell himself. But though fearless and unruffled in every danger, Lady Hester Stanhope was magnanimous, gentle to an enemy in her power, and ever mindful of those who had done her any service. Her martial spirit would have made a hero, and she had all the materials of one in her composition.

Two more anecdotes may serve to show how she sometimes rendered herself disliked. Once at a cabinet dinner, Lady Hester Stanhope entered the room in a way so as to pass the Earl C. who was ushered in just at the same moment; and, as she did not bow or speak to him, Mr. Pitt said, "Hester, don't you see Lord C.?" Lady Hester replied, "No, I saw a great chameleon as I came in, all in pigeon-breasted colours, if that was Lord C." This was because he was dressed in a pigeon-breasted coloured court-dress. "And," she added, as she related the story, "I gave it him prettily once: I said his red face came from the reflection of red boxes; for, when at breakfast and dinner, he was always calling for his despatch-boxes, and pretending mysterious political affairs, although they were no more than an invitation to a party, or a present of a little Tokay, or something equally trivial. Lord C. had learned

his manners, I suppose, from Lord Chesterfield, or some book or another. He attempted being pompous with his large stomach, and his garter on a bad leg, and his great whiskers sticking out as far as this," (here Lady Hester put her fore-fingers indexwise to her cheeks to show how far) "and a forehead quite flat like the Bourbons. He would talk very loud in the lobby as he came in, or contrive to have his red box brought to him, as if he had papers of great importance in it."

"One day, at court," said Lady Hester, "I was talking to the Duke of Cumberland of Lord Abercorn's going over to Addington, and saying I would give it to him for it, when Lord Abercorn happened to approach us. The prince, who dearly enjoyed such things, immediately cried out—'Now, little bulldog, have at him.' This was uttered at the moment I advanced towards him. You know, doctor, he had asked for the Garter just before Mr. Pitt went out, and, not having obtained it, had toadied Addington, and got it. I thought it so mean of him, after the numberless favours he had received of Mr. Pitt, to go over to Addington, that I was determined to pay him off. So, when I was close to him, looking down at the garter round his leg, I said—'What's that you

have got there, my lord?' and before he could answer, I continued—'I suppose it's a bandage for your broken legs.' For Lord Abercorn had once had both his legs broken, and the remark applied doubly, inasmuch as it hit hard on Addington's father's profession. Lord Abercorn never forgot this: he and I had been very great friends; but he never liked me afterwards."

Tuesday, January 23, 1838.—I found Lady Hester to-day out of bed, seated on the ottoman. She wished me to talk or to read to her, so that she might not be forced to speak herself; but her cough, which was incessant, precluded the possibility of doing either. The accumulation of phlegm in her chest made her restless to a painful degree. Shortly afterwards, her spasms began, which caused her arms and sometimes her head to be thrown from side to side with jerks. Her irritability was excessive. Without consulting me, she had been bled the preceding night by a Turkish barber. Her conversation the day before had turned in a general manner on bleeding; and having ascertained my opinion that bleeding would not be proper for her, she said no more, but took the opposite course.

The fear of remaining in a recumbent posture made

her get up from her bed, and her figure, as she stalked about the room in a flannel dress, having thrown off her pelisse and abah, was strange and singular, but curiously characteristic of her independence.

The only newspaper she received was "Galignani's Messenger," which, whether I was in Syria or in Europe, I had for some years caused to be sent to her from Marseilles, and a file generally went by every merchant-vessel that sailed for Beyrout, which, on an average, was about once a month. Sometimes there was much irregularity in the departure of vessels, as in the winter season, and then, in the solitude of Mount Lebanon, one might remain ignorant of every event in Europe for six weeks and even two months together.

She had latterly shewn a particular desire to have those passages read to her which related to the Queen, either as describing her court, her rides, or any other circumstance, however trivial, of a personal nature.

Wednesday, January 24.—Lady Hester sent to me to say that she could see nobody, and requested that I would do nothing, as the day was an unlucky one.

January 25.—Although suffering in a manner that would have incapacitated any other person from undertaking any occupation, Lady Hester was busily

employed in making up a mule-load of presents for Logmagi. "You see, doctor," said she, "how I act towards those who serve me. This man neglects his business in town for me, and I, in return, try to make him comfortable. I have packed up a few coloured glass ornaments to stick up in his cupboards, and some preserves and sweetmeats to treat his old mess-mates with, who would eat him out of house and home, I believe, if I did not take care of him. Only think, too, how he beat his breast and cried, and what signs of sorrow he showed at my illness, the last time I saw him!

"I must have that stupid fellow, Osman, in, to talk to him about new roofing the dairy, but I shall stick him behind the curtain. Poor man, his mother is very ill, and I think I must let him go to Sayda. He, Mahjoob, and Seyd Ahmed, may have asses when they go to town, but all those other lazy fellows shall walk: I won't have one of them ride, unless they have more than eight or ten rotolos in weight to bring back, idle beasts as they are!"

Now Osman's mother might be ill, and no doubt she was; the dairy, too, might be the ostensible cause of his being called in: but it is also more than probable that, besides all this, she wanted Osman for

other purposes. The truth was, he was no stupid fellow, but a wily knave and a clever spy, and Lady Hester was often in the habit of employing him on secret missions—to find out the reason of any movement of the pasha's troops for instance, or to get a clue to some intrigue of the Emir Beshýr's. But she would say, " Osman is gone to town to see his sick mother ;" and nobody dared to say otherwise.

January 27.—To-day the secretary requested me to acquaint Lady Hester that he wished to see her on important business. He was admitted, and showed a letter from his father, the English consular agent at Sayda,[1] signifying that, in the course of the day, he should be the bearer of a letter to Lady Hester Stanhope, which had been sent by Mr. Moore, Her Britannic Majesty's consul at Beyrout, which he was charged to deliver into her ladyship's own hands himself. I had retired when the secretary entered; but, when he was gone, Lady Hester sent for me, and I found her in a violent passion. " There

[1] The English consular agent at this time was Signor Abella, whose father was a Maltese: hence Mr. Abella was known as El Malty. The noble family of Testaferrata and Abella is the stock from which Signor Abella is descended; but in Turkey, *Stemmata quid faciunt?*

is that man, the old Maltese," said she, "coming to pester me with his impertinence, but I have sent off his son to meet him on the road, and drive him back. If anything in the shape of a consul sets his foot within my doors, I'll have him shot; and, if nobody else will do it, I'll do it myself. See that he sets off this very instant, and tell him to return with the letter, without stopping."

I did so, and returned to Lady Hester. Conceiving that this letter was an answer she was expecting to one she had written to Sir Francis Burdett, about the property supposed to have been left her, her agitation and impatience rose to such a degree, that I thought she would have gone frantic, or that her violence would have ended in suffocation. She complained she could not breathe. "It's here, it's here," she cried in extreme agitation, taking me by the throat to show me where, and giving me such a squeeze, that now when I am writing, twenty-four hours after, I feel it still. I tried in vain to calm her impatience. I sent off a servant on horseback to hurry the secretary back, but he did not appear, and the day, until about four o'clock, was passed in this manner.

To account for this extraordinary agitation, it must again be observed, that at the recurrence of

the period of each steamboat's arrival at Beyrout, Lady Hester anxiously expected an answer to her letter to Sir Francis Burdett; for it was on the strength of this property supposed to have been left her that she had intimated to some of her creditors her expectation of being soon enabled to satisfy all their demands. It was in reliance on this, too, that she had invited me to come over. And not doubting in the least the truth of the information secretly conveyed to her by some one of her friends, it may be supposed that a packet to be delivered into nobody's hands but her own was readily conjectured to relate to this business.

About four o'clock, Mr. Abella, the English agent, his son, and the servant, made their appearance. The secretary was called in. "Tell your father I shall not see him; and, doctor, go and take the letter, and bring it to me," was Lady Hester's exclamation. I went to Mr. Abella, but found him determined not to part with it, unless he gave it into Lady Hester's own hand. I urged upon him the impossibility of his doing so, as she had seen nobody for some weeks; at last, on his still persisting, we became somewhat warm on the matter. This was better than going to Lady Hester to ask her what

was to be done; for her answer probably would have been to desire two of her stoutest Turks to go with sticks, and take it from him by force. At last, Mr. Abella gave up his trust, upon condition that I would write a paper representing that he had done it forcibly; in such a fright was he lest Mr. Moore should turn him out of his place.

Instead of being an answer from Sir Francis Burdett, the letter was from Colonel Campbell, signifying that, in consequence of an application made to the English government, by Mâalem Homsy, one of Lady Stanhope's creditors, an order had come from Lord Palmerston to stop her pension, unless the debt was paid.

It might have been supposed that the double disappointment of not hearing from Sir Francis Burdett, and of receiving such a missive from Colonel Campbell, would have considerably increased her anger: but, on the contrary, she grew apparently quite calm, gently placed the letter on the bed, and read the contents:—

Colonel P. Campbell, Her Majesty's Consul-general for Egypt and Syria, to Lady Hester Stanhope.

Cairo, Jan. 10, 1838.

Madam,

I trust that your ladyship will believe my sincerity, when I assure you with how much reluctance and pain it is that I feel

myself again[1] imperatively called upon to address you upon the subject of the debt so long due by you to Mr. Homsy.

The Government of the Viceroy has addressed that of Her Majesty upon the subject, and, by a despatch which I have received from Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, I am led to believe that a confidential friend of your ladyship will have already written to you to entreat you to settle this affair.

Your ladyship must be aware that, in order to procure your pension from Her Majesty's Government, it is necessary to sign a declaration, and to have the consular certificate, at the expiration of each quarter.

I know that this certificate has hitherto been signed by M. Guys, the consul of France at Beyrout; but, in strict

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[1] At the word "again," Lady Hester made the following remarks:—"He never addressed me on the subject, neither has any one else. Nearly two years ago, there was a report in the Bazar that my debts had been spoken of to the King; that my pension was to be seized; that I was to be put under consular jurisdiction; and a set of extravagant things that nobody ever heard the like; and certainly those who had ventured to charge themselves with such a message would have found that I was a cousin of Lord Camelford's.

"Another version was, that the King talked very good sense upon the subject, and had taken my part, and had been much surprised that I had been so neglected by my family, to whom he said some sharp and unpleasant things. There the matter rested, and I heard no more of it, until Colonel Campbell's letter."

legality, it ought to be certified by the British, and not by any foreign consul; and, should your ladyship absolutely refuse the payment of this just claim, I should feel myself, however deeply I may regret it, forced to take measures to prevent the signature of the French, or any other consul but the British, being considered as valid, and consequently your bill for your pension will not be paid at home. I shall communicate this, if your ladyship's conduct should oblige me so to do, to M. Guys and the other foreign consuls of Beyrout, in order that your certificate may not be signed—and also send this under flying seal to Mr. Moore, Her Majesty's consul at Beyrout, in order that he may take the necessary steps to make this known to those consuls, if your ladyship should call on them to sign the quarterly certificate for your pension.

I trust that your ladyship will be pleased to favour me with a reply, informing me of your intentions, and which reply will be forwarded to me by Mr. Moore.

I beg your ladyship will be assured of the pain which I experience in being obliged to discharge this truly unpleasant duty, as well as of the respect with which I have the honour to remain, your ladyship's most obedient humble servant,

P. Campbell,
Her Majesty's Agent for Egypt and Syria.

When she had finished, she began to reason on the enormity of the Queen's and her minister's conduct. "My grandfather and Mr. Pitt," said she, "did something, I think, to keep the Brunswick family on the throne, and yet the grand-daughter of the old king,

without hearing the circumstances of my getting into debt, or whether the story is true (for it might be false), sends to deprive me of my pension in a foreign country, where I may remain and starve. If it had not been for my brother Charles, and General Barnard, the only two who knew what they were about, when the mutiny took place against the Duke of Kent at Gibraltar, she would not be where she is now; for her father would have been killed to a certainty.

She mused for some time, and then went on. "Perhaps it is better for me that this should have happened: it brings me at once before the world, and let them judge the matter. It would have looked too much like *shucklabàn*" (the Arabic for charlatanism—and Lady Hester was accustomed now to interlard her conversation with many Arabic words) "if I had to go and tell everybody my own story, without a reason for it. But now, since they have chosen to make a bankrupt of me, I shall out with a few things that will make them ashamed. The old king[1] wrote down on the paper, 'Let her have the greatest pension that can be granted to a woman:'—if he were to rise from his grave, and see me now!

"Did I ever tell you what he said to Mr. Pitt one

[1] Lady Hester means George III.

day, on Windsor Terrace? The king and all the princes and princesses were walking, and he turned round to him—'Pitt,' says he, 'I have got a new minister in your room.' Mr. Pitt immediately replied —'At your majesty's pleasure; and I shall be happy that your majesty has found one to relieve me from the burthen of affairs: a little retirement and fresh air will do me good.' The king went on, as if finishing his sentence, and without heeding what Mr. Pitt had said—'a minister better than yourself.' Mr. Pitt rejoined—'Your majesty's choice cannot but be a wise one.' The king resumed—'I tell you, Pitt, I shall have a better minister than you, and, moreover, I shall have a good general.' The raillery began to grow puzzling, and Mr. Pitt, with all his courtly manners, was at a loss to know what it meant. So he said, 'Do, pray, condescend to tell me who this unknown and remarkable person is, that I may pay him the respect due to his great talents and your majesty's choice.' The king relieved him from his embarrassment: 'There is my new minister,' said he, pointing to me, whom Mr. Pitt had under his arm. 'There is not a man in my kingdom who is a better politician than Lady Hester; and' (assuming an air of seriousness which his manner made quite touch-

ing) 'I have great pleasure in saying, too, there is not a woman who adorns her sex more than she does. And, let me say, Mr. Pitt, you have not reason to be proud that you are a minister, for there have been many before you, and will be many after you; but you have reason to be proud of her, who unites everything that is great in man and woman.' Doctor, the tears came in Mr. Pitt's eyes, and how the court ladies did bite their lips!

"The *what what what?* certainly did the old king harm, in point of dignity, when no subject of conversation interested him; but he sometimes was more serious, and could assume a manner and a tone befitting a king. A peer, who had never known the Duke of Cambridge, told me that, on the return of the Duke from the continent, the king presented him to H.R.H., with this short but fine compliment—'This is my son, my lord, who has his first fault to commit.' How fond the king was of him and the Duke of York! He was a fine man, and with a person so strong, that I don't think there was another like him in England.

"The king liked me personally. I recollect once, at court, when we were standing, as he passed round the circle, he stopped at Harriet E., my cousin, and said to her something about her dress; and then,

coming to me, he remarked how well I dressed myself, and told me to teach H. E. a little. She was so vexed that she cried; but it was her own fault; for with a good person, good fortune, and fine dresses, she never could get a husband.

"I suppose the Queen is a good-natured German girl. Did you ever see Lord M——? he has got fine eyes; and, if he is fattened out, with a sleek skin and good complexion, he may be a man like Sir Gilbert, and about his age: such men are sometimes still loveable. He used to be a prodigious favourite with some of the handsomest women in London; so that his friends used to say, when he married Lady M., though she was not a bad-looking woman—'Poor fellow! what will he do? you know he can't like her long.' I recollect seeing her and Lady —— sitting at a party on the top of the stairs, like two figures in a pocket-book—both little creatures; those that you call delicate.

"Lord M. is a very handsome man. His eyes are beautiful, and he has spent forty years of his life in endeavouring to please the women. I recollect, the last time I saw him, he was behind Sir G. H., as they came into Lady Stafford's. I had dined there, *en famille*, and there was a party in the evening. I

was in the second room, and the Prince was standing by the fire, shewing his behind, as usual, to everybody, and there was Lord M., always looking about after somebody, whom he did not find perhaps for three or four hours. They say he is filled out: he was slim when I knew him. Doctor, he is a very handsome man; but he must be sixty, or more."

Ever and anon, Lady Hester Stanhope would revert to Colonel Campbell's letter. "Yes," she said; "if he feels regret at being obliged to write it, I will say to him, 'No doubt, he feels pain at having to do with one of the most blackguard transactions I ever knew;' but I dare say he feels nothing of the sort." Then, after a pause, she added, "I think I shall take the bull by the horns, and send a letter to the Queen. If getting into debt is such a crime, I should like to know how the Duchess of K—— got into debt.

"Doctor, would you believe it? a *welly*" (in Arabic, a sort of soothsayer) "foretold what has happened to me now so exactly, that I must relate the story to you. He was sitting in a coffee-house one day, with one of my people, and had taken from the waiter a cup of coffee; but, in carrying it to his mouth, to drink it, his hand stopped midway, and his eyes were fixed for some time on the surface of the liquor in

silence. 'Your coffee will get cold,' said my servant. The *welly* heaved a deep sigh. 'Alas!' said he, 'I was reading on the surface of that cup of coffee the fate of your lady, the *meleky*. There will rise up evil tongues against her, and a sovereign will try to put her down; but the voice of the people will cry aloud, and nations will assemble to protect her.' Now, doctor," said Lady Hester, "does not that mean just what has happened? Is not the Queen trying to put me down, and going to deprive me of my pension?—and you will see, when I have written my letter, how many persons will turn on my side. But isn't it very extraordinary how that man in a coffee-house knew what was going to happen?—yet so it is: they have secret communications with spirits. A glass, or something, is held before their eyes, which nobody else can see; and, whether they can read and write or not, they see events painted before their eyes."

January 30, 1838.—Lady Hester was still very ill; the convulsive attacks returning now regularly every day. She began to be sensible that fits of passion, however slight, did her injury, and she was more calm for a continuation than I had ever seen her since I had been here. But a fresh occurrence, trifling in its nature, although she gave much importance to it, excited her

anger considerably to-day, and did her mischief in proportion. She had reason to suspect that her secretary had been endeavouring to ascertain whether she was consumptive, and how long she was likely to live. To dispel such a suspicion, she made a great effort, got up, and went and sat in the garden. Before she left her room, her wailings were for some moments heart-rending. "Oh, God, have mercy! oh, God, have mercy!" she cried; "only keep those beasts away: who is to take care of me, surrounded as I am with those horrible servants?—only take care they don't rob me."

While she remained in the garden, her chamber was put to rights (a process which it much required, in consequence of her long confinement); and, at her earnest request, I superintended the performance. "Overlook them," she said, "or they will rob me." But oh! what a sight!—such dust, such confusion, such cobwebs! Never was a lady's room seen before in such a condition: bundles, phials, linen, calico, silk, gallipots, clothes, étuis, papers, were all lying about on the floor, and in the corners, and behind and under the scanty furniture; for all this while she had been afraid to get the chamber put into order, lest her servants should take advantage of the opportunity to plunder her.

When she returned to her room from the garden,

she was raving. "You had better leave me to die," she cried, "if I am to die; and, if I am not, oh! God, only let me crawl to my own country" (by her own country she meant Arabia, among the Koreysh), "and there, with not a rag on me, I may be fed by some good-natured soul, and not such cannibals as these servants! What are they good for? I will be obeyed; and you are not a man, to see me treated in this manner."

Thus she went on, walking up and down her room, until she worked herself up to a state of madness. I was afraid she would rupture a blood-vessel. All my attempts to pacify her were in vain—indeed, they only excited her the more. Seeing her in this way, I left the room, and sent Fatôom to her; but, before Fatôom could get there, she rang her bell violently, and I heard her say, "Where's the doctor?—where's the doctor?" so I returned again to her. "Don't leave me!" she cried; and she expressed her sorrow for the excess of her passion. "I am much obliged to you, very much obliged to you, for the trouble you take on my account; but you must not be angry with me. Perhaps, if I get worse, I shall ask you to let Mrs. M. come and sit with me." Soon after, as if her very violence had relieved her, she grew calmer.

Up to this time she had never seen my wife, since her second visit to Syria; nor my daughter nor the governess at all. I had, since her illness, said more than once that they would be happy to come and sit with her by day or by night, to relieve the tedium of her solitary situation. But her dismantled room, her ragged clothes, her altered appearance—and, above all, her pride, compromised as it was by these unfortunate circumstances—always made her turn off the subject, although her secret feelings must have often prompted her to avail herself of the solace thus frankly and cordially offered to her. The exclamation by which she usually evaded the proposal was, "Oh! how I hate everything Frankified! how I hate everything Frankified!" or, "I must not see them until I get into my saloon." After about half an hour I left her. "I must see nobody this evening," she added; "so good bye!"

I went home, and, for the first time, told my family how ill Lady Hester was. Alas! I had not dared to do so before: she had enjoined me not. "To say I am ill," she would observe, "would be bringing a host of creditors upon me, and I should not be able to get food to eat." Consequently, I had kept them and everybody, as much as I could, in ignorance of the

real state of her health; indeed, there was too much truth in what she said not to make me see the mischief such a disclosure would entail. She had now only twenty pounds or 2,000 piasters left in the house to provide for the consumption of two months; and, as her pension was stopped, there was every probability she would be left penniless, with the exception of a few dollars I had by me. Yet, in spite of all this, she ordered me, a day or two before, to give 150 piasters to a leper, 150 to a distressed shopkeeper, and some other small benefactions to other pensioners on her inexhaustible bounty.

It may be said that any one, like myself, might have represented, from time to time, the necessity of a little more economy—I did so once; but I received such a peremptory injunction never to give my advice on that subject again, that I took good care how I committed myself a second time. She fired up, and said, "You will give me leave to judge what I ought to do with my own money. There are various ways of spending: you may think it best to be just before being generous; but I, with my character and views, must be even munificent, and trust to God, as I have hitherto done, for helping me on in my difficulties. Never touch on that subject again: I will have no

human being interfere with me as to what I am to do with my money."

All I can say is that, like her grandfather, she was so intractable, that I never yet saw the mortal who could turn her an inch from her determinations. It was easy to lead the current of her bounty into one's own pocket; for I believe any person who knew her foibles might have kept it flowing in that direction until he had enriched himself. It was only necessary to encourage her dreams of future greatness, to say the world was talking of her, to consider her as the associate of the *Mehedah*, the Messiah of nations, to profess a belief in visions, in aërial beings, in astrology, in witchcraft, and to bear witness to apparitions in which her coming grandeur was prognosticated, and then she would refuse nothing: but that was not my forte, and I never did so. I went to her a poor man; was with her, off and on, for thirty years; and left her as poor as I went.

But it is not to be supposed that knaves, such as some I have alluded to above, were the only objects of her bounty. No; the widow, the orphan, the aged, the proscribed, the sick, the wounded, and the houseless, were those she sought out in preference: and time will show, when gratitude can speak out, the immeasurable benevolence of her nature.

It may not be useless to observe here that many stories have been circulated of Lady Hester's harshness to petitioners who presented themselves at her door, which, if explained, would wear a very different aspect. Sometimes a suppliant, apparently unworthy of her commiseration, would gain admittance to her presence, and be dismissed with a handful of piasters; and sometimes another, known to be a fit object of benevolence, would receive nothing but a rude repulse. Lady Hester said to me, "Do you suppose, doctor, I don't know that many people think I fool away my money in giving it to adventurers? that others say I am capricious? that some call me mad? Why, let them: I am not bound to give reasons for what I do to anybody. The good I do, first of all, I don't wish to be known: and, again, many times the publicity of an act of charity would be injurious to him it was intended to serve. I'll give you an instance. There was a merchant at Acre, who was *avanized* by Abdallah Pasha, to whom he was obnoxious, until all his property was squeezed out of him, and nothing was left but a house, of which he was not generally known to be the proprietor — for, had it been known that the house was his, the Pasha, who fancied he had reduced him to beggary, would have persecuted him until he had got that also. The man wished to sell

his house, and then to retire into Egypt. He therefore came to me, and told his story, begging my assistance. As I was obliged to use an interpreter, who, I feared, would talk of any act of kindness of mine for the man, it appeared to me that the best thing I could do was to turn the applicant roughly out of doors, which I did at once, bawling out as he went, that I did not want to be pestered with beggars. Well, my strange harshness, of course, was talked of, and of course was repeated to the Pasha, who, thinking the object of his oppression was now an object of contempt also, was perfectly satisfied, and left the man, as he supposed, to utter ruin and degradation. But, after a few days, I privately sent to the poor distressed merchant, provided a purchaser for his house, smoothed the difficulties in the way of the sale, and, furnishing him from my own purse with a sum of money sufficient to begin the world with again, I shipped him off with his family to Egypt."

Lady Hester was indeed generous and charitable, giving with a large hand, as Eastern kings are represented to have given. She would send whole suits of clothes, furnish rooms, order camels and mules to convey two or three quarters of wheat at a time to a necessitous family, and pay carpenters and masons to

build a poor man's house; she had a munificence about her that would have required the revenue of a kingdom to gratify. Hence too sprung that insatiable disposition to hoard—not money, but what money could buy: she seemed to wish to have stores of whatever articles were necessary for the apparel, food, and convenience of man. Beds, counterpanes, cushions, carpets, and such like furniture, lay rotting in her store-rooms. Utensils grew rusty, wine spoiled; reams of paper were eaten by the mice, or mildewed by the damp; carpenters' work lay unserviceable from an over-supply; mats rotted; candles, almonds, raisins, dried figs, cocoa, honey, cheese—no matter what—all was laid by in destructive profusion; and every year half was consumed by rats, ants, and other vermin, or otherwise spoiled. One store-room, which was filled with clothes, linen, bedding, cushions, books, carpets, and counterpanes, together with locked-up trunks, full of what was most valuable, had not been entered for three years: and oh! what ruin and waste did I not discover!

When I told her of all this, and suggested that it would be better to give them to her poor pensioners, she said—"Such things do not ever cause me a moment's thought: I would rather they should have

been used to some good purpose; but, if I have got such rascals about me, why, let the things all rot. sooner than that they should profit by them. Money can replace all that; and, if God sends me money, I will do so. If he does not, he knows best what should be: and it would not give me a moment's sorrow to lie down in a cottage with only rags enough to keep me warm. I would not, even then, change places with Lord Grosvenor, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Buckingham, or any of them: they can't do what I can; so of what use are all their riches? I have seen some of them make such a fuss about the loss of a ten guinea ring, or some such bauble: not that they cared for it, but they could not bear to lose it. But if I want to know what is passing at Constantinople, or London, or anywhere, I have nothing to do but to turn my thoughts that way, and in a quarter of an hour I have it all before me, just as it is; so true, doctor, that if it is not actually passing, it will be in a month, in three months—so true: isn't it extraordinary?"............

Upon some occasions, her munificence wore the appearance of ostentation. She would bestow on strangers, like dervises, sheykhs, and fakýrs, large sums of money, and yet drive hard bargains with those about her

neighbourhood; and would sometimes make presents, not so much to comfort those who received them as to display her own superiority and greatness over others.

I have said, in a preceding chapter, that she used to give new suits of clothes to her people on Beyràm day and at Easter, according to their religion: but it should be mentioned that, on those days, every servant was called in, and received forty piasters; and one thousand piasters were divided by Logmagi among the persons in Sayda who in any way were occasionally useful to her or her people. These were the porter of the French khan, and the janissary there; the porters of the town-gate; the harbour-master; the gardener who supplied vegetables; the fisherman who sent her choice fish, &c. Two hundred piasters were paid annually to old Jacob, the tailor; fifty here and there to the imàms of particular mosques; as much to the mistress of the bath where she sent her maids to be washed. Mr. Loustaunau generally had about five hundred piasters a quarter. Of many of her benefactions I never knew anything. Had I kept a list of the sums which, besides these customary donations, she gave to the distressed, few would wonder she was so beloved and so generally lamented. Thus, when the *ferdy* and *miri*, two onerous taxes, fell due, she

commonly paid them for such of her servants as were burthened with families, or whose means were scanty: she did the same when unusual contributions were levied, as during the conscription. On the 8th of December, I find a note that I gave fifty piasters and a counterpane to a poor shepherd boy, labouring under anasarca from an indurated spleen, a most common complaint in the country, the effect of protracted agues; and eighty to an old man, who had some years before been her *asackjee.* To Logmagi mostly fell the distribution of all these sums, and it was only occasionally that I was the almoner to this truly noble and disinterested woman; else I should have been able to have cited more examples.

January 31.—Being Wednesday, it was a rule with Lady Hester Stanhope to shut herself up from Tuesday at sunset until the sunset of Wednesday, during which time she saw nobody, if she could avoid it, did no business, and always enjoined me to meddle in no affairs of hers during these twenty-four hours. Wednesday was an unlucky day with her, a *dies nefastus.* After sunset, I waited on her, and found her languid, moaning, and still visibly suffering from her yesterday's exertion; for it appeared, although I had not seen her, that she had walked about her garden,

forcing her strength so far as to deceive the gardeners, who had given out that she would soon be as well as ever; and this was what, no doubt, she aimed at, for the purpose of confounding the secretary.

Reminding her of the wish she had expressed to have Mrs. M.'s company, I now proposed that she, my daughter, and the governess, should sit with her by turns, suggesting that, by this means, much of the disagreeable service of the maids, whom she constantly complained of, might be dispensed with. But to this she answered, "No, doctor, it will not do: you must tell them how very much obliged to them I am for their kind offers and intentions, but that their presence will only be an embarrassment to me. You don't consider the matter in its true point of view, as you never do anything. In the first place, it kills me to talk; I can't fatigue myself by giving them information about the country, and be a Pococke: and, as for giving them good advice, the world is so turned topsy-turvy, that everything one says is lost on everybody. Then, as for being of any use to me, they could be of none: if I wanted anything, they don't know where it is; and how are they to tell the nasty wretches, who only speak Arabic? Besides, I am not sure their *nijems* would suit me; and then they

would do me more harm than good. Poor little Eugenia! I had thought that I might derive some consolation from looking on her innocent face whilst she sat working at my bedside; but some one told me her star perhaps would not agree with mine: is it so, doctor? I am like Mr. Pitt: he used to say, 'I hear that man's footsteps in the passage—I can't bear it; do send him away to town, or to Putney:' so it is with me. There was my grandfather, too—how he felt the effect of the peculiar star of those people who did not suit him!—he could bear nobody near him, when he was ill, but Lady Chatham, and an old woman who had been a sort of woman of the town: he sent all his children to Lyme Regis; and even his tutor, Mr. Wilson, he could not bear. I know the reason of it now, from my recollection of them, but I did not at the time. My grandfather was born under Mars and Venus; Lady Chatham was born under Venus, and so was the old woman, but both in different *burges* [houses]: and that is why their sympathies were the same."



CHAPTER VIII.

Lady Hester's system of astrology — Sympathies and antipathies—People's *nijems* or stars—Mesmerism explained—Lord Suffolk—Lady Hester's own star—Letter to the Queen—Letter to Mr. Speaker Abercrombie—Messieurs Beck and Moore—Letter to Colonel Campbell—The ides of March—Lady Hester's reflections on the Queen's conduct to her—Letter to Sir Edward Sugden—What peers are—Junius's Letters—Spies employed by the first Lord Chatham—Mr. Pitt's opinion of the Duke of Wellington—Lady Hester's letter to his Grace, &c



CHAPTER VIII.

In order to render intelligible to the reader many passages which have occurred, and will occur again, in Lady Hester's conversations, respecting what she called people's *nijems* or stars, it may not be amiss to give a brief outline of her system of astrology, and of the supposed influence that the position of the stars in the heavens at our nativity has on our future fate, and on our sympathies. I must preface what follows by observing that she had a remarkable talent for divining characters by the conformation of men. This every traveller will testify who has visited her in Syria; for it was after she went to live in solitude that her penetration became so extraordinary. It was founded both on the features of the face, and on the shape of the head, body, and limbs. Some indications she went by were taken from a resemblance to ani-

mals; and, wherever such indications existed, she inferred that the dispositions peculiar to those animals were to be found in the person. But, independent of all this, her doctrine was that every creature is governed by the star under whose influence it was born.

Every star has attached to it two aërial beings, two animals, two trees, two flowers, &c.; that is, a couple of all the grand classes in creation, animal, vegetable, mineral, or etherial, whose antipathies and sympathies become congenial with the being born under the same star. She would say, "My brother Charles vomited if he eat three strawberries only: other people, born under the same star as his, may not have such an insurmountable antipathy as his was, because their star may be imperfect, whilst his was pure: but they will have it, more or less. Some persons again will have as much delight in the smell of particular flowers as cats have in the smell of valerian, when they sit and purr round it.

"The stars under which men are born may be one or more. Thus Mr. H*****, an English traveller, who came to see me, was born under four stars, all tending to beauty, but of no good in other respects. His forehead was as white as snow; his mouth" (I

think she said) "was good, with a handsome small black beard; but his stars were otherwise dull: for you know the stars in the heavens are not always bright and twinkling, but sometimes heavy and clouded. It is like engravings — some of them are proofs, and those are perfect. Some persons may have a good star, but it may be cracked like a glass, and then, you know, it can't hold water.

"The influence of stars depends, likewise, on whether they are rising, or in their zenith, or setting; and the angle at which they are must be determined by calculations, which good astrologers make very readily. But a clever man will, from his knowledge of the stars, look even at a child and say, 'That child will have such and such diseases, such and such virtues, such and such vices;' and this I can do: nay, what is more, I can give a description of the features of any person I have never seen, if his character is described to me, and vice versa. There is a learned man at Damascus, who possesses the same faculty in an extraordinary degree. He knew nothing of me but by report, and had never seen me: but a friend of his, having given him a description of my person and features, he noted down my virtues, vices, and qualities so exactly, that he even said in what part of

my body I had got a mole, and mentioned the small mark on my shoulder, where Mr. Cline removed a tumour. There's for you! Do you believe these things, or do you not?

"A man's destiny may be considered as a graduated scale, of which the summit is the star that presided over his birth. In the next degree comes the good angel[1] attached to that star; then the herb and the flower beneficial to his health and agreeable to his smell; then the mineral, then the tree, and such other things as contribute to his good; then the man himself: below him comes the evil spirit, then the venemous reptile or animal, the plant, and so on; things inimical to him. Where the particular tree that is beneficial or pleasurable to him flourishes naturally, or the mineral is found, there the soil and air are salubrious to that individual; and a physician who understood my doctrines, how easily could he treat his patients!—for, by merely knowing the star of a person, the simples and compounds most beneficial to him in medicine would be known also.

[1] Lady Hester one day said, "I have a little angel under my command, the angel of my star—such a sweet little creature!—not like those foolish ones who are fiddling in Italian pictures. What fools painters are, to think angels are made so!"

"How great the sympathies and antipathies are in stars that are the same or opposite I have told you before in my grandfather's case, in Mr. Pitt's, and in my own. Lord Chatham, when on a sick bed, could only bear three people to wait on him — Lady Chatham, Sarah Booby, and somebody else. My grandmamma's star and Sarah Booby's star were the same — both Venus — only grandmamma's was more moderate; she could keep it down. Mr. Pitt, when he was ill at Putney, had such an aversion to one of the footmen, that he was nervous when he heard his step; for you know people, when they are sick, can hear a pin drop: he said to me, 'Hester, do send that fellow to town.' I did not let him know why he was sent to town, but I got him off as quickly as possible: he was, notwithstanding, a good servant, clean, and had otherwise good qualities; but Mr. Pitt's and his star were different. As to myself, since I have been here, I had a professed French cook, called François—the people named him *Fransees el Franjy.* His skill was undoubted; yet, whenever he dressed my dinner, I was always sending for him to complain, and sometimes threw the dish in his face: a sweetmeat from his hand turned bitter in my mouth. But, what is most extraordinary of all, Miss Williams's star was

so disagreeable to me that I could not bear her to be near me when I was ill. If I was in a perspiration, it would stop the moment she came into the room. You know how many good qualities she had, and how attached she was to me, and I to her: well, I always kept her out of my sight as much as I could, when anything was the matter with me.

"Such is the sympathy of persons born under the same star, that, although living apart in distant places, they will still be sensible of each other's sufferings. When the Duke of York died, at the very hour, a cold sweat and a kind of fainting came over me, that I can't describe. I was ill beyond measure, and I said to Miss Williams, 'Somebody is dying somewhere, and I am sure it is one of my friends:' so I made her write it down. Some time after, when she was poking over a set of newspapers, she came to me, and said, 'It's very singular, my lady; but, the time you were so very ill, and could not account for it, corresponds exactly with the date of the Duke of York's death—the hour, too, just the same!' Now, doctor, wasn't it extraordinary? You drawl out 'Y—e—s,' just as if you thought I told lies: oh, Lord! oh, Lord! what a cold man!

"The proof of sympathy between the stars of two

persons, or, in other words, of the star of another being good for you, is, when a person puts his finger on you and you don't feel it. Zezefôon, when Mademoiselle Longchamp touches her with her fingers, in examining the Turkish dress, shudders all over. That is a proof that her star is not good for her, and yet Miss L. uses more kind expressions to her than anybody; but that makes no difference; there is no sympathy in their stars.

"Animal magnetism is nothing but the sympathy of our stars. Those fools who go about magnetizing indifferently one person and another, why do they sometimes succeed, and sometimes fail?—because, if they meet with those of the same star with themselves, their results will be satisfactory, but with opposite stars they can do nothing. Some persons you may magnetize, some you cannot; and so far will the want of sympathy act in some, that there are persons whom it would be impossible to put in certain attitudes: they might be mechanically placed there, but their posture never would be natural; whilst others, from their particular star, would readily fall into them. Oh! if I had your friend, Mr. Green,[1] here, I could give him some useful hints on choosing models for his lectures.

[1] Mr. Joseph Green.

"There are animals, too, under the same star with human beings. I had a mule whose star was the same as mine; and, at the time of my severe illness, this mule showed as much sensibility about me, and more, than some of the beasts who wait on me. When that mule was first foaled, I had given orders to sell the foal and its mother; but, happening to see it, I countermanded the order immediately. It received a hurt in its eye, and when, with my hand, I applied some eye-water with camphor in it, which, of course, made the eye smart, it never once turned its head away, or showed the least impatience of what I was doing. When this mule was dying some years afterwards, she lay twenty-four hours, every moment seeming to be going to breathe her last; but still life would not depart. They told me of this, and I went to the stable. The moment she saw me, she turned her eyes on me, gave an expressive look, and expired. All the servants said she would not die until my star, which was hers, had come to take her breath: isn't it very extraordinary? Serpents never die, whatever you can do to them, until their star rises above the horizon.[1]

"Some can only do well when under the guidance of another person's star. What was Lord Grenville

[1] See note at the end of the vol.

without Mr. Pitt? With him to guide him he did pretty well; but as soon as Mr. Pitt was dead, he sunk into obscurity: who ever heard of Lord Grenville afterwards? So again Sir Francis Burdett has never been good for anything since Horne Tooke's death. So long as Napoleon had Josephine by his side he was lucky: but, when he cast her off, his good fortune left him. You know you sent me her portrait: well, it was a good engraving, and I have no doubt was a likeness. I observed in her face indications of much falsity, and a depth of cunning exceedingly great: it was her *sâad* (luck) that held him up. You may see so many examples of such good fortune depending on men's wives. Mahomet Ali owes all to his wife—a woman without a nose. What saved the Shaykh Beshýr but the sâad of the Syt Haboos? Hamâady told the Emir Beshýr, 'You will never do anything with the Shaykh Beshýr until you get rid of her, and then the Shaykh is in your power.' So what did he do? he sent his son—the little Emir Beshýr, as they call him—who surrounded her palace with twenty horsemen, and, when she attempted to escape, drove her into her own court-yard, and stabbed her: her body was cut in pieces, and given to the dogs to eat.

" What is to account for some people's good fortune but their star? There was Lord Suffolk, an ensign in a marching regiment, and thirteenth remove from the title—see what an example he was! It was predestined that he should arrive at greatness, although, when the news was brought him that he was come to the title, he had not money enough to pay for a post-chaise: but nothing could hinder what his good star was to bring him. Lady Suffolk, a clergyman's daughter of a hundred a-year, was a very clever, shrewd woman, and filled her elevated station admirably."

I have embodied thus much in Lady Hester Stanhope's own words of what may give a tolerable idea of her notion of planetary influence. What her own star was, may be gathered from what she said one day, when, having dwelt a long time on this, her favourite subject, she got up from the sofa, and, approaching the window, she called me—" Look," said she, " at the pupil of my eyes; there! my star is the sun—all sun—it is in my eyes: when the sun is a person's star, it attracts everything." I looked, and replied that I saw a rim of yellow round the pupil.—" A rim!" cried she; " it isn't a rim—it's a sun; there's a disk, and from it go rays all round: 'tis

no more of a rim than you are. Nobody has got eyes like mine."[1]

Lady Hester Stanhope, in a letter she wrote to Prince Pückler Muskau, describes her system briefly

[1] I once showed Lady Hester Stanhope Raphael's Madonna della Seggiola, to hear what she would say about it. "The face," she observed, "is congruous in all the lineaments; they all belong to the same star; but I don't like that style of face—that is not the star that pleases me;" and she returned me the engraving, with some signs of impatience. I imagined, as there was a maid in the room, that she did so, lest the girl should report that she adored the Virgin Mary. I then showed her a painting of the Nozze Aldobrandini. "Ah!" said she, after examining it, "that figure," pointing to the one farthest on the spectator's right hand, "is the star I like, only the eyes do not belong to that countenance: if the eyes were as they ought to be, that figure would be charming." There was much truth in the observations she made on the blunders of artists and sculptors in giving incongruous features to their works. An ordinary observer has only to look at the statues of the antients, and he will find that the forehead, nose, mouth, ears, and limbs of a Minerva, are such as he will see in grave and dignified women, totally different from the same features in a Diana or a Venus. Each temperament, each class of beings in nature, has its external marks, which never vary in character, but only in degree. But painters are accustomed to make a selection of what they suppose the most perfect lineaments, and to clap them on to a body, whether it be for a muse, an amazon, a nymph, or a courtezan. This is

as follows; and she desired me to keep a copy of it, that I might not, as she said, substitute my own ideas for hers.

"Every man, born under a given star, has his aërial spirit, his animal, his bird, his fruit-tree, his flower, his medicinal herb, and his dæmon. Beings born under any given star may be of four different qualities and forms, just as there may be four different qualities of cherries, having little resemblance one to another, but being nevertheless all cherries. Added to this, there may be varieties in the same star, occasioned by the influence of other stars, which were above the horizon in particular positions at the hour of a man's birth: just as you may say that a ship is more or less baffled by certain winds, though she is standing her course. Again, a man being born under the same star with another man, whilst that star is in one sign of the zodiac, changes somewhat the character

obviously false. "There are some women who are born courtezans," Lady Hester would say, "and whatever their station in life is, they must be so. Thus, Lady — — was so by nature; from the time she first came out, she had the air of a woman of the town: Mademoiselle de ——, who married one of the ——, nothing could have ever altered her. There was a woman for great passions! it was almost indecent to be where she was."

and appearance when in another sign of the zodiac: just as two plants which are alike, when one grows where there is always shade and the other where there is constantly sunshine, although precisely of one and the same kind, will differ slightly in appearance, odour, and taste.

"A man born under a certain star will have, from nature, certain qualities, certain virtues and vices, certain talents, diseases, and tastes. All that education can do is merely artificial: leave him to himself, and he returns to his natural character and his original tastes. If this were better known, young people would not be made to waste their time uselessly in fitting them for what they never can be.

"I have learned to know a man's star by his face, but not by astrological calculations, as perhaps you fancy; of that trade I have no knowledge. I have been told that the faculty which I possess is much more vague than the astrological art, and I believe it: but mine is good for a great deal, though not for calculating the exact epoch of a man's maladies or death.

"You will ask me how it is possible to know mankind by looking at their features and persons; and so thoroughly too. I answer—a gardener, when he sees

twenty bulbs of twenty different flowers on the table before him, will he not tell you that one will remain so many days under ground before it sprouts, then it will grow little by little, very slowly, and in so many days or weeks will flower, and its flowers will have such a smell, such a colour, and such virtues: after so many days more, it will begin to droop and fade, and in ten days will wither. That other, as soon as it is out of the ground, will grow an inch and a-half in every twenty-four hours: its flowers will be brilliant, but will have a disagreeable smell; it will bloom for a long time, and then will wither altogether in a day: and why may not I, looking on men, pronounce on them their virtues, qualities, and duration in the same way? This may not be well explained, but a clever person will divine what I mean."

Such were, in the main, the opinions of Lady Hester on astrology, to which several travellers have alluded, but, from defective information, have hitherto misrepresented. It will be seen that there was at least method in her belief. We will now return from this digression.

Our narrative broke off in the middle of a conversation on the evening of January 31, 1838.

Tea was ordered; but so simple a process as getting

tea ready was now a painful business. If it did not come immediately, Lady Hester grew so impatient, that it was distressing to see her agitation. She would then ring for a pipe, and perhaps send it back to be fresh filled or changed four or five times in succession, each one being, for some trifling reason, rejected. Alas! it was not the tea nor the pipes that were in fault; it was Colonel Campbell's letter that had given a stab to her heart, from which she never recovered; and, in proportion to the apparent calm that she endeavoured to assume, when speaking on that subject, did the feeling of the supposed indignity which she had received prey on her spirits—on her pride—on her brain!

She reverted to the letter. "The thing to be considered," she said, "is whether I shall write a letter to the Queen, and ask the Duke of Wellington to give it to her, or whether I shall put it in the newspapers: for I am afraid, if I send it to him, he will not give it to her; or, if he does, they will say nothing about it. I should like to ask for a public inquiry into my debts, and for what I have contracted them. Let them compare the good I have done in the cause of humanity and science with the D——s of K——'s debts. When I am better, I'll set all

this to rights. I wonder if Lord Palmerston is the man I recollect—a young man just come from college, that was hanging about, waiting to be introduced to Mr. Pitt. Mr. Pitt used to say, 'Ah! very well; we will ask him some day to dinner.' Perhaps it is an old grudge that makes him vent his spite. He is an Irishman, I think."

February 1.—To-day Lady Hester was much the same as on the preceding days: her pulse was low; her lungs were loaded with phlegm; aphthæ had shown themselves on her tongue; her nails were cracked from the contraction of the surrounding integuments; the tips of her fingers were cold; her back, as she sat up in bed, was bent; her bones almost protruded through the skin, from being obliged to lie always on one side. Speaking of her inability to sleep, except in some particular position, she observed that she was like those little figures of tumblers; place her as you would, she rolled over to the left side, as if there was a weight of lead there.

After the usual preliminaries of smoking a pipe and a little conversation, she dictated her letter to the Queen and to Mr. Abercrombie, speaker of the House of Commons.

Lady Hester Stanhope to the Queen.

Jôon, February 12, 1838.

Your Majesty will allow me to say that few things are more disgraceful and inimical to royalty than giving commands without examining all their different bearings, and casting, without reason, an aspersion upon the integrity of any branch of a family who had faithfully served their country and the house of Hanover.

As no inquiries have been made of me what circumstances induced me to incur the debts alluded to, I deem it unnecessary to enter into any details upon the subject. I shall not allow the pension given by your royal grandfather to be stopped by force; but I shall resign it for the payment of my debts, and with it the name of English subject, and the slavery that is at present annexed to it: and, as your Majesty has given publicity to the business by your orders to consular agents, I surely cannot be blamed in following your royal example.

HESTER LUCY STANHOPE.

Lady Hester Stanhope to Mr. Speaker Abercrombie.

Jôon, February 12, 1838.

Sir,

Probably the wheel-horse has forgotten his driver, but the latter has not forgotten him.[1] I am told that the chief weight of the carriage of state bears upon you; if so, it must be a ponderous one indeed, if I can judge by a specimen of the talent of those who guide it.

You, who have read and thought a great deal upon men and

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[1] This alludes to the childhood of Lady Hester Stanhope, when she had played at horses with Mr. Abercrombie.

manners, must be aware that there are situations almost unknown in Europe in which persons, in what is called a semi-barbarous country, cannot extricate themselves with honour without taking a part either for or against humanity: besides, there are extraordinary gusts of knowledge, of extraordinary information, which, if you do not take advantage of them at the moment, are lost to you for ever. I have, therefore, exceeded my pecuniary means, but always with the hope of extricating myself without the assistance of any one; or at least (and ever before my eyes, should the worst come to the worst) with that of selling the reversion of what I possess. Your magnificent Queen has made me appear like a bankrupt in the world, and partly like a swindler; having given strict orders that one usurer's account must be paid, or my pension stopped, without taking into consideration others who have equal claims upon me. Her Majesty has not thrown the gauntlet before a driveller or a coward. Those who are the advisers of these steps cannot be wise men.

Whatever men's political opinions may be, if they act from conscientious motives, I have always respected them; and you know that I have had friends in all parties. Therefore, without any reference to the present or past political career of ministers, or her Majesty's advisers, their conduct would appear to me, respecting myself, identically as it was, gentlemanlike or blackguard. But, having had but too strong a specimen of the latter by their attempting to bully a Pitt, and to place me under consular control, it is sufficient for me to resign the name of an English subject; for the justice granted to the slave of despotism far exceeds that which has been shown to me. Believe me, with esteem and regard, yours,

Hester Lucy Stanhope.

Friday, February 2. — To-day I found her ladyship busied in sorting out certain articles of apparel which had, just before, been brought home for herself: they had been made by the wife of Lufloofy, the person at Sayda who generally lodged English travellers. As the fair sex may like to know what the texture of ladies' under-garments is in the East, these were made of half cotton and half silk, and, to the appearance and touch, not unlike crape. Some women have them all silk. Either kind is favourable for absorbing perspiration, and, under any circumstances, never strikes cold to the body.[1]

There had arrived, also, from Marseilles six cases of claret, two of brandy, one of rum, twelve baskets of champagne, one case of Kerch water; and from Leghorn six cases of Genoese *pâte*, two Parmesan cheeses, some Bologna sausages, pots of preserve, one barrel of salmon and tunny, one ditto of anchovies, brooms,

[1] Lady Hester one day showed me fourteen of these articles of ladies' apparel, six or seven of which were in slits and holes, so that a maid-servant in England would not have accepted them as a gift: she said her maids had torn them by their rough handling in dressing her. I had them sent to my house, and they were all mended. She expressed herself as grateful for this little service to my daughter and the governess, as if she had been a pauper clothed at their door!

scuppets, perfumery, two chests of tea, and numberless other good things,[1] to meet the wants of her expected guest, the Baroness de Feriat, who was coming from the United States. It was sad enough that Lady Hester herself, with abundance of choice provisions and wines, was unable to partake of any. However, when samples of them were brought in, as the cases were opened one after the other, to be shown her, her usual (what shall I call it?) greediness of manner manifested itself. She tasted everything, and swallowed a great deal: the natural consequence of which was that she threw herself back in her bed, gasping for breath, and suffering horribly. On these occasions, her favourite plan was to relieve the succession of momentary symptoms by a host of palliatives, never leaving her stomach empty, or her digestive organs at rest, and always fancying that it was want of nourishment that generated uneasiness, or caused the oppression on her chest, from both of which

[1] Here is a specimen of one of her notes, which she would sometimes send in to me in the morning, or in the course of the day, on a scrap of paper.

"I have slept, thank God! and am better. Twenty-eight boxes have arrived from Lunardi, who seems to have executed my orders admirably. How are you to-day?"

she never was free; nor would she listen to any arguments that tended to show she was in error.

February 4, Sunday. — This morning it was discovered in my house that a silver spoon had been lost. I had a man-servant and a boy, the former a Greek, the latter a Mahometan. The Greek had the most sinister countenance I ever beheld: he was the same man who had accompanied Mr. Moore and Mr. Beck to the Dead Sea;[1] and had been sent to

[1] I was once speaking of the great results which might be expected from Messrs. Beck and Moore's successful investigation of the natural phenomena of the Dead Sea; but Lady Hester damped my admiration of those gentlemen's hazardous undertaking, by exclaiming that all English travellers were a pack of fools, and that they entirely neglected the objects that ought to be inquired into. "There are none of them," said she, "that know half as much as I do. I'll venture to say they never heard of the forty doors, all opening by one key, in which are locked the forty wise men who expect the Murdah. Didn't I tell you the story the other day?" I answered, if she had, I must have forgotten it, which was fortunate, as I was always reluctant to show my dissent from her opinions; having, by experience, learned how necessary it was to proceed cautiously in doing so. "Yes, so it is," rejoined Lady Hester: "I talk for half a day to you, wasting my breath and lungs, and there you sit like a stock or a stone — no understanding, no conviction!"

me from Beyrout by the innkeeper there: he was a knave, a drunkard, and a liar. Suspicion fell on him, and he, to throw it on others, first accused the milk-girl, and then the water-carrier.

Theft, in houses in Turkey, where many are suspected, generally leads to the bastinadoing of them all: and Logmagi suggested that he should apply the korbàsh to all three, to elicit the truth. However, I thought it more just to resort to the European way, saying if the spoon were not found, the two servants must pay for it, not doubting the innocence of the water-carrier, a hard-working fellow of good repute. Logmagi objected to this. "You must flog that Greek," said he, "or you will lose, one by one, everything of value you possess."

Here the matter rested, as the morning had been fixed for answering Colonel Campbell's letter: so I wrote from her dictation the following laconic epistle to him, and the friendly one to Mr. Moore, British consul at Beyrout. When I had made fair copies of both, I asked Lady Hester what she would have me put at the close, and how she chose to subscribe herself. "Say nothing," replied she: "how many times I have said I could never call myself the humble servant of any body. I hate and detest all those com-

pliments so unmeaning and so false: but to Mr. Moore you may express my esteem and regard. I know I shall have a great liking for Mrs. Moore, if ever I see her: is she so very handsome as they say? When you go to Beyrout, you must tell her that I consider it a duty to like her: she does not know why, no more do you."

Lady Hester Stanhope to Colonel Campbell.

Jôon, February 4, 1838.

Sir,

I shall give no sort of answer to your letter of the 10th of January (received the 27th), until I have seen a copy of her Majesty's commands respecting my debt to Mr. Homsy, or of the official orders from her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, as also of Mr. Homsy's claim, as well as of the statement sent to England—to whom, and through whom—in order that I may know whom I have to deal with, as well as be able to judge of the accuracy of the documents.

I hope in future that you will not think it necessary to make any apologies for the execution of your duty; on the contrary, I should wish to recommend you all to put on large Brutus wigs when you sit on the woolsack at Alexandria or at Beyrout.

Hester Lucy Stanhope.

Lady Hester Stanhope to Mr. Moore, British Consul at Beyrout.

Jôon, February 4, 1838.

Sir,

The sacrifice which I have made of your acquaintance and your society, that you might stand quite clear of everything that affects me, appears to be to little purpose. You will have some very disagreeable business to go through, as you will be made Colonel Campbell's honourable agent, and he the agent of the wise Lord Palmerston, and he the agent of your magnificent Queen. There is Colonel Campbell's answer, which I leave open for your perusal, as he did his.

If in the end I find that you deserve the name of a true Scotchman, I shall never take ill the part that you may have taken against me, as it appears to be consistent with your duty in these dirty times.

I remain with truth and regard, yours,

HESTER LUCY STANHOPE.

Besides these letters, I wrote others for England and for Beyrout—in all about a dozen. What with writing and listening to her conversation, I was with her five hours before dinner and five hours after. I had to seal and put covers to all these, and just at the moment when I was about to retire to my study, a little room set apart for me in her house, to do this, Lady Hester stopped me, and returned to the subject

of the silver spoon. After some consideration, she recommended also the use of the korbásh.

"How am I to live," cried she, "with thirty servants in my house, and such a man as you are that can't say boh! to a goose? How do you expect they will mind me, if you don't keep them under? Hamâady is coming to-morrow to Jôon: he must be sent for, and shall interrogate the rascal. I warrant you, he'll soon bring it to light."

When I left her for dinner, she had said to me, "Send me word a quarter of an hour before you return to say you are coming." This, in my hurry to get through so much writing for her, I had neglected to do; and it, therefore, served now as the text for a new grievance. "Didn't I say," she asked me, "let me know a quarter of an hour beforehand when you are ready to come to me? That quarter of an hour was everything to me: I wished to have more candles brought in on account of your eyes, to have the paper and ink got ready, and to collect my thoughts; but no! everybody must do as they like, and poor I be made the sacrifice.—I *will* live by the rule of grandeur."

Then she called her maids in, one after the other, poured on them a torrent of abuse for their laziness,

dirt, and insolence. My heart sickened to think what would be the consequence of all this to herself; for I knew very well that her whole frame, the next morning, would be debilitated from such excitement: yet all this time her passion was sublimely eloquent, and, sick though she was, terrible. Her maids tumbled over each other from fright, and the thunder that rolled in the sky (for a storm was raging at the time) was but a faint likeness of her paroxysm. When it was over, we drank tea, and at half-past one separated for the night.

February 5.—The weather was still stormy. Snow fell in abundance on the higher chains of Mount Lebanon, where it lay apparently very thick.

When I paid my morning visit, Lady Hester held out her hand to me the moment I approached her bedside. "I said too much last night," she observed; "think no more about it, doctor; but you know my irritability, and you must bear with it." She was pale, languid, and extenuated: her hands and arms were jerked in convulsive flings. Strong electrical shocks could not have shaken her so much. Alas! I sympathised too deeply with her wrongs, not to forget all her ebullitions of anger the moment they were over.

When she found herself a little easier, she asked me to explain to her Julius Cæsar's calendar, which she had on some occasion lighted on in Ainsworth's dictionary. "When I was a girl," said she, "I knew all the constellations in the heavens, and was so quick at astronomy, that they took my books and maps away, fearing I should give myself up to it, to the neglect of my other studies. I had it all before my eyes, just like a pocket-handkerchief. What day are the ides of March?" I told her. "I think," she continued, "the word Ides must be derived from *âayd*, عيد." I guessed at once what was passing in her mind. It was an illusion with her that her destiny and Cæsar's, or her character and his, had some resemblance: and, when she mentioned Brutus-wigs in her letter to Colonel Campbell, it had a reference to the stabs they were giving her from England in depriving her of her pension, and putting insults upon her.

She was deeply wounded in her pride by the treatment she had received from home. "The Queen," she would say, "should have desired her ministers to write to me, and say, 'It grieves me that you should have exceeded your income, and incurred debts, which you know, when complaints are made to me, I

cannot countenance; endeavour to pay them by instalments, and all may yet be well,' or something to that effect * * * *
But no! she shall have my pension, and, if they make me a bankrupt, why let them pay the usurers themselves."

February 9.—I did not see Lady Hester the whole of the preceding day: she had sent me a message to say she did not wish to trouble me. I attributed this to the state of the weather; for the wind was high, the atmosphere wet and cold, and everything about the residence uncomfortable. To go from my house to Lady Hester's, I was obliged to wear high wooden clogs and a thick Greek capote with a hood to it. Umbrellas, from the gusts of wind, were out of the question. The ground was like soap. But it was not the weather made her decline my visit: she had been closeted with a doctor of the country from Dayr el Kamar, the son of that *Metta* of whom mention has been made in a former part of these pages as having bequeathed his family as a legacy to her. He was come, as it was supposed, to give his opinion on her case. I took no umbrage at this. Lady Hester and I differed *toto cœlo* on medical points; and she told me very often, after discussions of this

sort, that she had invited me to come this time, not as her physician, but as a friend; one in whom she had confidence to settle her debts.

The muleteers had been sent on the 7th of February to Mar Elias, to bring away the effects which had been lying there, rotting and spoiling, since Miss Williams's death. I accompanied them to superintend the moving, as also to pay a visit to General Loustaunau. Heavens! what waste was I witness to! In one closet was a beautiful wax miniature of Mr. Pitt, a portrait of the Duke of York, some other pictures, stationery, glass, china, medicines, &c., enough for a family. In one room were carpets, cushions, counterpanes, mattresses, pillows, all completely destroyed by mould and damp. In a store-room were large japan canisters with tea, preserves, sugar, wine, lamps, &c. From another room, (the roof of which had fallen in at the time of the great earthquake,) had disappeared, according to Lady Hester, 3 cwt. of copper utensils, in cauldrons, boilers, saucepans, kettles, round platters, called *senneyah*, and many other things. A leather portmanteau lay with the lock cut out; a trunk had its hinges wrenched off; and both were emptied of their contents. Everywhere proofs of pillage were manifest, and the village

of Abra was notoriously thriving by it. For ten years this plundering system had been going on, and yet what still remained would have almost filled a house. Among other things were papers and boxes of seeds, roots, dried plants, and a variety of such matters, which Lady Hester had collected. "For," she would say, "the importance of people's pursuits is judged in a different way by different individuals. For example, Sir Joseph Bankes would think I had done wonders if I found a spider that had two more joints than another in his hind-leg; and Sir Abraham Hume would embrace me if I had got a coin not in his collection; but I have hoarded up something for everybody. And yet, whether I have done good for humanity or for science, those English give me credit for nothing, and never even once ask how I got into debt."

February 10. — I spent four hours with Lady Hester Stanhope this evening. She was very ill, and greatly convulsed during the major part of the time. She moaned a good deal. Yet, in the intervals of ease that she got, she had two baskets of good things packed up as a present to an old French widow, and two for an infirm old man, her pensioner, residing at Sayda.

Monday, February 13.— Lady Hester to-day dictated the following letter to Sir Edward Sugden:—

Lady Hester Stanhope to Sir Edward Sugden.

Jôon, February 12, 1838.

Sir,

Born an aristocrat (for this assurance I received from your father, whom it appeared to annoy as much as it delighted me), with these genuine feelings it will not be necessary for me to make any excuses for bringing so abruptly before you a subject, which relates to this cause as well as that of justice.

I will not bore you with long details; for it will be sufficient for you to know that after my arrival in the East I was not regarded by any class of persons with the same eyes of suspicion as strangers generally are. I have had it in my power, without making use of intrigue or subterfuge on my part, or hurting the religious or political feelings of others in any way, to hear and investigate things which had never yet been investigated. This fortunate circumstance does not relate to those who profess Islamism alone, but to all the curious religions (not sects) which are to be found in the different parts of the East. Not that I have learned the secrets of one religion to betray them to another—on the contrary, I have observed an inviolable silence with all; but it has served to enlighten, as well as consolidate my own ideas, and given me an opportunity of seeking corroboratory evidence of many wonderfully important and abstract things, which has been hitherto very satisfactory.

The revolutions and public calamities, which often take place in what is called a semi-barbarous country, call for great presence of mind and energy, and a degree of humanity and

liberality unknown in Europe. To have unfortunate sufferers starving at your gate until you have had an opportunity of inquiring into their private life and character, and of investigating how far it is likely to endanger your own life, or risk your property, in receiving them—these reflections are not made in the East. One takes one's chance; and if one wishes to keep up the character of either an Eastern monarch or an Eastern peasant, you must treat even an enemy in misfortune *avec les mêmes égards* that you would do a friend. Starting upon this principle (which is, indeed, a natural one, and was always mine), there were times in which I have been obliged to spend more money than I could well afford, and this has been the cause of my incurring debts; not that I owe a farthing to a poor peasant or a tradesman, but all to usurers and rascals, that have lent their money out at an exorbitant interest. You may judge of their conscience. In the last levy of troops, made about two months ago by Ibrahim Pacha, some rich peasants gave 100 per cent. for six months for money to buy off their sons who were conscripts.

I often abuse the English; and for why? because they have nearly lost their national character. The aristocracy is a proud, morose, inactive class of men, having no great fundamental principles to guide them, and not half the power that they give to themselves—very little more worthy of being trusted by their Sovereigns than by the people — full of ideas, all egotistical, and full of their own importance and weight in a country, which may differ from an ounce to a pound in twenty-four hours by the wavering political line of conduct that they may observe during that time, and which neither secures the confidence of the people nor the friendship of their Sovereign. And

these columns of state may be reckoned a sort of ministers without responsibility, but who ought to be willing at all times to make every possible sacrifice for the honour of the crown and for the good of the people in cases of emergency and misfortune.

Had I been an English peer, do you suppose I would have allowed the Duke of York's debts to remain unpaid? I should have laid down a large sum, and have engaged my brethren to have done the same. If I had not succeeded, I should have broken my coronet, and have considered myself of neither greater nor smaller importance than the sign of a duke's head in front of a public-house. But, ever willing to come forward with my life and property, I should expect that the Sovereign would treat me with respect, * * *

* * * * * *

I have been written to by the Consul-General for Egypt and Syria, Colonel Campbell, that, if I do not pay *one* of my numerous creditors, I shall be deprived of my pension. I should like to see that person come forward who dares to threaten a Pitt! Having given themselves a supposed right over the pension, they may take it all. In the early part of my life, there was nothing I feared so much as plague, shipwreck, and debt; it has been my fate to suffer from them all. Respecting my debts, of course I had expectations of their being settled; but if I was deceived in these expectations, I kept in view the sale of my pension, as well as of an annuity of £1500 a-year, left me by my brother, if the worst came to the worst. The importance of the plan I was pursuing must, as you can easily imagine,

have appeared most arbitrary, from my coolly deliberating that the moment might arrive when I should make myself a beggar: but I should have done my duty. What sort of right, then, had the Queen to meddle with my affairs, and to give orders, in total ignorance of the subject, upon the strength of an appeal from a man whose claims might be half fabulous, and to offer me the indignity of forbidding a foreign consul to sign the certificate that I was among the number of the living, in order to get my pension into her hands? * *

* * * * * *

I have written a few lines on the subject, and there is my final determination: — "I shall give up my pension, and with it the name of an English subject, and the slavery that is entailed upon it." I have too much confidence in the great Disposer of all things, and in the magnificent star that has hitherto borne me above the heads of my enemies, to feel that I have done a rash act. I can be anything but ignoble, or belie the origin from which I sprang.

I have been assured by those not likely to deceive me, that a large property has been left me in Ireland, which has been concealed from me by my relations. I have put this business into the hands of Sir Francis Burdett; but should I in future require a law opinion upon the subject, *the little aristocratical rascal* (whose acquaintance I was about to make when a child, had not a democratical quirk of my father's been the reason of shutting up his family for some time in the country, and preventing the execution of your father's intention of presenting you to me) will not, I hope, take it ill that I should apply to his superior talents for advice.

There is a horrible jealousy respecting the friendship that

exists between me and Mr. Henry Guys, the French Consul at Beyrout. His grandfather, a learned old gentleman, was in constant correspondence with the great Lord Chesterfield. It is natural, therefore, that his son, the present Mr. Guys' father, should feel interested about me when I first came into the country, and Mr. Henry Guys has always put into execution his father's friendly intentions towards me. He is a very respectable man, and stands very high in the estimation of all classes of persons: and as at one time there was no English consul or agent at Sayda, the French agent sent a certificate of my life four times a-year to England. At the death of this man, Mr. Guys sent it himself. If you honour me with a reply, I request you to address your letter to him (*aux soins de M. le Chevalier Henri Guys, Consul de France à Beyrout*), notwithstanding he has been named for Aleppo; as it is the only way I am likely to receive my letters unopened, or perhaps at all.

Believe me, with esteem and regard, yours,

H. L. STANHOPE.

I was much exhausted to-day. I had written six hours to her dictation the preceding day, and now sat talking until midnight; but, from the late hour at which I left her, it was as usual impossible for me to note down even a hundredth part of what she said. For example, it is now nearly one o'clock in the morning; and much as I could wish, whilst my recollection is fresh, to make a few

memorandums of the many things she has been saying, my eyelids droop, and I am forced to lay down my pen: yet one anecdote I must try to commit to paper. In reading over the letter to Sir Edward Sugden, she made the following remark: "The peers in England may be compared to doctors who have made their fortunes: if they continue to practice, they do it out of regard to some particular families, or from humane motives. They know better than those who are sick what is good for them, because they have had long practice; and, if their sons are no doctors, they have heard so much talk about the matter, that they sit in a corner, and watch the effect of the medicine."

I was struck with the resemblance of Lady Hester's style to Junius's in her letter to Sir Edward. This led me to reflect, as I had observed on many occasions that Lady Hester's language was the counterpart of her grandfather's, whether Lord Chatham might not have been the author of Junius's Letters; but it has since been suggested to me that there would be an absurdity in such a supposition (for I had no opportunity of consulting books where I was), because some of the most eloquent passages of Junius are his panegyrics on Lord Chatham, and it

is not likely that he would have been guilty of writing a eulogium on himself; however, I mentioned it to her. She answered, "My grandfather was perfectly capable and likely to write and do things which no human being would dream came from his hands. I once met with one of his spies," continued she, "a woman of the common class, who had passed her life dressed in man's clothes. In this way she went, as a sailor, to America, and used to write him letters as if to a sweetheart, giving an account of the enemy's ships and plans in a most masterly way, in the description of a box of tools, or in something so unlike the thing in question that no suspicion could be had of the meaning of the contents. This woman by accident passed me at a watering-place, whilst I was sitting near the sea-side talking to my brother, and stopped short on hearing the sound of my voice, which was so much like my grandfather's that it struck her. And there is nothing extraordinary in this: I have known a horse do the same thing. My father had two piebald horses: they were very vicious, and hated one of the grooms so, that, one day, whilst he was taking them out for exercise, one threw him, and the other flew at him, and attempted to strike him with his fore-feet; but, as

he could not succeed, the other, that had run off, turned back, seized the groom with his teeth, and bit him and shook him. That very horse went blind, and got into an innkeeper's hands, who made a post horse of him. One day, on the high road, I saw him, and made an exclamation to somebody who was with me. The horse, although blind, knew my voice, and stopped short, just like the woman. I too was struck with the woman's manner; and, without saying anything, went next morning at daylight, before anybody was about, to the same spot, and, finding the woman there again, inquired who and what she was. A conversation ensued, and the woman was delighted, she said, to behold once again something that reminded her of her old employer. As for the ministers of the present day, she observed, they are good for nothing. When I went to prefer my claim for a pension, one called me Goody-two-shoes, and told me to go about my business.

"A government should never employ spies of the description generally chosen—men of a certain appearance and information, who may be enabled to mix in genteel society: they are always known or suspected. My grandfather pursued quite a different plan. His spies were among such people as Logmagi

—a hardy sailor, who would get at any risk into a port, to see how many ships there were, and how many effective men—or a pedlar, to enter a camp—and the like. This was the way he got information as to the state of the armament at Toulon: and such a one was the woman I have just told you about, who knew me by the sound of my voice.

"There were two hairdressers in London, the best spies Buonaparte had. A hairdresser, generally speaking, must be a man of talent—so must a cook; for a cook must know such a variety of things, about which no settled rules can be laid down, and he must have great judgment.

"Do you think I did not immediately perceive that those four Germans we met at ——— were spies? directly. I never told B**** and Lord S**** because they would have let it out again. François was the only one who knew it besides myself. He took an opportunity one day of saying to me, when nobody was by, 'My lady, one of those Germans......'—'Yes, yes, François, I understand you,' answered I, before he had said three words: 'you need not put me on my guard, but I am much obliged to you.'—'Why, my lady,' said François, 'when I was one day standing sentry at Buonaparte's tent, there was one

of those very gentlemen I have seen go in and out: I recollect his face perfectly.' François was right, doctor: there they were—there was the sick one, and the learned one, and the musician, and the officer —for all sorts of persons.

"You recollect, when we were at Constantinople, one day I went to meet the Count de la Tour Maubourg on the banks of the Bosphorus, and he intimated to me that I had kept him waiting. 'Yes,' said I, 'there was a spy following my boat: I knew him directly, and wanted to prevent his dogging me.' 'Pooh! nonsense,' replied Mr. de la T. M: but we had not talked for half an hour, when lo! there he was, taking a look at us. Next day, when I saw Mr. Canning, 'Oh! Lady Hester,' said he, 'how did you spend your day yesterday?'—'Why,' answered I, 'your spy did not spoil it.'—'Ah!' rejoined he, laughing—for he perceived at once it was of no use to make a mystery of what he had done—'you should not do such things—I must write it home to government.'—'Yes,' said I, 'I'll write a letter, too, in this way:—My lord, your excellent young minister, to show his gallantry, has begun his diplomatic career by watching ladies in their assignations, &c. &c.' and then I laughed at him, and then I talked

seriously with him, till I made him cry—yes, doctor, made him cry.

"Spies, as I said before, should never be what are called gentlemen, or have the appearance of such; for, however well they may be paid, somebody else will always pay them better;—unless fortune should throw in your way a man of integrity, who, from loyalty or a love of his country, will adventure everything for the cause he is engaged in: such a man is another sort of a thing!"

February 14.—Being Wednesday, I was, as usual, deprived of the honour of seeing Lady Hester until night; I therefore remained with my family, and, having recovered the lost spoon, which my servant produced out of fear of Hamâady's examination, pretending to have found it, I took the opportunity of settling his wages and turned him away.

After sunset, I waited on her. She was in low spirits. "I am very weak," said she. "Look at my veins—they did not use to be so: look at my arms, too—mere skin and bone." She pointed to the state of her room: "See how filthy it is again already," she observed; "and if I say a word, those wretches seem not to mind me—they snub me, doctor."

She attempted to dictate the letter she proposed writing to the Duke of Wellington, but was unable. We drank tea. "Do you know," she said, "when old Malti" (this was the name Mr. Abella, the English agent, was generally designated by) "came in such a hurry, the other day, with Colonel Campbell's letter, and made such a fuss about delivering it with his own hand, people fancied I was going to die, and that he was come up to seal my effects the moment the breath should be out of my body. But, if I do die, they sha'n't seal anything of mine: I'll take care of that; for I am no longer an English subject, and therefore they have nothing to do with me."

Again she asked me to take my pen and paper, and returned to the Duke of Wellington's letter. "I can't collect my ideas," she said. "One while I am thinking of what Mr. Pitt said of him; then of the letter he wrote when invited down to the county ball; then of what he is now: so put down your paper, and ring for a pipe. The duke is a man self-taught, for he was always in dissipation. I recollect, one day, Mr. Pitt came into the drawing-room to me—'Oh!' said he, 'how I have been bored by Sir Sydney coming with his box full of papers, and keeping me for a couple of hours, when I had so much to do!' I

observed to him that heroes were generally vain: 'Lord Nelson is so.'—'So he is,' replied Mr. Pitt; 'but not like Sir Sydney: and how different is Arthur Wellesley, who has just quitted me! He has given me details so clear upon affairs in India! and he talked of them, too, as if he had been a surgeon of a regiment, and had nothing to do with them; so that I know not which to admire most, his modesty or his talents: and yet the fate of India depends upon them.' Then, doctor, when I recollect the letter he wrote to Edward Bouverie, in which he said that he could not come down to the ball which Bouverie had invited him to, for that his only corbeau coat was so bad, he was ashamed to appear in it, I reflect what a rise he has had in the world. Bouverie said—'You would like to dance with him amazingly, Lady Hester: he is a good fellow.'

"He was at first, doctor, nothing but what hundreds of others are in a country town—a man who danced, and drank hard. His star has done everything for him; for he is not a great general. He is no tactician, nor has he any of those great qualities that make a Cæsar, or a Pompey, or even a Buonaparte. As for the battle of Waterloo, both French and English have told me that it was a lucky battle

for him, but nothing more. I don't think he acted well at Paris: nor did the soldiers like him."

Thursday, February 15.—This morning, the letter to the Duke of Wellington was written, and after dinner I copied it out.

Lady Hester Stanhope to the Duke of Wellington.

Jôon, February 13, 1838.

My dear Duke,

If you merit but half the feeling and eloquent praise I heard bestowed upon you shortly before I saw you for the first time, you are the last man in the world either to be offended or to misconstrue my motives in writing to you upon the subject in question, or not to know how to account for the warmth of the expressions I may make use of, which are only characteristic of my disposition.

Your Grace's long residence in the East will have taught you that there is no common rate character in England an adequate judge what manner of living best answers among a semi-barbarous people, and how little possible it is to measure one's expenses where frequent revolutions and petty wars are carried on without any provision for the sufferers, from its being considered the duty of every one to assist them as his humanity may dictate, or as his circumstances may afford.

Acre besieged for seven months! Some days, 7,000 balls thrown in in twenty-four hours!—at last, taken by storm, and

little more than 200 of the garrison remaining!—then the wretched inhabitants, who expected to find succour from their old friends in the country, finding their backs turned upon them in the dread and awe they stood in of Ibrahim Pasha; nay, it is very strange to say that the Franks likewise held back in a most extraordinary manner. Therefore, these unhappy people had no resource but in me, and I did the best I could for them all. Mahomet Ali, Ibrahim Pasha, Sheriff Pasha, all set at me at once, in order to make me give up certain persons, who immediately would have lost their heads for having fought well in the cause which they were engaged in. I opposed them all round single-handed, and said that I neither protected these persons in the English or French name, but in my own, as a poor Arab, who would not give up an unhappy being but with his own life; that there was no other chance of making me bend by any other means than by attempting mine. In this manner I saved some unfortunate beings, whom I got rid of by degrees, by sending them back to their own country, or providing for them at a distance in some way or another. Can you, as a soldier, blame me for what I have done? I should have acted in the same way before your eyes to the victims of your own sword. Then the host of orphans, and widows, and little children, who, to feed or clothe for nearly two years, took away all the ready money with which I ought in part to have paid my debts, and caused new ones!—Yet I am no swindler, and will not appear like one. Your Queen had no business to meddle in my affairs. In due time, please God, I should have known how to arrange to satisfy everybody, even if I left myself a beggar. If she pretends to have a right to stop my pension, I resign it altogether, as well as the name of

an English subject; for there is no family that has served their country and the crown more faithfully than mine has done, and I am not inclined to be treated with *moins d'égards* than was formerly shown to a gentleman-like highwayman.

I have been every day in expectation of a reply from Sir F. Burdett respecting a large property which is said to have been left me in Ireland, and which has been concealed from me for many years. In case of its coming into my hands, I shall still not keep my pension, in order to cut off every communication with the English Government, from whom only proceed acts of folly, which any moment may rebound upon an individual. I chose Sir Francis Burdett to look into my affairs, because I believe him to be a truly conscientious honest man. Although we always disagreed upon politics, we were always the best friends. It appears to me that he is beginning to see things in their proper light. You may say it is strange that I apply to a person out of my own family. My brother, Lord Stanhope, having dined with Lord Holland, to meet Mr. Fox, when Mr. Pitt was on his death-bed, when I regretted this unhappy inadvertency, which I believed it to be, I was so shocked with the cold-blooded answer that he gave me, that, in the agitation I was in, I made a vow never to see him again. This I have kept, and have had no connexion or communication with him since the period of Mr. Pitt's death. Therefore, all that I have to entreat of your Grace is to allow me to appear in the light in which I really stand—attached to humanity, and attached to royalty, and attached to the claims that one human being has upon another. Nor can I allow myself to be deemed an intriguer; because I have said here, in all societies, that persons who abet those who attempt to shake the

throne of Sultan Mahmoud shake the throne of their own sovereign, and, therefore, commit high treason: and among that class of persons I do not choose to rank myself. Nor am I to be reckoned an incendiary, when I seek to vindicate my own character, that never was marked with either baseness or folly. It may have been, perhaps, with too little consideration for what are called by the world my own interests, and which I, in fact, despise, or at least only consider in a secondary point of view. There is nobody more capable of making the Queen understand that a Pitt is a unique race than your Grace: there is no trifling with them.

I have sent a duplicate of the enclosed letter to Her Majesty to my Lord Palmerston, through the hands of the English Consul, Mr. Moore. If it has not reached her safe, I hope that you will see that this one does: or otherwise I shall put it in the *Augsburg Gazette*, or in an American newspaper.[1]

* * * * * *

HESTER LUCY STANHOPE.

At eleven at night I joined her at tea in her bedroom. She then asked me to read all the letters over, to see if anything wanted correction. After that, calling for her old parchment-covered blotting-book,

[1] Several lines are here wanting, owing to a half sheet of paper having been lost in quarantine. They were highly complimentary to his grace, and their omission is to be regretted.

she took them one by one, and folded them herself, "in order," as she said, "to give me instructions on that head." Generally speaking, she never seemed more happy than when she had a huge packet of despatches to put up. I dare say it reminded her of former times.

She began—"Now, doctor, a letter to a great man should fold over exactly to the middle—thus. Lord! what counting-house paper have you got here?—this will never do" (it was the thin paper common in France as letter-paper). I told her it was the very best there was in the house, and added, to quiet her, that thick paper, when fumigated in quarantine, as this must be, generally seemed to me to suffer more than thin; which is the fact. "Humph — ah! well, it is too late now to alter it; so it must go as it is." She then folded the cover with great exactitude; but, looking round her, she cried, "There, now, that black beast has not given me the seal!" (ding, ding). "Zezefôon, where's the seal?" Zezefôon was the only servant who was permitted to touch the seal, and she always had orders to put it away carefully, so that the other maids should not know where it was, for fear they should lend it to some rascal, (like Girius Gemmel, she would say,) who would put her

signature to some forged letter or paper: and Zezefôon, as is customary with uneducated persons, hid it very often so carefully that she could not find it herself. After turning books and papers upside down, at last she produced it.

Whilst melting the wax in the candle, Lady Hester went on:—" Doctor, you never now can seal a letter decently: you once used to do it tolerably well, but now you have lost your memory and all your faculties, from talking nothing but rubbish and empty nonsense to those nasty women; and that's the reason why you never listen to anything one says, and answer 'yes,' and 'no,' without knowing to what."

I gave her the letters in succession to seal, until exhausted by the effort—for now the least thing was too much for her—she fell back in her bed. She roused herself again, and said, " Now let's direct them. Where is the one to the Queen? Write Victoria Regina—nothing else—in the middle...... that will do very well. Whose is that?—the Speaker's: very well. I wonder if it *is* the brother I used to play driving horses with; for there were several brothers. Now, look for his address—James —ah! that's him. Direct 'To the Right Hon. Speaker'...... no, stop: put 'To the Right Hon.

James Abercrombie, with three et ceteras, Carlton Gardens.' "

The next letter was the Duke of Wellington's. Lady Hester said, " Let me see—he's a field-marshal—ah, never mind. You must begin—' To His Grace the Duke of Wellington, K. G.' " I accordingly did so, and not knowing how much more was coming to complete the superscription, I put it all, for fear of wanting room, into one line. Her eye was on me as I wrote. " What's that?—shew it me," she cried out; and taking the letter in her hands, she put on her spectacles. What an exclamation burst from her! " Good God, doctor, are you mad?—what can you mean?—what is this vulgar ignorance, not to know that ' His Grace' should be in one line, and ' The Duke of Wellington, K. G.' in the other: what people will he fancy I am got among? why, the lowest clerk in the Foreign Office would not have made such a blunder. This is your fine Oxford education!" and then she gave a deep sigh, as if in utter despair, to think that a letter should go forth from her hands so different in paper, seal, and address, from those of her early days, when she reigned in Downing Street, co-equal with Mr. Pitt. Now it was a rickety old card-table, a rush-bottomed chair, a white pipe-

clay inkstand, wax that would not be used in a counting-house in Cheapside;—and both the Sultaness and her vizir (for so I shall presume to style her and myself), fitting their spectacles on their noses, equally blind, equally old, and almost equally ailing.

I finished the address to the Duke. "How many et ceteras have you put?" asked Lady Hester.—"What! only two? I suppose you think he's a nobody!" The remaining letters were directed without farther trouble, but, by some unaccountable blunder, Sir Edward Sugden was made a Sir Charles of. A long deliberation ensued, whether the letter to Her Majesty should be enclosed in a cover to Lord Palmerston, or whether it should be left to be seen by the English consul at Beyrout, to frighten him.

It was now three o'clock in the morning. I left Lady Hester, and had Ali Hayshem, the confidential messenger, called out of his bed. I repeated to him Lady Hester's instructions as follows:—"You are to take this packet, and start at sunrise precisely—not before, and not after—and to take care you deliver the letters into M. Guys's hands before sunset: for it is Friday, and Friday is an auspicious day. There are ten piasters for your two days' keep, and let no one know where you are going, nor for what."

Ali was accustomed to this business—laid his hand on his head to signify that should answer for his fidelity—made a low salàam—went to the cook for his five bread-cakes—turned in again upon his libàd—pulled his counterpane over his body, face and all, and, I dare say, was punctual to his hour and his instructions. This sort of men, who are generally chosen from the peasantry, are invaluable as foot-messengers. With a *naboot* or small bludgeon, well knobbed at one end, and with a few bread-cakes in their girdle, they will set off at any hour, in any weather, for any place, and go as quick as a horseman. They sleep anywhere and anyhow, and deliver their messages and letters with exceeding punctuality. Ali was a handsome fellow, the picture of health, fearless of danger, and a great favourite with Lady Hester, to whose service he was devoted. Therefore, at every Byràm, Ali was sure to be seen in a new suit of clothes, the envy of the men, and the admiration of all the girls of Jôon: but he knew how to make a proper use of his money. Already he had begun to trade with some success in silk, advancing small sums in the winter to the poor women who breed silkworms, for which he received silk in payment: this he resold in the city; and those who may chance to meet with Ali ten

years hence might find in him a warm trades-
man, smoking his pipe in the midst of his ob-
sequious dependants, and dignified with the title of
Shaykh.



CHAPTER IX.

Lady Hester in an alcove in her garden—Lucky days observed by her—Consuls' rights—Mischief caused by Sir F. B.'s neglect in answering Lady Hester's letters—Rashes common in Syria—Visit of an unknown Englishman—Story of Hanah Messàad—Lady Hester's love of truth—Report of her death—Michael Tutungi—Visit from the Chevalier Guys—His reception at Dayr el Mkhallas—Punishment of the shepherd, Câasem—Holyday of the Korbàn Byràm—Fatôom's *accouchement*—Lady Hester's aversion to consular interference—Evenings at Jôon—Old Pierre—Saady.



CHAPTER IX.

Friday, February 16, 1838.—About two in the afternoon, on going to pay my visit to Lady Hester Stanhope, I proceeded to her bed-room, thinking, as usual, to find her there, but was told by her maids she was gone into the garden. The day was overcast, and there was every appearance of rain. I found her standing in one of the garden-walks, leaning on her stick (such as those which elderly ladies were accustomed formerly to use in England, and perhaps may now), and pale as a ghost. "Doctor," said she. "I have got out of my room that those beasts may clean it; but, if you don't go to them, they'll steal everything." After expressing my fears that she had chosen a bad day to come out, I left her. I saw her room put into as much order as the confusion in it would admit of. It was crowded with bundles one

upon another, as before ; books, papers, candle-ends, phials, glasses, medicines, and an accumulation of things for which there was no room, and numberless trifles, which she dared not put into any other part of the house, lest they should be stolen.

Independent of her desire to be more clean and comfortable, I guessed at once why she had left her bed-room to go into the garden. It was the struggle which the sick often make—the resolution of an unsubdued spirit, that finds corporeal ailments weighing down the body, whilst the mind is yet unsubdued. It was Friday too, the day in all the week she held as most auspicious.

When I returned into the garden, I found her lying on a sofa, in a beautiful alcove, one of three or four that embellished her garden, and an attendant standing with his hands folded across his breast, in an attitude of respect before her. At these moments, she always wore the air of a Sultaness. In this very alcove how often had she acted the queen, issued her orders, summoned delinquents before her, and enjoyed the semblance of that absolute power, which was the latent ambition of her heart! Hence it was that she at last got rid of all European servants, because they would not submit to arbitrary punishments, but would per-

sist in raising their voices in self-justification. With the Turks it was not so. Accustomed, in the courts of governors and Pashas, to implicit obedience and submission, they resigned themselves to her rule as a matter of course. In transferring, however, their servility to her, as their mistress, they also transferred the vices and dangers which servility engenders: namely, lying, theft, sycophancy, intrigue, and treachery.

Saturday, February 17.—During the whole of this day I did not see Lady Hester, and I was not sorry for it. Her thoughts were now constantly running on the inexplicable silence of Sir Francis Burdett. "He is a man of honour," she would say. "I suppose he has to write to Ireland, and to the right and left about my property; or perhaps they have got hold of him, too;—who knows? I am sure something must have happened." As each succeeding steam-boat arrived, a messenger was sent to Beyrout, but still no answer. Then she reflected what she should do, if Sir Francis at last should furnish her with proofs that no property had been left her. Beggary stared her in the face. In the mean time, she had no means of raising a single farthing before the first of March, when she could draw for £300. But of this sum £200

were due to Mr. Dromacaiti, a Greek merchant at Beyrout, who had lent her money at an exorbitant interest, but on her word, and this, therefore, she would pay, I knew, if possible. During all this time, my family remained in almost total ignorance of what was going on within Lady Hester's walls as much as if they had been living in China. I was, also, as I have said above, obliged to conceal, in a great measure, her illness from them. They rode and walked out on the mountains, fed their bulbuls, enjoyed the fine climate, and wondered what made me look so thin and careworn: for thought and care preyed on my spirits, and I wasted away almost as perceptibly as Lady Hester herself.

Sunday, February 18. — To-day Lady Hester was sitting up in the corner of her bed-room. Her look was deadly pale, and her head was wrapped up in flannels, just like her grandfather the last day he appeared in the House of Lords. Without intending it, everything she did bore a resemblance to that great man.

Ali had returned from Beyrout without a letter. "Did Ali Hayshem," she asked me, "set off at sunrise on Friday? I am glad he did. Do you know, I once sent Butrus to Beyrout to fetch money; and I

said to him, 'If you get in on Monday night, don't come away on Tuesday or Wednesday; for those are unlucky days: loiter away those two days, and be here on Thursday night. However, he paid no attention to my instructions, and on Wednesday evening he made his appearance. 'Why did you come before Thursday?' I asked him. He answered, 'That the bag of money, having been delivered to him, he had brought it immediately, and you see, Mylady, here it is: nobody, thank God! has robbed me.' — 'That does not signify,' I told him; 'you will see there is no *bereky* [blessing] in it.' Do you know, doctor, I paid the people's wages immediately, and it was well I did; for some ten or twelve thousand piasters, chest and all, disappeared the next day. 'There, look,' said I to him! 'I told you that money never would turn to account.'"

The conversation reverted to Colonel Campbell's letter. "I have told the secretary," said she, "to tell his father, that, if he dares make his appearance here again, I'll send a bullet through his body. Not one of them shall lay their vile hands on me or mine. I have strength enough to strangle him, and I would do it, though it should cost me my life. As for Mr. Moore, he perhaps may have a *habeas corpus* by him;

but it only is good for twenty-four hours, and I should know how to manage. Consuls have no right over nobility; they may have over merchants, and such people: but they never shall come near me, and I would shoot the first that dared to do it. The English are a set of intermeddling, nasty, vulgar, odious people, and I hate them all. The very Turks laugh at them. Out of ridicule, they told one, if he was so clever, to straiten a dog's tail. Yes, he might straiten and straiten, but it would soon bend again; and they may bend me and bend me, if they can, but I fancy they will find it a difficult matter: for you may tell them that, when I have made up my mind to a thing, no earthly being can alter my determination. If they want a devil, let them try me, and they shall have enough of it.

"When the steamboat came, and brought no letter to-day from Sir Francis Burdett, you thought I should be ill on receiving the news: but I am not a fool. I suppose he is occupied with his daughter's legacy, or with parliamentary business."

I had received a letter from a lady, which I had occasion to read to her. When I had done, and she had expressed her thanks for the flower-seeds sent her, she added, "What I do not like in Mrs. U.'s

letter is, that foolish way of making a preamble about her not liking to leave so much white paper in all its purity, and all those turns and phrases which people use. That was very well for a Swift or a Pope, who, having promised to write to somebody once a fortnight, and having nothing to say, made a great number of points to fill up the paper. But a letter that has matter in it should be written with a distinct narration of the business, and that's all. Do you think such people as Mr. Pitt or Lord Chatham, my grandfather, liked those nonsensical phrases? No; they threw the letter aside, or else cast their eyes over it to see if, on the other page, there was anything to answer about."

February 19.—I was riding this morning with my family beyond the village, which is separated by a deep valley from Lady Hester's residence, when I saw two servants on the verge of the opposite hill, vociferating —"Come directly, come instantly!" and waiving their white turbans. I reflected that, if I put my horse into a gallop, the people of the village would immediately conclude that Lady Hester was dying; and the news (as news always gains by distance) would be the next day at Sayda that she was dead. I therefore continued the same pace; and, although the

servants redoubled their signs and cries, I steadily retraced my steps. When I had dismounted, I was told her ladyship was in a terrible way, unlike anything they had ever seen. I hurried to her bed-room. She was sitting on the side of her bed, weeping and uttering those extraordinary cries, which I have before compared to something hardly human. She clasped her hands and exclaimed repeatedly, "Oh, God! oh, God! what misery! what misery!" When she was a little calmed, and I could collect from her what was the matter, she told me that, having fallen into a doze, she awoke with a sense of suffocation from tightness across her chest, and, being unable to ring or call, she thought she should have died. "Thus," said she, "am I treated like a dog, with nobody to administer to my wants;" and so she went on in the usual strain. I was suffering at this time from the nettle-rash, but treated it lightly, and thought Lady Hester would do so too: until, having unluckily alluded to it, a fresh source of uneasiness was inadvertently started. "Good God, doctor!" cried she, "to come out of doors with a nettlerash on you! Go to your house immediately; get to bed, keep yourself warm, and remain there until it is cured. After four or five days, take such and such things; then go to the bath, then

take some bark, &c., &c. How many persons have I known go mad and die from it! You treat it as nothing? why, you will drive me crazy. In God's name, never mind *me*; only go and take care of yourself. You will act in your own usual inconsiderate manner, and I shall have to bury another in this house. Oh, God! oh, God! what am I doomed to!" and then followed fresh cries and fresh lamentations.

Could Sir Francis Burdett have seen all this, and have known that five words of a letter, sent a month or two sooner, in answer to her inquiries about the property she thought was left her, would have probably saved all this excitement, he would have found reason to reproach himself for his long silence. I knew the workings of her mind full well, and that her proud spirit, wounded by the general neglect she met with, vented itself in tears, seemingly, for other causes than the real ones. I recollected a succession of similar scenes about twenty years before at Mar Elias, when she was expecting letters from the Duke of Buckingham; but then she was sounder in bodily health, and could better bear such convulsive paroxysms of grief. Now, she was labouring under pulmonary disease, was old, was in distress, and the consequences might prove fatal.

I left her before dinner. "Good by, doctor!" she said, in a kind tone: "I cannot tell you how much I am obliged to you for everything you do for me; and send me a servant twice a day to let me know how you are. I shall be uneasy about you; I can't help it: from my childhood I have been so. How many times in my life have I spent days and days in trying to make others comfortable! I have been the slave of others, and never got any thanks for it."

I went to my house, collected all the money that remained, which was 1,190 piasters, or eleven pounds, and sent it to her to meet the current expenses of the household. For so she wished, that I might not be annoyed, said she, and have the rash driven in on my brain.

I experienced no ill effects from the nettlerash. Few persons, new to the climate of Syria, escape a rash of some description, sometimes pustular, sometimes miliary, but most frequently in the form called prickly heat, which generally attacks them in summer or autumn, and is truly distressing by the pricking sensation it produces on the skin, as if thousands of needle-points were penetrating the cuticle. Little is required in such cases but cool diet, fruit, and diluents. I performed my quarantine of four days, in compliance

with Lady Hester's wishes, and then returned to my customary mode of life.

Saturday, February 24.—As I had anticipated, a report had become very general in Beyrout and in the Mountain that Lady Hester was dead, and I received a letter from M. Guys acquainting me with it. This report was confirmed by an English gentleman, who presented himself at my gate to-day after breakfast. I was carpentering at the time, and went down the yard to him, with my hatchet and chisel in my hand. He seemed not to know what to make of me, dressed as I was in Turkish clothes, with a beard, and with my sleeves turned up like a mechanic. He held out a letter to me, addressed in a fair hand to Lady Hester: I told him this was not her gate, and that a little beyond he would find it. He said he had heard she was dead: I assured him that was not the case, but that she was greatly indisposed. I regretted to myself that I could not ask him in, or enter into conversation with him; but Lady Hester had exacted from me a solemn promise that I never would hold any parley with English travellers, until I had first conferred with her on the subject, had described them, so that she might obtain the necessary indications to enable her to guess what their business was, or until

she had read their letter of introduction, if they bore one. So he left me, and only asked whether I was an Englishman; to which I answered that I left him to judge. He appeared to be about twenty-one years of age: he had with him for his servant a Ragusean, whom my servant knew, and who, he assured me, was a drunken reprobate. Short as the stop at the gate was, the Ragusean found time to tell the other that he had famous wages: I think it was eight dollars a month. Now I gave mine, who was also a European, four, which was considered good pay, the rate being, in Lady Hester's house, from one to three. Europeans, however, always get more than people of the country, and have more wants to satisfy. How many travellers are obliged, on their landing in these countries, to take fellows into their service without a character, outcasts of society, and who in England would hardly be allowed to see the outside of a gaol!

Of this English gentleman Lady Hester never spoke to me, nor did she ever even allude to his visit: he did not see her, and, I presume, continued his road. But, if these pages ever meet his eye, he may be assured he would have met with a hospitable reception, had she been well enough to receive him, or had I been at liberty to entertain him.

It was not until to-day that, whilst at dinner, a servant came to say Lady Hester would be glad to see me in the evening. I found her weak and wan: her cheeks were sunken, and her voice was less distinct than usual; for never was there a person who spoke generally with so clear an enunciation. Logmagi was with her. Instead of receiving her welcome, and those obliging expressions which she usually employed even after the most trifling ailment, she addressed me harshly, and seemed to take pains to mortify me by using slighting expressions in Arabic that Logmagi might understand what she said. The theme of her conversation was the debasement of men who suffered themselves to be controlled by their wives. Whom has she not mortified, that she has had to do with, at some moment or another? To mortify people was one of her constant practices through life, whether in action, correspondence, or conversation. It is true, likewise, that she would deliberately inflict those incurable insults which cover a man with a sort of shame for life; as, for example, may be shown by the case of Mr. Hanah Messâad, whose one eyebrow and one whisker (he being the son of the British agent at Beyrout) were shaved off before the whole village, for having made an assertion

then supposed to be false, but which was afterwards, by her own confession to me, admitted to be true.

Hanah, or John Messâad, a handsome young man, a native of Beyrout, and the son of a former English vice-consul, was interpreter and secretary to Lady Hester for some time, and her ladyship has since bestowed great praise, in my presence, on his capacity, usefulness, and knowledge of languages. There was in her service also Michael Tutungi, son of an Armenian, who had been under-dragoman, as I understood, to the English embassy at Constantinople. Messâad, it was thought, was jealous of Michael.

It was reported in the family that Michael had been seen under a tree in very close conversation with a peasant girl, and the report was traced to Messâad. Now, the Emir Beshýr affected, or really felt, a great horror of all licentiousness, and never failed to bastinado severely every man detected, in his principality, in any such conduct. Lady Hester knew what imputations might be cast on her establishment, if such things were left unnoticed; and, fearing that Messâad's intrigues (of which she thought this report but a link) might injure Michael's character, and destroy his prospects of getting a place in the English embassy at Constantinople, to which he had some

pretensions from his father's services, she resolved to save him by making a signal example of Messâad.

She, therefore, ordered all the villagers from Jôon to be assembled on the green in front of her house, and sent for Mustafa, the barber, from Sayda, with two or three other tradesmen to be witnesses. Seating herself on a temporary divan, with all the assembly in a circle around her, not a soul dreaming what was going to take place, and Michael and Messâad standing in respectful attitudes, with their arms crossed, and covered, down to the fingers' ends, with their benyshes, by her side, she began: "That young man," said she, pointing to Michael, "is accused of irregularities with" (here she mentioned the girl's name, and the place and time of the meeting). "Now, if any one of you knows him to have been guilty of similar actions, or if, from his general conduct, under similar circumstances, any one of you thinks the thing probable, speak out, for I wish to do justice. Messâad is his accuser: they are both my people, and equally entitled to impartiality." As nobody answered, she appealed to them all again, and all replied they did not believe it.

She then turned to Messâad, and said: "Sir, you have accused this young man, who is about to be

launched into the world, and has only his good name to help him on, of abominable things: where are your witnesses?" Messâad, frightened out of his senses, replied, "that he had no witnesses; that he had seen, with his own eyes, what he had asserted, and, therefore, knew it to be so: but, as he was alone, it must rest on his own word." Her ladyship told him his word would not do against the concurring testimony of all the servants, and of a whole village; and she added, in a judge-like tone, "As your mouth and your eye have offended, the stigma shall remain on them. Servants, seize and hold him; and, barber, shave off one side of his mustachios and one eyebrow." This was done. Michael was kept about a month or two, in order that the protection he enjoyed might seal his unblemished reputation, and then was packed off to Constantinople. "Thus," said Lady Hester, "I saved a young man from destruction. Messâad has now a good place under the Sardinian consul at Beyrout; his eyebrows and mustachios are grown again; he has married, and has a family; and I dare say the Sardinian consul, if he knows anything of the story, thinks not a bit the worse of him."

The above are the words in which Lady Hester, on the 20th of January, 1831, related this singular

punishment, inflicted with the best intentions on poor Messâad. One evening, in 1837, when writing a letter to the same Messâad, for certain commissions which he had to execute for her ladyship, who was in the habit of employing him to buy pipes, cloth, and sundry other articles found in the shops at Beyrout, she spoke to me as follows. "You know, doctor, all that affair about Michael and Messâad, and how I had one side of his face shaved. Well, I found out afterwards that what Messâad had said was every bit of it true. I have made it up to him since as well as I could: he does not want abilities, and kept my house in excellent order whilst he was with me."

But this was not the first time Lady Hester had resorted to this singular mode of punishment; some years before a chastisement for similar frailties, not unlike that which Messâad underwent, as far as regarded the eyebrows, fell to the lot of a peasant girl in her ladyship's service at a village called Mushmôoshy. This was in the year 1813. How fallible are the most clearsighted persons is the only comment which can be made on such a lady's errors!

She was a dangerous person to hold intercourse with. "Live at a distance from my lady," General Loustaunau used to say to Mrs. M. (when she wanted to remove from Mar Elias to Dar Jôon, in order to

be near me); "live at a distance, or you will find, to your cost, that her neighbourhood is a hell." But be it said, to her honour, that it was from an unfeigned horror of everything mean, dishonest, or vicious, she so resolutely refused to keep terms with people who suffered themselves to be led into the commission of such acts; and her indignation descended with equal impartiality on friends and foes when they happened to deserve it. Her disposition to utter the truth, whether painful or disagreeable, overruled all other considerations.

Few people conversed with her, or received a letter from her, without being sensible of some expression or innuendo, which they were obliged to treat as a joke at the moment, but which was sure to leave its sting behind. Of upwards of a hundred letters which I have written for her at her dictation to correspondents of every rank in life, there were few which did not contain some touch of biting sarcasm or reproof; except those which were expressly written to alleviate distress, or encourage the hopeful efforts of modest worth. Never was there so inflexible a judge, or one who would do what she thought right, come what would of it. *Fiat justitia ruat cœlum* might have been written on her escutcheon.

Sunday, February 25.—Having recovered her tran-

quillity, she was to-day all kindness. I mentioned to her the report rife in Beyrout respecting her death, as M. Guys had written it. She observed on it, "If I do die, those consuls, thank God, can have nothing to do with me! I am no English subject, and they have no right to seal up my effects. Why do I keep some of my servants, although I know them to be desperate rascals, but because they have one or two qualities useful to me? It would not do for every one to run the risk, but it will for me, who know how to manage them. For example: I have got two that I can depend upon for shooting a man, or giving a consul a good blow, if he dares to set his foot within my doors, so as to prevent his ever coming again; and such are what I want just now."

She turned over in her mind how she could raise a little money, and bethought herself of Mr. Michael Tutungi, the Armenian of Constantinople, who had formerly served her in the capacity of dragoman. To him she had written in 1836, offering him the same situation he had held before, and, on his promise to come, had forwarded to him 500 dollars for the expenses of his journey, and for some commissions: but he subsequently declined the engagement, neither had he executed the commissions. She therefore desired me

to draw a bill on him, payable to M. Guys's order, and to request M. Guys to discount it; for, during my nettlerash, Lady Hester had given away the greatest part of the 1,190 piasters to a family ruined by the earthquake. It was in vain to represent to her that she was in want of the money herself: "I can't help it," she would say; "I am not mistress of myself on such occasions."

Tuesday, February 27.—Lady Hester got up, went into her garden, and felt better. She had at last found out that repletion, arising even from what would be called small quantities of food and drink in health, was very injurious in sickness; and she had grown more moderate in her diet, not swallowing one liquid upon another, nor eating four or five times a-day. Honey and butter mixed was now what she derived most benefit from, and spermaceti linctuses. The moment she found anything soothed her cough, she immediately sent off an order to Beyrout for an immense quantity of it, or to Europe, if at Beyrout it was not to be had: she was never satisfied that her medicine-chest was full enough. It will hardly be credited that of Epsom salts she had a cask full, of the size of a firkin. She masticated aniseeds as a remedy against dyspepsia, and smoked them sprinkled on the tobacco

of her pipe: of course they were very injurious to her, but it was idle to remonstrate.

February 29.—Lady Hester's first topic of conversation to-day was her maids. "What a *hywân* [beast] is that *Sâady!*" she said: "when she awakes in the morning, she crawls on all-fours exactly like an animal. I am convinced she is nothing more: her back is only fit to carry a pair of panniers." I agreed with her ladyship, and told her what I had seen her do the day before. With one springing lift she raised from the floor to her head a circular *mankàl* or chafing-dish, two feet in diameter, and piled up with live coals—and, without holding it, but merely balancing it on her head, she stooped perpendicularly, and seized with her two hands another mankál of baked earth of equal size, filled with live coals also, and, lifting it, carried them both at once into the drawing-room to warm the apartment. These are the feats of dexterity and strength in which Syrian women excel, and in which they far surpass all European maids.

March 1.—Monsieur Henry Guys, the French consul, having been advanced to the superior situation of Aleppo, and being about to quit our part of the country, arrived unexpectedly at Jôon to take his leave. It was Tuesday, and just after sunset, when

he entered the gate. Lady Hester had, about a quarter of an hour before, hurried me away from her, as the sun was going to set, and it would have been unlucky, had I left her a minute after the sun was down. "I shall not see you to-morrow," said she, "as it will be Wednesday." Therefore, when she was told that Monsieur Guys was come, it discomposed her very much, and she sent word that, whatever his business was, she could not see him until after sunset next day.

As M. Guys was thus transferred to me for twenty-four hours, I took the opportunity of letting him know how disquieted I felt at having such great responsibility on my shoulders, whilst Lady Hester was so ill, and surrounded by a set of servants whom I considered as so many cut-throats.

My position was extremely uncomfortable. Should Lady Hester die, I foresaw I should be exposed, alone as I was, to many difficulties and dangers. The Druze insurrection afforded every facility to an assassin or robber for putting himself beyond the reach of justice: since, in about five or six hours, he could find a sure refuge from capture. He revived my spirits by assuring me I need be under no alarm. "All of them are known," said he, "and have their families and rela-

tions hereabouts: that one circumstance must always be a check upon them. If they were not natives of the province, then I should say you were not safe among them. As for Lady Hester, you know her determined character—if she is resolved to keep them, you cannot help it. There is one," added he, "whom I could wish not to be here; I thought him gone a year ago." This was the one whom Lady Hester relied on for sending a bullet through the consul's body.

There is a large stone edifice of great extent, distant about three-quarters of a mile, as the crow flies, from the village of Jôon, more like a fortress than the peaceable habitation of Cenobites. It is the monastery of *Dayr el Mkhallas*, or the Saviour, and contains about fifty friars of the Greek Catholic church, which repudiates the Pope, recognizing as its spiritual head its own patriarch. M. Guys enjoyed the unlimited confidence of these people as the well-tried and efficient friend of the Catholic church throughout Syria; and it was no sooner known that he was in the neighbourhood, than the superior of the monastery gave him to understand that a visit from him would be received as a great honour by the monks. M. Guys devoted the morning to this gratifying object, and his reception was in the highest degree flattering. When he arrived

at the foot of the Mount, on the summit of which the monastery stands, he was saluted by a merry peal of church-bells, and then the whole body of the friars, with the cross borne before them, came out in procession to meet him. The greatest ceremony was observed on the occasion, and sherbet, coffee, pipes, aspersion of rose-water, and homage, were lavished on him, not less in the hope of securing a continuation of his good offices, than as expressive of gratitude for past kindnesses: for no man holding official rank in Syria has ever enjoyed more popularity, or obtained more general consideration, than the Chevalier Guys. Descended from an ancient family of Provence, in which the consular rank may be almost said to have become hereditary, the Levant saw, at the beginning of the present century, the rare occurrence of three brothers holding consulships at the same time.

After dinner, M. Guys was summoned by Lady Hester Stanhope, and I availed myself of the opportunity it afforded me of remaining at home for the evening. The next morning he departed before I was up; but, being anxious to ascertain his opinions of Lady Hester's situation, I mounted my horse, and, by taking a short but somewhat dangerous path down the mountains, I overtook him. Nothing particular,

however, had transpired in their conversation, which lasted for four hours; but he told me that he was shocked to find her so much altered, and that he had never heard such a hollow sepulchral cough. He added that, frequently during the time he was with her, she fell back on the sofa from exhaustion. She spoke, too, a good deal, and in rather an odd way, of extraordinary sights she had seen, of two apparitions that had appeared to her, and of serpents near Tarsus, that go in troops devouring all before them, and with a tone of conviction as if she believed it all. "What does it mean," he asked me—"and why do you let her smoke so much?"

March 2.—Lady Hester was now getting better slowly, but, as usual, her strength no sooner began to return than it brought out all the unmanageable points of her character in full relief. Something happened in the house which ruffled her, and produced a discussion between us, I hardly know how; but it ended by her calling me a crabbed old fool: upon which I observed, that I never heard such expressions from the lips of ladies before. This set her off upon her inexhaustible theme of fearless speaking. "If you were a duke," said she, "I would use exactly the same expressions."—"Your ladyship's talents," I

ventured to observe again, "are inexpressibly great but, without questioning that, I only lament the intemperate use of them." Taking up this observation, she dwelt at great length upon the "sweetness of her temper," and I made my peace at last, by saying that a physician should be the last person to complain of the irritability of his patients. Apothegms of this submissive character were never lost upon her, provided they were true, as well as apologetic : so pipes were ordered, and we entered into an amnesty for the rest of the evening.

A curious but characteristic incident occurred about this time. In the ravines of the mountains, where the few living creatures that are to be found may be supposed to be drawn into closer communion by a common sense of loneliness, a shepherd named Câasem, who was nearly fifty years old, formed a *liaison* with a village girl, whose occupation consisted in leading a cow about in the solitary green nooks where any scanty herbage was to be secured. The circumstance reached Lady Hester's ears before it was known to anybody else, and she immediately ordered the man to be flogged at break of day, with instructions that nobody should tell him why or wherefore. "He will know what it is for," she exclaimed ; then turning re-

proachfully to Logmagi, to whom the execution of the order was entrusted, she added:—"How is it you leave me to be the first to discover these disgraceful acts, giving the Emir Beshýr an excuse to say that I encourage depravity in my servants, when it is your duty to know everything that passes about my premises?" Logmagi went, gave the shepherd a beating, and sent him about his business. Lady Hester used to justify severities of this description on the ground that it prevented the recurrence of similar licentiousness, and "kept the fellows in order."

March 5.—This being the vigil of the *Korbàn Byràm*, or the Mahometan Easter, which is their great holyday, Lady Hester, who had previously given her orders to a person who had some reputation as a pastrycook, despatched at twelve at night three servants, each with a *sennýah*, or round tray, on which they were to bring back from Sayda by daylight the *baklâawy*, *mamool*, and *karýby*, three delicious sorts of sweet cakes, which are scarcely exceeded in delicacy by the choicest pastry of Europe.

At noon, the servants, dressed in all their new finery, sat down to a copious dinner composed of the most luxurious Eastern dishes. But there was no wine; for, whatever transgressions these people may

commit in that way in private, they never touch wine in public. Logmagi and some others were known not to be much troubled with such scruples, when they could indulge themselves in secret; but Logmagi always excused himself on the score of being a Freemason, which is held in Turkey to be equivalent to a jovial fellow who does not care much what he does. The women, also, had their own feast, and a piece of gold of the value of twenty piasters was presented to each of the servants. The day was literally abandoned to pleasure; but what a contrast do the sober manners of Mahometans form to those of Europeans? Gambling and noisy revels are out of the question in the tranquil and easy delights of this simple race. Dancing is generally confined to the boys, or to some buffoon who gets up and wriggles about to the music of a small tambourine beaten with a single stick and producing a dull sound, which they consider musical, and which habit renders not disagreeable even to European ears. Every man smokes his pipe; and a good storyteller (for such a one is rarely wanting in a party of a dozen,) relates some traditionary tale, which absorbs for the time all the faculties of his hearers. The cook was one of this sort, a Christian of the village of Abra, a shrewd fellow, who went by the name of *Dyk*, or the Cock,

from his rather strutting air, or from the vigorous exercise of his authority over his wife, whom he beat every now and then to keep her in proper discipline—a redeeming quality in the eyes of Lady Hester, who otherwise would have dismissed him from her service.

Lady Hester's astrological powers were put to a practical test to-day. Fatôom, one of her maid servants, whose name has frequently occurred in these pages, required my medical services, under the following circumstances. About six years before, having, in league with Zeyneb, a black girl, and some men of the village, robbed her mistress of several valuable effects, she was turned away: but, upon exhibiting great repentance, she was taken back again. Lady Hester found no difficulty, as may be supposed, in extracting from her a confession of the system of plunder that had been carried on, and the names of her accomplices. "I could hang them all," was her constant expression in speaking of them. Fatôom had been in her ladyship's service ten or eleven years, and was not yet twenty; and, being very pretty, and decked out in the finery to which she was enabled to help herself by her share of the plunder, she had vanity enough, when she was turned away, to hope that she should get at least an aga for a husband: but she was disappointed, and

was obliged to put up with a small farmer. She consequently came back a married woman, in poor plight as to circumstances, with the prospect of having her difficulties aggravated by a speedy increase to her cares. On this day, 5th March, Fatôom complained of pains. There was not a moment to be lost: the midwife was instantly sent for; Fatôom was hurried away to her mother's in the village, and, before the expiration of a quarter of an hour, she gave birth to a boy.

As soon as Lady Hester learned the result, she requested me to go and see her. I found Fatôom sitting on a mattress on the floor (for nobody in the East has a bedstead) with from fifteen to twenty women squatted around her, the midwife supporting her back, and the child lying by her, covered with a corner of the quilt. Fatoôm, very yellow, looked as if she had been in a great fright, but was now astonished there was so little in it. After feeling her pulse, and delivering to her mother a basket of good things, such as lump sugar, six or eight sorts of spices, &c., with which it is customary to make the caudle upon these occasions, as also a new counterpane, and two silk pillows, for her lying-in present, I took a glance at the village gossips. There they were, holding forth much in the same way as the peasantry in other countries,

with this difference, that here my presence was no restraint, and the minutest details of the recent event were discussed with as little reserve as if they had been talking of the ordinary incidents of the day.

Having returned to Lady Hester with an account of what I had seen, she immediately set about casting his nativity, first ascertaining accurately the hour at which he was born—a quarter before two. "He will have," said she, "arched eyebrows, rolling eyes, and a nose so and so: he will be a devil, violent in his passions, but soon pacified: his fingers will be long and taper, without being skinny and bony," &c. And thus she went on, in a manner so impressed with faith and earnestness, that it is not to be wondered at how persons of good judgment have lent their ears to astrologers, where the study has been fortified by a previous knowledge of man, his temperaments, and the innate and external characteristics of passions, of virtue, and of vice. She gave him the name of Selim, and sent word to say his star agreed with hers very well. This was good news for Fatôom, as it was equivalent to Lady Hester's taking charge of the infant.

The cradle had already been prepared: it was of wood, painted green, something like a trough, and

perforated at the bottom, as is usual in the East. A tube of wood with a bowl to it, exactly of the form of a tobacco-pipe, is tied to the child's waist, a rude but ingenious contrivance to save trouble to the nurse, the bowl serving as the immediate recipient, and the tube passing through the side of the cradle.[1]

March 7.—This being Wednesday, Lady Hester, as usual, was invisible. What she did on these mysterious days I never heard: for a person once away from her, might as well divine how the man in the moon was employed as to guess how she was passing her time.

Thursday, March 8.—I saw Lady Hester about four o'clock: she was in a very irritable state: she complained bitterly, as usual, of her servants—of neglect

[1] In the cottages of Mount Lebanon there are many things occurring daily which would greatly surprise an English practitioner. A luxation of the shoulder-joint in an infant, real or supposed, was cured, they told me, by taking the child by the wrist and swinging it round with its feet off the ground, until the bone got into place again. I assisted, the second time, at the cure of a sore throat, in a man thirty-six years of age, who suffered a pocket-handkerchief to be drawn tightly round his neck until his face turned black and he was half strangled. The man declared next day he was well, and the operator assured me it was a never-failing remedy.

—ignorance—heartlessness: she said she would rather be surrounded by robbers; for there is some principle amongst thieves. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "that I could find one human being who knew his Creator!"

She went on:—"I have had a very bad night, and whether I shall live or die, I don't know: but this I tell you beforehand, that if I do die, I wish to be buried like a dog, in a bit of earth just big enough to hold this miserable skin, or else to be burnt, or thrown into the sea. And, as I am no longer an English subject, no consuls, nor any English of any sort, shall approach me in my last moments; for, if they do, I will have them shot. Therefore, the day before I die, if I know it, I shall order you away, and not only you, but everything English; and if you don't go, I warn you beforehand, you must take the consequences. Let me be scorched by the burning sun—frozen by the cold blast—let my ashes fly in the air—let the wolves and jackals devour my carcase;—but"—here the agitation she was in, and which had kept increasing, brought on a severe fit of coughing, and it was a quarter of an hour before she could recover strength enough to speak again. Her exhaustion reduced her to a little calm.

After dinner I saw her again, but now her irritability

had passed away. "Take your chair," said she, "here by the bed—turn your back to the window to save your poor eyes from the light—never mind me: there—I am afraid I have overworked them by so much writing. But I know, if you did not write for me, you would be writing or reading for yourself. You are just like my sister Griselda."

She went on:—"You are angry with me, I dare say, because I told you I would not have you near me when I am dying: but I suppose I may do as I please. No English consul shall touch me or my effects: no; when I am going, sooner than that, I will call in all the thieves and robbers I can find, and set them to plunder and destroy everything. But I shall not die so:—I shall die as St. Elias and Isaac did; and, before that, I shall have to wade through blood up to here" (and she drew her hand across her neck), "nor will a spark of commiseration move me. The *bab el tobi* [gate of pardon] will then be shut; for neither king, nor priest, nor peasant, shall enter when that hour comes. You and others will then repent of not having listened to my words."

Saturday, March 10.—Let us take this night as a sample of many others, to shew sometimes what was doing in a solitary residence in Mount Lebanon, in

which the vivid fancies of European writers had conjured up an imaginary mode of existence wholly different from the sad reality. From eight o'clock at night, until one in the morning, Lady Hester Stanhope had kept the house in commotion, upon matters which would seem so foreign to her rank, her fortune, and her supposed occupations, that, when enumerated, they will hardly be believed. First, there was a deliberation of half-an-hour to decide whether it would be best to send the mules on the next day, or the day after, for wheat: then several servants were to be questioned, one after another, in order to compare their conflicting testimony, whether her fields of barley had come up, and how high, and what crops they promised; next, whether the oranges, now fit to be gathered, should be put under the gardener's care, or in a store-room in the house. Then ensued a conversation with me, whether Fatôom was not playing some deep game in pretending to be separated from her husband; and so on, with a score of other topics equally unimportant, but with all of which she worried herself so effectively, that it seemed as if she wilfully sought refuge in such petty annoyances, for the sake of escaping from secret heart-burnings, which she did not choose to betray. In this way she had the secre-

tary called up twice from his bed, and the bailiff once, keeping the rest of the servants in continual motion, whilst I was obliged to sit and listen to it all.

Old Pierre had been sent for from Dayr el Kamar. As a person destined to figure occasionally in these domestic scenes, I must make the reader a little acquainted with his history. In the year 1812, when Lady Hester was travelling from Jerusalem along the coast towards Damascus, we reached Dayr el Kamar, where Pierre came and offered himself to me as a servant. I took him; but his various talents as a cook, a guide, and an interpreter, and most of all as an adventurer, who had an extraordinary fund of anecdotes to relate, soon brought him into notice with Lady Hester, and she asked him of me for her own service. He accompanied us to Palmyra, and through different parts of Syria, resided with her at Latakia and Mar Elias, and remained in her service many years. Having amassed a little money, he obtained permission to retire to Dayr el Kamar, where he kept a cook's-shop, or, if you will, a tavern.

But Lady Hester never lost sight of him. From time to time, when any traveller left her house to traverse Mount Lebanon, or to journey to Damascus and Aleppo, or even to Palmyra, Pierre was recom-

mended as interpreter and guide, and, I understand, always discharged his duties to the satisfaction of his employers. He is known to many Englishmen, among the rest to Mr. Way, who seems to have been very good to him ; and Pierre, on his side, retains a most grateful remembrance of that gentleman's bounty.

Pierre springs from a good family, by the name of Marquis or Marquise, originally of Marseilles, and afterwards established as merchants in Syria. When he was a boy, he accompanied an uncle to France, who took him to Paris. The uncle wore the Levantine dress, and, having some business to transact connected with government, was on one occasion summoned to Versailles, where the court was. Chance or design threw Pierre in the way of the king, Louis XVI., who talked to him about the Levant, as did also Monsieur, afterwards Charles X. Of this conversation Pierre never failed to make considerable boast.

On his return to Syria, Pierre lived with his relations, until Buonaparte laid siege to Acre, where his knowledge of the French language recommended him to the notice of that general. He bore a commission in his army ; and, on the retreat of the French into Egypt, accompanied them, and remained there until the final evacuation, when he obtained a pension ; but

of which, he declared, he had never touched a sou, in consequence of residing abroad.

Mons. Urbain, a contributor to the *Temps*, happening to meet with Pierre when he was travelling in Syria, was so highly diverted with his anecdotes, that, on his return to France, he wrote no less than three *feuilletons*, or notices, on *Le Vieux Pierre;* at least, so I was informed by Monsieur Guys.

Pierre had been sent for by Lady Hester Stanhope, and she assigned him a room close to the doors of her own quadrangle, that he might be always within call. Pierre was a man exceedingly thin, with an aquiline nose, and a steady eye, full of gasconade to be mistaken for courage, wonderfully loquacious, and deeply imbued with all the mystic doctrines that Lady Hester sometimes preached about. But Pierre's chief merit lay in his star, which, she assured me, was so propitious to her, that it could calm her convulsions, and lay her to sleep, when books, narcotics, and everything else failed.

Glancing in these desultory memorials from one person to another, I may here mention, that one of the maids, named Sâady, incurred the particular aversion of Lady Hester, just as strongly as Pierre was favoured with her partiality. Poor Sâady never

entered her presence without being saluted by some epithet of disgust or opprobrium. Yet Sâady worked from morning till night, and seldom got to bed until three, four, or five o'clock in the morning. But Lady Hester insisted on the necessity of treating her servants in this way for the purpose of keeping them on the alert; and she would frequently quote her grandfather's example to prove how powerful particular aversions were in people of exalted minds—such as hers and his. In this way she kept herself in a state of constant irritation, as if she were determined obstinately to oppose the inroads of disease by increased exertion, exactly in proportion as her physical strength became more and more weakened and reduced.

Monday, March 12.—Two servant boys were flogged by Logmagi for having quitted the courtyard both at the same time, when one at least was wanted to carry messages from the inner to the outer courts. These punishments were inflicted by making the delinquent lie at his full length flat on the ground, his head being held by one servant, and his feet by another, while the stripes were administered. My disposition revolted at these whippings; although perhaps they were necessary, as Lady Hester said. The servants would not have borne them, but that

they had in fact no choice, knowing well that they must either remain and be flogged, or be sent to the Nazàm, where they would be flogged twice as much, with the risk of being killed to boot.

Wednesday, March 14.—Lady Hester was in very low spirits this evening, and, as night advanced, she had a paroxysm of grief, which quite terrified me. With a ghastly and frenzied look, she kept crying until my heart was rent with her wretchedness. When I left her for the night, although she was somewhat composed, her image haunted me, even when sleep had closed my eyes.

CHAPTER X.

Visit of Mr. Vesey Forster and Mr. Knox—Lady S. N.'s pension and Mr. H.—Lady Hester undeservedly censured by English travellers, for declining their visits—Mr. Anson and Mr. Strangways — Mr. B. and Mr. C.—Captain Pechell—Captain Yorke—Colonel Howard Vyse—Lord B.



CHAPTER X.

Mr. Forster and Mr. Knox, two English gentlemen, came up to Jôon this morning to pay a visit to Lady Hester. To my great surprise, I found them seated at the porter's lodge among the servants, who were standing around them ; a situation to which they accommodated themselves with the good sense of men of the world. They had sent in a message that two Franks were at the gate, having a letter for the Syt Mylady, and were patiently awaiting the result.

I took the liberty of inquiring their names, and hastened to her ladyship ; whilst orders were given to conduct them immediately to the strangers' room. Lady Hester, who had got their letter in her hand, told me one was a relation of Sir Augustus Forster, our ambassador at Turin. "Go instantly to them," said she, "for Sir Augustus is an old friend of mine, and be particularly attentive to Mr. Forster—indeed,

to both of them. Tell them, I am very sorry I can't see them; for, when I get into conversation, I become animated, and then I feel the effects of it afterwards; but assure them that they are welcome to make their home of their present lodging for a couple of days or a couple of hours, or as long as they like. Do they look gentlemanlike?" she asked. "Ah!" continued she, "what a charm good-breeding gives to mankind, and how odious vulgarity is after it! Only reflect! I, who have been all my life accustomed to the most refined society, what I must feel sometimes to have nothing to do but with beasts. But go, go! and make them as comfortable as you can."

They were in the strangers' room, which stood in a small garden, ornamented with a few rose-bushes, pomegranate and olive-trees, and some flowering plants. It was a little enclosure, which had by no means a disagreeable aspect, surrounded by a wall topped with prickly thorn-bushes. Once inside this place, the new comer could know nothing of what was passing without. Such were Lady Hester's contrivances: everything about her must wear an air of mystery.

I lost no time in conveying Lady Hester's message to them, and, for the short hour I enjoyed the plea-

sure of their conversation, had every reason to rejoice in the opportunity of making their acquaintance. As this visit of two travellers may serve as a specimen of what occurred, with slight variations, on every similar occasion, when Englishmen came to her house, who were little aware how much trouble their unexpected arrival sometimes caused her, I shall detail what passed as minutely as I can.

I had hardly paid my compliments to them, and inquired whether they would take an English breakfast or something more solid, when a message came from Lady Hester to say she wanted to see me for a moment. This was always her way. The ruling passion of ordering what was to be done and what was to be said on all occasions, made her impatient about things passing out of her sight.

"Well, doctor," cried Lady Hester, "what age do they appear to be, and where do they come from?" Having satisfied her on the first head, I told her they were last from the Emir's palace at Btedýn: then, after some trifling observation, I added, the Emir complained to them that M. Lamartine, in his recent work on Syria, had greatly compromised him with Ibrahim Pasha, in having said that he, the Emir, had entertained the most friendly dispositions

towards Buonaparte and the French during the siege of Acre. This the Emir denied, and averred that his great friend was Sir Sydney Smith: meaning, probably, as I observed from myself, to compliment his present guests at the expense of the absent French. "He was very civil to the two travellers," I added, "and, understanding they were going to see your ladyship, he sent his compliments to you."—"Ah!" replied she, "that looks as if he were fishing for friends, in case he should shortly have to fly; for they say that Sherýf Pasha has been defeated in the Horàn, and the Emir begins to tremble; for the Druzes will not spare him."

I then told Lady Hester they had refused tea or coffee, but, as they were come from a distance, would probably like something more substantial: they had expressed, too, a wish for a glass of lemonade. Here Lady Hester interrupted me, suddenly raising herself in her bed, with "Good God!—lemonade! why, the maid said that the secretary had been to ask for some violet syrup for them: now, which is it they want? Can nobody ever take upon them to direct the simplest thing but they must blunder? must everything fall upon me?"—"Well, but," observed I, "lemonade or violet syrup, it does not much matter which!"—"Not matter!—there it is again: and

then who is there can make lemonade?—not a soul but myself in the whole house; and poor I am obliged to wear my little strength out in doing the most trivial offices. Here I am; I wanted to write another letter to go by the steamboat, and now all my thoughts are driven out of my head. Zezefôon!" (ding, ding, ding, went the bell) "Zezefôon! order the gardener to bring me four or five of the finest lemons on the tree next the alley of roses—you know where I mean—and prepare a tray with glasses." This was accordingly done, and Lady Hester, sitting up in bed, went to work squeezing lemons and making lemonade.

In my way to her ladyship's room from the strangers', I had called the cook, and directed him to dress a mutton-chop, to make a vermicelli soup, a dish of spinach and eggs, a little tunny-fish salad, and with a cold rice pudding (which I recollected and sent for from my house), and some Parmesan cheese, I trusted there would be enough for a hasty meal. Whilst making the lemonade, the following conversation went on. "Now, doctor, what can be got for their *déjeûner à la fourchette*? for there is nothing whatever in the house." I mentioned what I had ordered. "Ah! yes," resumed Lady Hester, "let me see. There is a stew of yesterday's, that I did not touch,

that may be warmed up again, and some potatoes may be added; and then you must taste that wine that came yesterday from Garýfy, to see if you think they will like it. The spinach my maid must do. Dyk" (the cook) "does not know how to dress spinach, but I have taught Zezefôon to do it very well." (Ding, ding, ding.) "Zezefôon, you know how to boil spinach in milk, and you must garnish it with five eggs, one in each corner, and one in the centre."—"Yes, Sytty."—"And, Zezefôon, send the *yackney*" (stew) "to Dyk, and let it be warmed up for the strangers. They must have some of my butter and some of my bread. Likewise give out the silver spoons and knives and forks; they are under that cushion on the ottoman, there; and mind you count them when you give them to Mohammed, or they will steal one, and dispute with you afterwards about the number:—a pack of thieves! And let the cook send in the dishes necessary: for I will not have any of mine go out.

"You must tell the travellers, doctor, and especially Mr. Forster, for he is an Irishman, that I have a great deal of Irish and Scotch blood in me, and no English. Tell him I have made great investigations on the subject of the origin of the Scotch, and could

prove to him that they came originally from this country. Tell him how beautiful the Irish women are, and that I, having had opportunities of seeing some of the finest Circassians and Georgians of the harýms of great Turks here and at Constantinople, think there are none like Irishwomen.

"If Mr. Forster asks you anything about the Druzes (as he seems to interest himself concerning the religion of that people), say to him that the Druzes, the Ansaries, the Ismäelites—all these sects—must and will remain a mystery to strangers. There was Monsieur Reynaud, one of the forty *savants* who wrote the great book on Egypt, and was afterwards consul at Sayda: if any body could comprehend the secret, he could; yet, although he had four of the Druze books in his possession, and five learned persons of this country to assist him in translating and explaining them through a whole winter, he could make out nothing: because, even if you understand the text, you are still not a bit the wiser. Suppose, for example, you open a page, and you find these words—'Do you use senna leaves?' which is one of their questions of recognition, like similar apparently vague questions in freemasonry: what do you know about that? You may understand the answer clearly enough, so far as mere words

go; but it is useless unless you understand the thing of which the words are a symbol; for they are all symbolical. You must know that it refers to an insurgent, who, in the cause of their faith, raised the standard of revolt, centuries ago, in the land where senna grows, and that it implies, 'Do you adopt his tenets?' and so of other passages. The chiefs of their religion cannot make any disclosures; for, if they did, their lives would be the forfeit. Tell him they are a bold, sanguinary race, who will cut a man in pieces themselves, or see it done by others, and never change colour. Why, one of them, not long since, killed or wounded with his own hands five of Ibrahim Pasha's soldiers, who were sent to seize him as a refractory recruit."

Here Lady Hester, having finished making the lemonade, stopped for a moment to desire Zezefôon to take it out and send it to the strangers' room. She then resumed, "Tell them, doctor, that no people will bear a flogging like the Druzes. The Spartans were nothing to them: isn't it the Spartans that were such floggers?—for I am such a dunce that I never can recollect some things which every schoolboy knows; and I always said I was a dunce in some things, although Mr. Pitt used to say, 'Hester, if you would but keep your own counsel, nobody could detect it.'

But it is the truth, and when you talk to me of paper money and the funds (although I may understand for the moment what you try to explain to me), I forget it all the next morning: yet, on subjects which my inclination leads me to investigate nobody has a better judgment. My father, with all his mathematical knowledge, used to say I could split a hair. Talk to the point, was his cry: and I could bring truth to a point as sharp as a needle. I divested a subject of all extraneous matter, and there it was—you might turn and twist it as you would, but you must always come back to that.

"The Druzes like me, and all the Emir Beshýr's hatred of me arose from my friendship for the Shaykh Beshýr.[1] After you left me, I went to stay with him

[1] The reader ought to be informed that, a few years before this time, Beshýr Jumbalàt, a man of the first family of the Druzes, had risen by his possessions and influence to such power in Mount Lebanon as to excite the jealousy of the Emir Beshýr, the recognised prince of the Druzes, by right of investiture from the Porte. The Emir (who is a Mussulman) entertained such fears of being supplanted by a chief of such power and popularity, that, after a variety of intrigues and plots, he at last succeeded in effectually awakening the distrust of Abdallah, the Pasha of Acre, who finally united with the Emir in a plan for his destruction. The person of the unfortunate Beshýr Jumbalàt was accordingly seized, his palace razed to the ground, and his possessions confiscated; nor was

at Makhtâara: he assigned me a wing of the palace to live in: he was a clever man, and afterwards, in his troubles, came to me for advice and succour: he offered me a third of his treasures, but I refused them. When he fled, the Emir Beshýr got about a third of them; an equal portion they say is buried: and the remainder was carried off by his wife, but afterwards lost. Poor woman! she is dead now. It was the attempt to relieve her, amongst other causes, that drew me into embarrassments. She had fled—her husband was a captive at Acre—and the Emir was pursuing her in every direction to take her life. The snow was thick on the ground. She had with her a child at the breast, one two years old, and another: two were with the father in prison. I despatched people with clothes and money to relieve her immediate wants; they found her in the Horàn, where she had taken refuge with an old servant. Her daughter also applied to me for assistance, but I was penniless, and could do nothing for her. Poor girl! she was afterwards married, but Ibrahim Pasha cut off her husband's head, and she went raving mad. To complete the tragedy, Hanah Abôod, one of those I sent

their jealousy set at rest until they ultimately got rid of him by strangulation.

to look after her, fell asleep out of weariness, after having returned home on foot through the snow, and got an inflammation in his eyes, which ended in total blindness. The journey back occupied I think forty hours. I have been obliged partially to maintain the poor fellow and Werdy, his wife, ever since.

" Perhaps, doctor, Mr. Forster and Mr. Knox may have heard of the extraordinary conduct of the English government towards me ; so let them know that I am not low-spirited about it ; and although the Queen may think herself justified in taking away my pension, I would not, even if I were a beggar, change places with her. As for the Queen's interfering in my affairs, she might just as well go and stop Sir Augustus Forster's salary, on the plea that he had left his tailor's bill unpaid. My debts were incurred very often for things I did not care about for myself. For example, what are books to me, who never look into them? If I had been like you doctors, who tell your patients to take turtle soup, and then contrive to be asked to dinner, it were another thing : but my researches were for the good of others, and for no advantage of my own.

" When I think what I have done, and what I could have done if I had had more money! There was a

book came into my hands, which the owner, not knowing its value, offered for my acceptance as you would offer an old brass candlestick. I consulted several persons about it; and, when all assured me it was a valuable manuscript, I scorned to take advantage of the man's ignorance, and returned it to him, telling him when I was rich enough I would buy it of him. Ought not a person to act so?" "Undoubtedly," I replied, "a person of principle would not act otherwise." "Principle!" she exclaimed: "what do you mean by principle?—I am a Pitt."

As I did not understand precisely why a Pitt should be above principle, although it would seem there is a species of integrity higher than principle itself, I held my tongue, and Lady Hester went on. "I know where to find a book that contains the language spoken by Adam and Eve:[1] the letters are a span high. Such things have fallen into my hands as have fallen into nobody's else. I know where the serpent is that has the head of a man, like the one that tempted Eve. The cave still exists not far from Tarsus; and the villages all about are exempted from the *miri* in consideration of feeding the serpents. Everybody in that neighbourhood knows

[1] Ben Jonson, in his "Alchemist," alludes to such a book, "Ay, and a treatise penned by Adam."

it: isn't it extraordinary? Why don't you answer? Is it, or is it not? Good God! I should go mad if I were obliged to remain three whole days together in your society—I'm sure I should. Such a cold man I never saw; there is no getting an answer from you: however, think as you like. These serpents will march through the country to fight for the Messiah, and will devour everything before them." Here she paused for about a minute, and then added, "I think you had better not tell them anything about the serpents; perhaps their minds are not prepared for matters of this sort."

I have already observed that Monsieur Guys had mentioned, with some surprise, the serious manner in which Lady Hester spoke of these serpents; and, although he did not express it, yet he half intimated that he thought her intellects a little disordered: we shall see hereafter if they were so.

Lady Hester resumed: "But now, doctor, if you can spare a minute, you must write a line by the messenger to Monsieur Guys, and tell him I had begun a letter to him, but that the arrival of two English travellers, one of whom revived a number of recollections, had obliged me to stop short, and I could write no more. Doctor, this Mr. Forster must be one of the children

of the Irish Speaker. He was left with ten; and I remember very well one day that H******** was standing before me at a party, making a number of bows and scrapes, turning up his eyes, and cringing before me so, that when we got home, Mr. Pitt said to me, 'Hester, if I am not too curious, what could H******** have to say that animated him so much: what could he be making such fine speeches about: what could call forth such an exuberance of eloquence in him?'—'Oh! it was nothing,' answered I; 'he was telling me that all the power of the Treasury was at my service—that he would take care that Lady S**** N*****'s pension should be got through the different offices immediately—that he had nothing so much at heart as to execute my orders—that he would see all that was necessary should be done according to my wishes, and so on; but, as I despise the man, I only laughed at him and turned my back on him; for I drink at the fountain head.'

"'Now, this is really too good a thing,' interrupted Mr. Pitt, lifting up his hands in astonishment. 'It was but this very day, at three o'clock, that he was urging me not to let this very pension be given, or at least to prolong the business for a year, if it were possible; till, by tiring her patience, the thing might be

dropped, or something turn up to set it aside; adding, that it would be opening the door to abuses, and, if I granted this too readily, I should have Forster's ten children to provide for.'"

Lady Hester went on: "From that day, I knew my man. I then said to Mr. Pitt, 'Let me shew him who he has to deal with; do give your orders that the thing may be done immediately.'—'Oh! but it is too late to-night,' said Mr. Pitt. 'No, it is not,' I cried; 'for I see a light in the Treasury.' So I rang, and sent for" (here her ladyship mentioned a name which I could not catch, but I think it was Mr. Chinnery) ——. When he came, I said to him, 'Will you be so good, sir, the first thing in the morning, to see that all the signatures are put to Lady S. N.'s paper: there is Mr. Pitt; ask him if it is so or not.' Mr. Pitt of course assented, and there the matter ended. Doctor, I had a great deal of trouble with those sort of people, like H——. Now, if Mr. Forster is about thirty-five years old, he must be one of that family.[1]

[1] It may be right to mention that Mr. Forster, as I believe, is not one of the family alluded to in this anecdote: but, as Lady Hester's remarks hinged on his name, I thought it best to retain it.

"Do tell Mr. Forster what a pack of beasts these servants are. Ask him if he ever heard of women throwing themselves down to sleep in the middle of a courtyard, or on the floor of a kitchen, dragging their quilt after them from place to place. Tell him that is what mine do, and that I am obliged to wait a quarter of an hour for a glass of water.

"You may talk to them a little about stars, but I dare say you will commit some horrible blunder, as you always do, and that is what makes me so afraid of your having to say anything that concerns me. Tell Mr. Forster that in people's stars lie their abilities, and that you may bring up a hundred men to be generals and another hundred to be lawyers, but out of these perhaps four or five only will turn out good for anything. When a grand Llama is to be chosen, why do they go about until they have found a particular boy with certain marks, known to the learned of that country—a child born under a certain star? It is because, when they have found such a one, he has no occasion for instruction; he is born the man for their purpose.

"Thus, the Duke of Wellington is not a general by trade—I mean by instruction; for, if examined before a court-martial on all the branches of military

tactics, perhaps he would be found deficient. Hundreds may know more of them than he does: but he is a general by his star. He acts under a certain impulse, which makes him hit on the stratagem he ought to practise, and, without the help of previous study, or even the suggestions of experience, he knows that his manœuvre is right. It was thus with me when I was young. People might preach and talk; but, when I saw them doing things or reasoning about them, I could at once distinguish the things that were right from the things that were wrong; but I could not say why or wherefore. My father said I was the best logician he ever saw — I could split a hair. The last time he saw me, he repeated the same words, and said I had but one fault, which was being too fond of royalty."

I observed here to Lady Hester, that in many things she reminded me of the ancient philosophers, to whom she bore a strong resemblance on most points; but that in this one particular she differed from them widely, as most of them were strenuously opposed to royalty and monarchical power. "My liking for royalty," she answered, "is not indiscriminate, but I believe in the divine right of kings; for I have found it out. And you may ask Mr. Forster also why the

bottle of oil came from India to anoint the kings of France. I dare say they never heard of Melek es Sayf, a hero whose exploits and name are hardly inferior in the East to those of Solomon. Is it not extraordinary, that in Europe they know nothing of those people—of him and his forty sons, all of whom were men of note in their time? This must be so; for some of the gates of Cairo are named after them.

"If you happen to speak about the Albanians and the other soldiers that I had here, tell them I did not see them all; I only saw the most desperate, and those whose violence was to be kept under. When I admitted them to my presence, I was always alone, and they always wore their arms; but I never feared them."

Thus Lady Hester went on talking: the dish of potatoes, the dessert, and several other things were forgotten. So, reminding her that Mr. Forster and Mr. Knox must be all this time marvelling what could have detained me, I at last made my escape. In the meanwhile, the half-dinner had been served up as well as the resources of the place would admit. The scene must have been highly curious to her ladyship's guests, who could not fail to be amused as well as surprised at the sight of a deal table, rush-bottomed

chairs, cheese put on first and a pudding in a copper dish after it, with other anomalies that would have made even a third-rate Brummell shudder. But the occasions for eating in the European way in Lady Hester's house occurred very rarely, and the servants, who were habituated to Turkish usages, or to the mongrel service of some Levantine dragoman, had no notions of the regulations of an English table. In my own house I had two tolerably well-trained boys; but there was an interdict against their ever crossing the threshold of Lady Hester's gate, in order that no information of what was going on within her walls should be carried out to the female part of my family. In the most common concerns, Lady Hester's servants made much bustle and did little. They ran in different directions, jostled and crossed each other half a dozen at a time for the same thing, entirely reversing one of her favourite maxims, that everything in a great person's house should be done as if by magic, and nobody should know who it was set it agoing. These servants had but one spring of action, and that was the *bakshýsh*, or present, which they all looked for on the departure of a stranger. It was a painful thought to me, as these gentlemen left the gate, that, when

they were about to mount their horses, the mercenary spirit of such a set of varlets might be charged to the connivance of the mistress.

The two travellers made a miserable repast, and, when it was over, signified their desire to take leave. It seems they had taken Lady Hester's invitation "to make the place their home for two hours or two days" in its literal acceptation; and it is scarcely necessary to say that there was no time for me to enter into an explanation on the subject, nor, indeed, to deliver a tenth part of the discursive matter with which Lady Hester had charged me. It was from these gentlemen I learned, for the first time, that a committee had been appointed, on the motion of Mr. D. W. Harvey, for inquiring into the pensions on the civil list. It had so happened that no newspapers had reached us for a long time, and, consequently, this was the first intimation her ladyship had received of a measure in which it may be supposed she felt no inconsiderable interest.

As Mr. Forster and his friend had to cross a deep valley and mount a steep ascent before they could take the road to Beyrout, to which city they were now going, I sent Ali Hayshem, the messenger, to

put them on their way. He returned in the course of an hour or two, and was despatched the same evening on foot to Beyrout with letters, where he arrived next day before Messieurs Knox and Forster. He told me, on his return, that their surprise was very great on finding him at the inn, knowing that they had left him behind them, the morning before, up the mountain. Ali's account of Mr. Forster's regimentals, in which he saw him dressed at Beyrout, was very flaming; and from that day, in speaking of the two, he always distinguished him from Mr. Knox by the title of the general.

Lady Hester deeply regretted that she was not able to see these gentlemen. "Ah!" said she, "how many times have I been abused by the English when I did not deserve it, and for nothing so much as for not seeing people, when perhaps it was quite out of my power! There was Mr. Anson and Mr. Strangways, who, because I refused to see them, sat down under a tree, and wrote me such a note! Little did they know that I had not a bit of barley in the house for their horses, and nothing for their dinner. I could not tell them so; but they might have had feeling enough to suppose it was not without some good rea-

son that I declined their visit. Many a pang has their ill-nature given me, as well as that of others. I have got the note[1] still somewhere.

"Among the visitors I have had was the Duchess of Gontaut's brother, she that brought up the Duke of Bordeaux. I suppose she must have talked of me to her brother, whom I never recollect: however, he came with his two sons; but I would not see him. It was that time when Monsieur Guys, after sitting and staring at me some minutes, exclaimed—'Madam, when I see you dressed in that abah' (the Bedouin cloak), 'in that *keffïah*' (the Bedouin vizor), 'and when I think you are that Lady Hester Stanhope, *qui*

[1] This note I afterwards read and copied. These two gentlemen presented themselves at the gate, and Lady Hester dictated the following message to them, which Miss Williams wrote:—"Lady Hester Stanhope presents her compliments to Mr. Anson and Mr. Strangways, and acquaints them that she is little in the habit of seeing European travellers, therefore declines the honour of their visit." To this was returned the following answer:—"Mr. Anson presents his compliments to Lady Hester Stanhope, and begs to assure her he has not the slightest wish to intrude where his visit is accounted disagreeable: but having, during a three months' residence among the Arabs, met with universal hospitality, he took for granted that he would not have met with the first refusal in an English house."

faisoit la pluie et le beau temps à Londres, I am lost in wonder how you could have come and fixed yourself in these desolate mountains.'

"Another of Charles the Tenth's courtiers came here, but a higher personage, whom I also refused to see: he was dreadfully savage about it too. I fancy Charles the Tenth had a secret intention of resigning the crown, and of coming to this country to finish his days in the Holy Land like another St. Louis; and I think this man had something to ask me about it: however, I refused to see him. But it was not caprice, nor, as this proves, was it Englishmen alone I denied myself to. Sometimes I was not well enough to sustain a conversation—sometimes I had no provisions in the house, perhaps no servant who knew how to set a table; but travellers never fancied that there could be any other reason for my refusal, but the determination to affront them. God knows, when I could, I was willing to receive anybody.

"Once I had a visit from two persons whom we will call Mr. A. and Mr. B., or Mr. B. and Mr. C.—what letter you like. I thought Mr. B. very stupid, but, good God! doctor, there never was anything so vulgar as Mr. C. When I got his note to ask

leave to come, the name deceived me: I thought he might be a son of Admiral C. But when he came into the room with his great thighs and pantaloons so tight that he could hardly sit down, I thought he was more like a butcher than anything else. He was a man entirely without breeding with his Ma'ams and ladyships. I asked him a few questions, as—'Pray, sir, will you allow me to ask if you are a relation of Admiral C.'s?'—'No, ma'am, I am no relation at all.' —'Will you permit me to inquire what is the motive of your visit to me?'—'Only to see your ladyship, ma'am.'—'Do you come to this country with any particular object?'—'To be a merchant.'—'You are probably conversant in mercantile affairs?'—'No, ma'am, I am come to learn,'—and so on. After some time, I told them that I never saw people in the morning, and would take my leave of them, as they probably would wish to set off early: and I desired them to order what they liked for their breakfast. Next morning, when I thought, as a matter of course, they were gone, in came a note from them to say, they were not going till next day, and then another to say they did not know, and then a third to say that, as they expected ships, and God knows what, they must go.—Good God! they might go to the

devil for me: I had taken my leave of them, and there was an end of it. Mr. C. was a downright vulgar merchant's clerk, come to Syria, I suppose, to set up for himself. Lord St. Asaph said to me—'Lady Hester, you really should consider who you are, and not allow people of that description to pay visits to you.'

"There was a man who bore a great resemblance to the Duke of Cambridge and the Duke of Clarence, but something between both, who passed two or three years in this neighbourhood and sometimes came to see me: he was good-natured, and I liked him. He went about with a sort of pedlar's box, full of trinkets and gewgaws to shew to the peasant women, thus bringing the whole population of the village out of their houses: and then giving away beads and earrings to get the young girls around him.

"Of the English, who have visited me here, I liked Captain Pechell and Captain Yorke very much, and thought them both clever men.

"Colonel Howard Vyse one day came up to the village and wrote me a note, and did everything he could to see me. He was an old Coldstream:—it broke my heart not to see him; but it would have

revived too many melancholy reflections. Poor man! I believe he was very much hurt; but I could not help it.

"A man came here—I believe the only one who was saved out of a party that was killed going across the Desert—and asked me for a letter to the Arabs. I sent him away, telling him that he might just as well come and ask me for a pot of beer. What had I to do with their schemes and their navigation of the Euphrates? Yet, for this, this officer wrote verses upon the wall of the room against me.

"Then Mr. Croix de la Barre came, but I could not see him. He said he wanted to talk politics with me, and learn the customs and manners of the natives. I should tire you, doctor, if I were to tell you how many have come. I saw Lord B****** when he was travelling at the baths of Tiberias, where Abdallah Pasha happened to be. Lord B. proposed calling on the pasha, and equipped himself for that purpose with a pair of pistols and a *yatagàn* in his girdle, after the fashion of a Turkish subaltern; for the Franks, who surrounded him as dragomans and menials, had taught him to adopt what accorded with

their ideas of finery, and not what was suitable to his rank. Luckily he mentioned his intention the day before to me, and I told him that there was a full dress of ceremony in Turkey as well as in Europe, and I lent him the most essential part of it, a *benýsh*, with which he presented himself. At first there was some hesitation, on his entering the room with his people, as to which was the great Mylord; for his lordship's doctor, who sat down close by him, and poked his head forward with an air of great attention to what the pasha said, made him doubt whether the doctor was not the chief personage; it being a part of Oriental etiquette that no dependant should obtrude himself into the least notice in his superior's presence. Nay, generally speaking, it is required that doctors, secretaries, dragomans, and the like, should remain standing during such interviews. This difficulty being got over, the pasha, after some questions about Lord B.'s health, asked him what brought him to Tiberias, a part of his province the least beautiful and most barren. The question would have led most persons to say that, knowing the pasha was there, he seized the opportunity of paying his respects to him, or some such complimentary speech. But Lord B., with a *naïveté* somewhat plebeian, replied, that he came to

see the baths. The pasha coldly desired that proper persons should show them to him, and soon after broke up the interview. The very attendants of his Highness were struck with the incivility and want of tact which Lord B. showed, and it was one of them who told me the story. But this was not all: the pasha, who is fond of consulting European doctors, requested Lord B., who was to depart next day, to leave his doctor behind for twenty-four hours; which request Lord B. refused. After he was gone, the pasha sent me a pelisse of considerable value, with a request that I should present it in his name to Lord B., but I returned it, saying Lord B. was gone; for I did not think his incivility deserved it. So much for English breeding! and then let them go and call the Turks barbarians.

"Mr. Elliot came to see me from Constantinople, in order to make the pashas and governors of the neighbouring provinces treat me well. He fell ill, and I sent for the doctor of a frigate that was on the coast for him—a man who could kick his forehead with his toe. I quizzed Mr. Elliot a great deal.

"But now, doctor, what did Mr. Forster say about the Scotch? If he agrees with me that they sprang from hereabouts, I might have given him some useful

hints on that subject: but we will write him a letter[1] about it."

When I told her that Mr. Forster had spoken of a work of Sir Jonah Barrington's on Ireland, in which it was said that Mr. Pitt got up the Irish rebellion in order to make the necessity of the Union more palatable to parliament, she observed that if she met

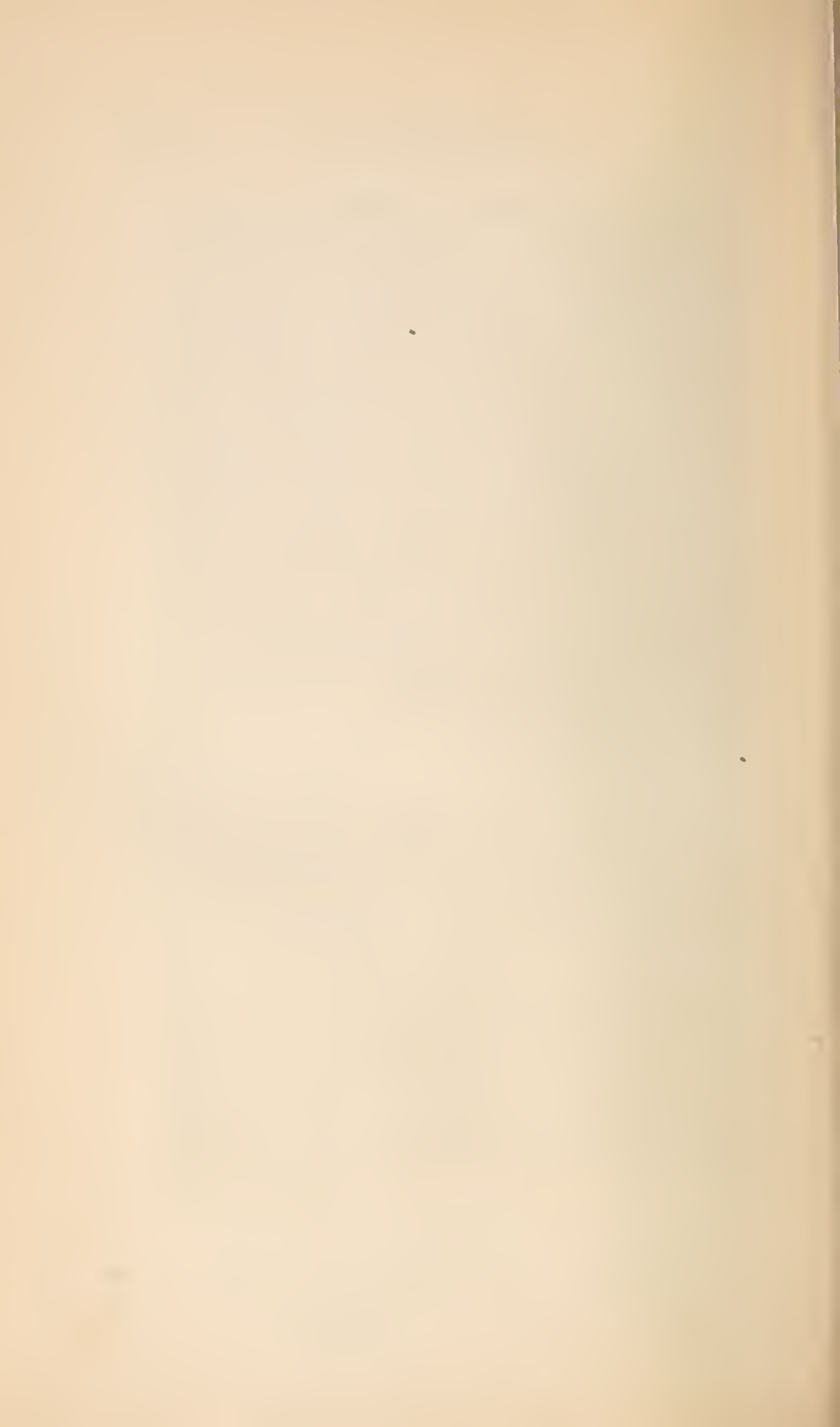
[1] A long letter was subsequently written, in which she explained her theory of the origin of the Scotch; and, having learned by a note from Mr. Forster that they would return from Beyrout to Sayda in their way to St. Jean d'Acre, I rode down to Sayda in the hope of meeting him. Circumstances, however, made them set off a day sooner than they intended, and I missed them. The letter Lady Hester took back into her own possession, and seemed to set so much value on it that she would not even give me a copy. At the time I could have repeated the substance of it with tolerable accuracy from memory; but, as she strictly regarded it in the light of a private communication, I did not consider myself justified in making any use of it without her sanction. It will be sufficient to say that she found a great resemblance between the names of the Scotch nobility and certain terms in the Arabic language, indicating patronymics, dignities, offices, &c. Her general notion was that Scotland had been peopled by the flight of some tribes of Arabs in the middle ages. She once had an intention of writing to Sir Walter Scott, to urge him to make some researches on that head, and she showed me a list of

him, she would settle his business for him. "Mr. Pitt liked the Irish," said she. "There were some fools who thought to pay their court by abusing them, and would talk of men's legs like Irish porters, or some such stuff: but I always answered, they would be very much pleased to have their own so, which was much better than having them like a pair of tongs: and I was certain to observe a little smile of approbation in Mr. Pitt's eyes, at what I had said."

In this way her ladyship would run on from topic to topic with a rapidity and fluency which frequently rendered it difficult to preserve notes of even the heads of her discourse. Her health was slightly improved: she attended a little more closely to my advice, but still would never allow me to see her until her coughing fit was over, which usually lasted for about a couple of hours. Notwithstanding this, her pulse maintained

Scotch names apparently of Arabic origin. Thus she would say Gower meant Gaôor, or infidel; and by a stretch of deduction, commonly indulged in even to still greater excess by people who have a favourite theory to sustain, she would argue that, as Mr. Pitt used to say that Lord Granville was the counterpart of the statue of Antinous, with the same face and the same *pose* when he stood talking unconcernedly, therefore the race of Antinous, which was also Eastern, was continued in him.

a degree of vigour which was perfectly extraordinary, considering the state of attenuation to which she was reduced. She had a great reluctance in touching on her bad symptoms, but dwelt readily on such as were favourable. "I certainly have got small abscesses," she answered to me, "but it is not consumption: because there are hours in the day when my lungs are perfectly free, as there are others when I can hardly breathe. Sometimes, doctor, my pulse is entirely gone, or so thin — so thin! — as to be but just perceptible, and no more. You pretend to find it very readily, and tell me it is not bad: but Zezefôon can't feel it, and Sàada can't feel it, and old Pierre has tried, and says the same. I think, too," continued she, "I was a little delirious this morning; for, when I awoke, I asked where Zezefôon had gone, although there she was, sitting up on her mattress by my bedside before my eyes."



ADDITIONAL NOTES.

Page 28.—"Our ambassador."

"In 1800, Mr. Pitt, for the third time, contemplated renewing his attempts to make peace with France, and he offered the mission again to Lord Malmesbury. Lord Grenville wished to appoint his brother, Mr. Thomas Grenville; and Lord Malmesbury, whose deafness and infirmity had much increased, readily consented."—*Diaries and Correspondence of the Earl of Malmesbury.*

Page 64.—"It was a lamentable end."

"I dislike —— both as to his principles and the turn of his understanding: he wants to make money by this peace."—*Diaries and Correspondence*, &c.

Page 74.—"Whenever I can make peace."

"Mr. Pitt has always been held up to the present generation as fond of war; but the Harris papers could furnish the most continued and certain evidence of the contrary, and that he often suffered all the agony of a pious man who is forced to fight a duel. The cold and haughty temper of Lord Grenville was less sensitive. Our overtures to France were synony-

mous with degradation, and he could not brook the delays of the directory."—*Diaries and Correspondence*, v. iii., p. 516.

Page 101.—"Man without a heart."

"The second day of the king's illness, and when he was at his worst, the P. of W. went in the evening to a concert at Lady Hamilton's, and there told Calonne (the rascally French ex-minister): 'Savez vous, Monsieur de Calonne, que mon pere est aussi fou que jamais.'"—*Diaries and Correspondence*, v. 4, p. 20.

Page 102.—"Letter from Sir Walter Scott."

Sir Walter could not have written worse prose if he had tried. It shows how difficult it is to string words together on a subject where the convictions of the heart are not altogether in unison with the sentiments expressed.

Page 231.—"Duke of York."

"The Duke of York's behaviour is incomparable; he is their great and only comfort and support at the Queen's house, and without his manly mind and advice neither the Queen nor Princesses would be able to bear up under their present distress." —*Diaries and Correspondence*, p. 20, v. 4.

It is pleasing to find in persons so entirely different in every respect a corresponding testimony to the merits of an excellent prince.

Page 240.—"Avanized."

To *avanize* is the expression used throughout the Levant to signify oppressive and forcible exactions of money from individuals, without right or claim.

Page 258.—" Serpents never die."

There is a passage in an interesting domestic tale recently published (*The History of Margaret Catchpole,* by the Rev. Mr. Cobbold), which has a strange coincidence with the superstitious belief of the Syrians, considering how widely the English are separated from them. It is as follows: " He told me he was the most venomous snake in the country. His bite is attended with swelling and blackness of the body, and, *when the sun goes down*, death ensues."—Vol. ii., p. 188.

Page 275.—" Use of the korbàsh."

The korbàsh is a thong of the raw hide of the buffalo or rhinoceros, about the length of a hand-whip, and cut tapering in a similar form. In the hand of a powerful flagellant it becomes an instrument of great torture.

Page 293.—" He is not a *great* general."

There is a strong resemblance between Lady Hester's character of the Duke of Wellington and that of Frederick the Great of Prussia: for see what Lord Malmesbury says of the latter, in his *Diary and Correspondence*, vol. i., p. 8: —

" His *fort* is not so much his courage, nor what we generally understand by conduct; but it consists in a surprising discernment, in the day of battle, how to gain the most advantageous ground, where to place the proper sort of arms, whether horse or foot, and in the quickest *coup d'œil* to distinguish the weak part of the enemy."

Page 321.—" Hands covered down to the fingers' ends."

No dependant stands before his superior in the East without covering his hands with his robe, or with the hanging sleeves

customary among Orientals. In sitting, the feet and legs are likewise hidden ; at least, so good-breeding requires, and persons alone who are on terms of familiarity would thrust them out, or let them hang pendent.

Page 375.—"A benýsh."

The benýsh is a large mantle, reaching to the ground, ample, and folding over, with bagging sleeves hanging considerably below the tips of the fingers. When worn, it leaves nothing seen but the head and face.

END OF VOL. II.

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